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Collier's

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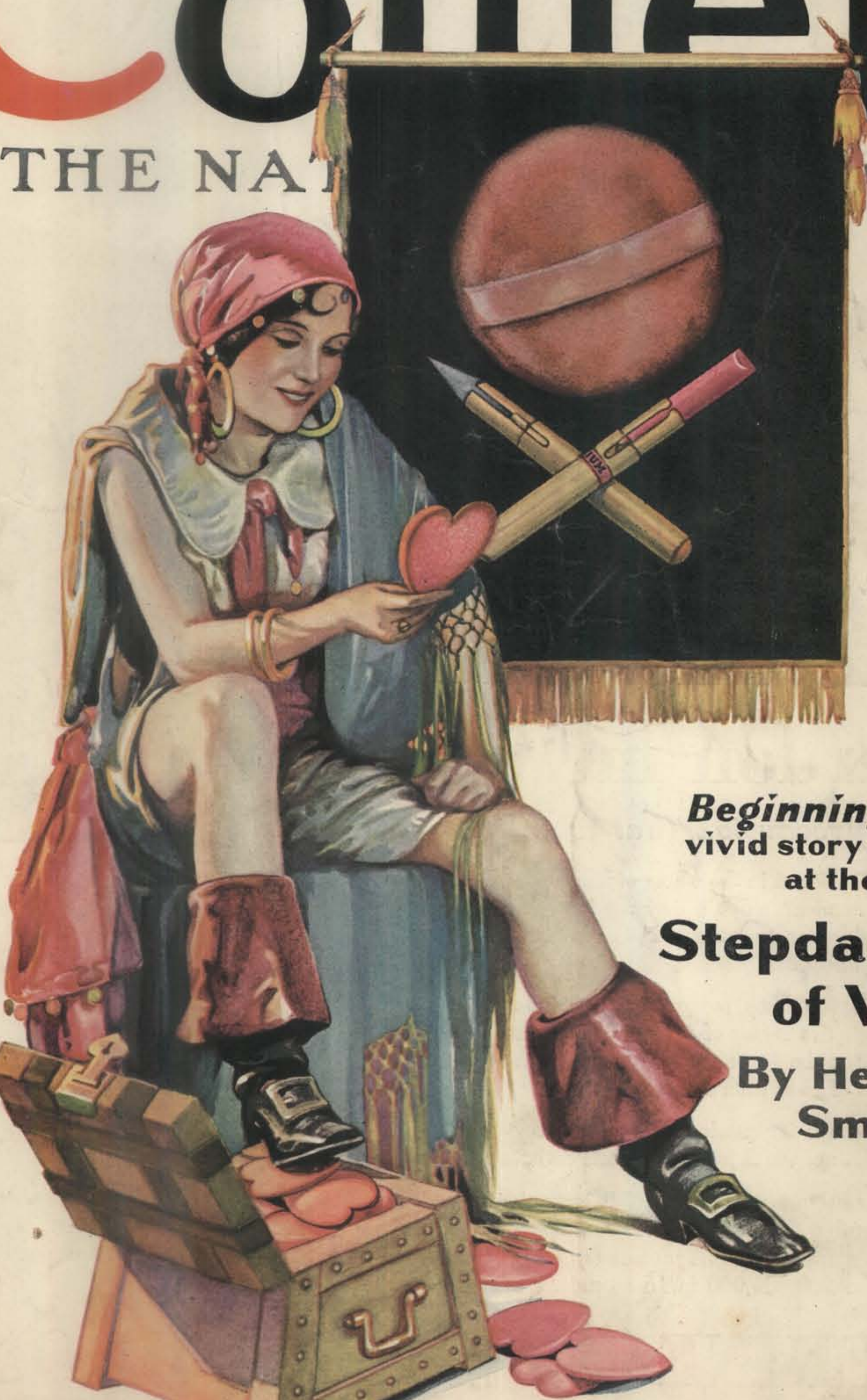
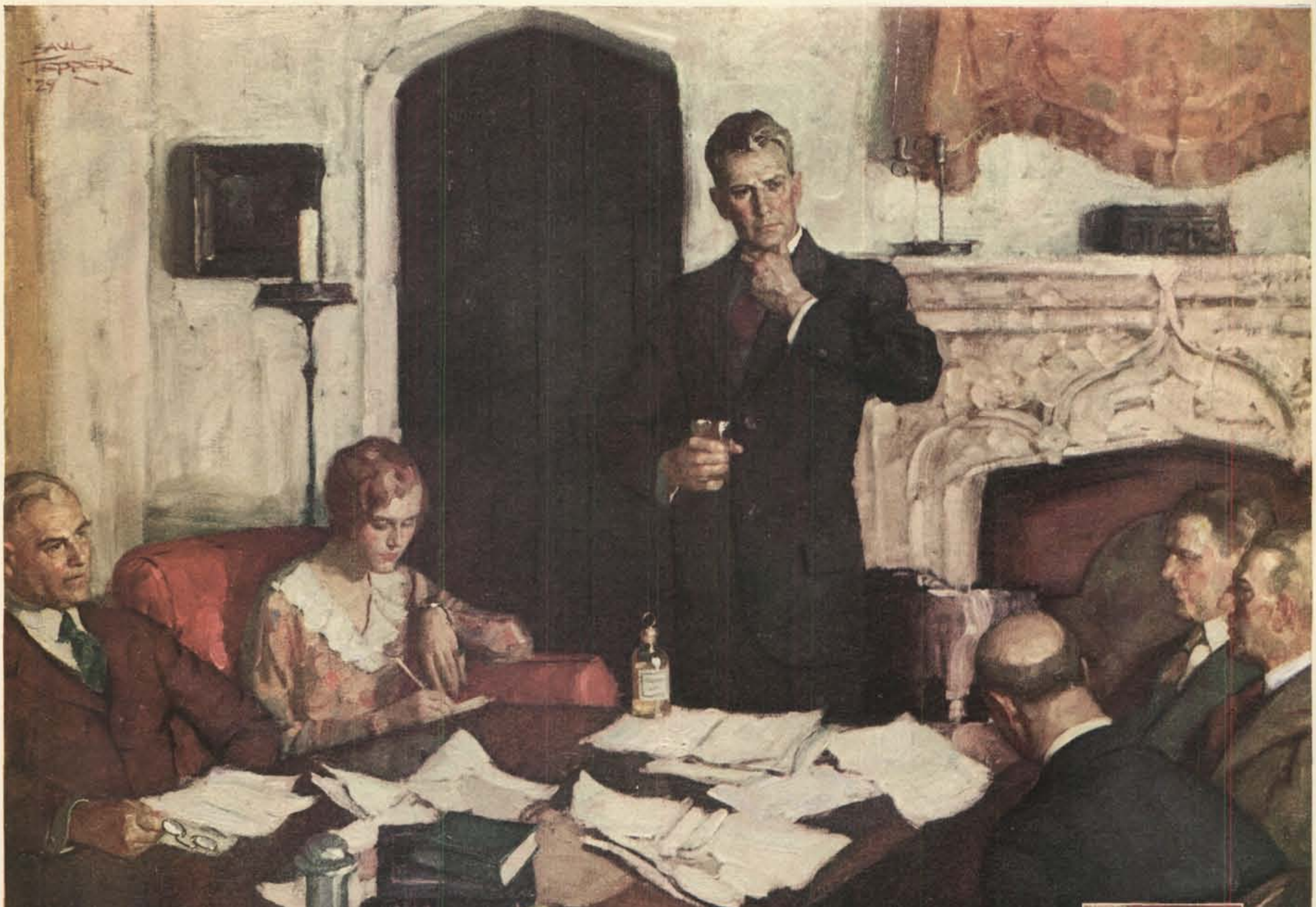


Beginning **the frank vivid story of a woman at the front**

Stepdaughters of War

By Helen Z. Smith

FEB.15, 1930



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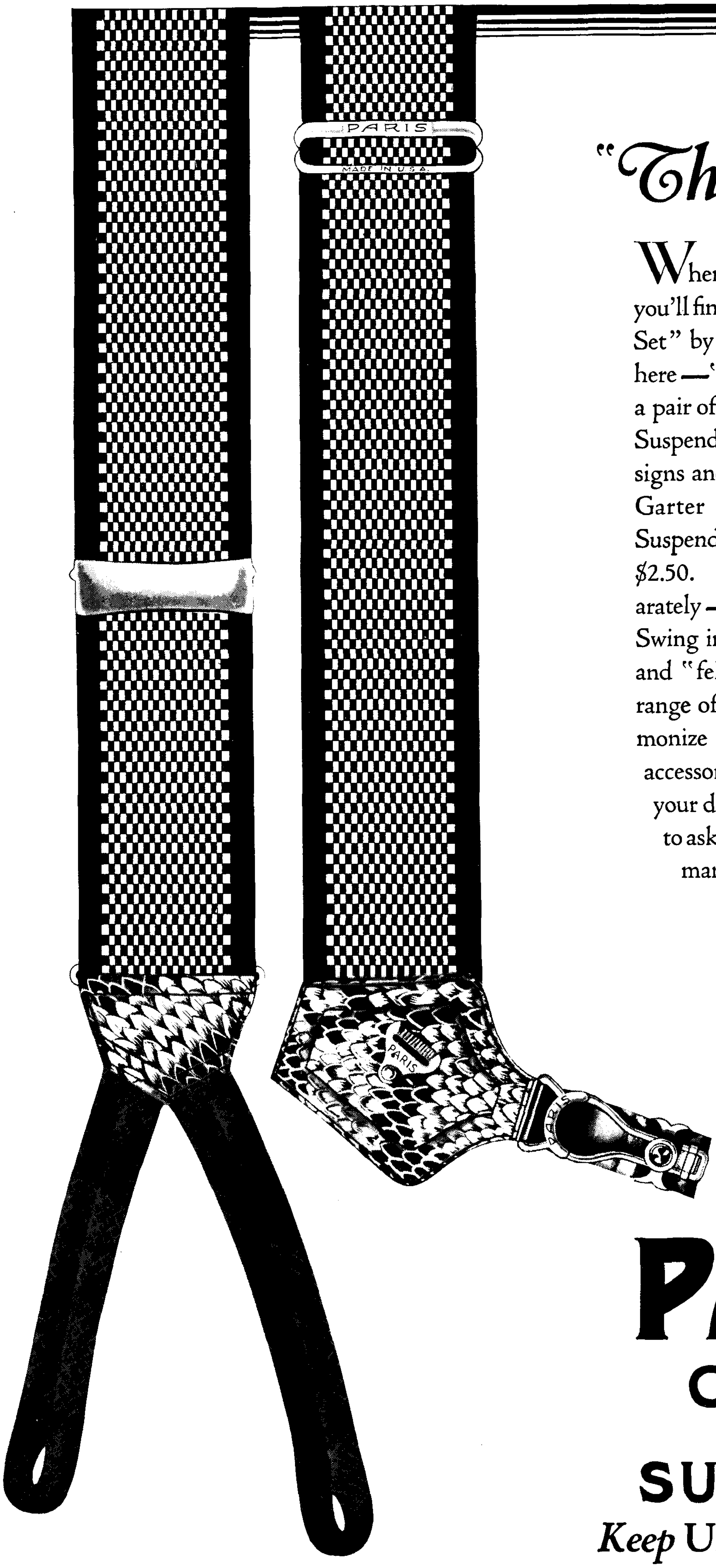

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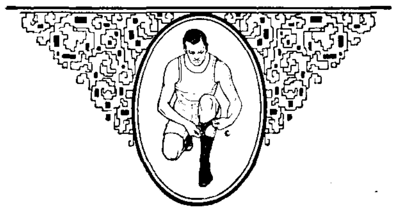

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

SAX ROHMER'S latest short story, "The Father of Thieves," leads the issue. The scenes are laid on the road from Damascus to Aleppo, a route over which Mr. Rohmer himself traveled last year and where, except for the intervention of the French, he would have fallen into the hands of native bandits.

In the properly mysterious atmosphere of his London workrooms Mr. Rohmer is now engaged in putting the finishing touches on his next serial story for Collier's. "Fu Manchu's Daughter" is the title and we shall begin to print it in one of the early March issues.

—

ONE of the many subjects William G. Shepherd knows a great deal about is prisons. There are men about whom Mr. Shepherd has written who believe he should be given a chance to learn still more about prisons, but so far his investigations have been conducted from the outside.

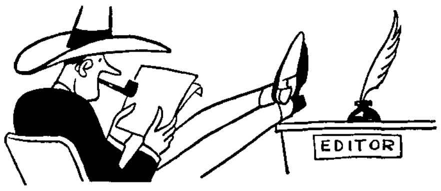
Now that our penal system is being examined closely you might like to know why prison revolts happen (one of the chief reasons is the hash) and what our leading penologists are doing about it. There's talk of building new prisons but that's only a part of the remedy. Mr. Shepherd's "Look Out, the Hash is Sour!" will enable you to discuss the subject interestingly.

"I wonder how Wilbur finds out about these things," your friends will exclaim.

—

WHENEVER we receive a manuscript from Alan LeMay we are tempted to rent a pair of chaps and a ten-gallon hat so it can be read in the correct atmosphere. We never do, and halfway through the story we realize that it doesn't matter because the authentic color is there indisputably. His fan mail increases as each story appears. The kind of romance generally labeled "Western" loses none of its appeal as the country grows older. We must be in a fairly sound condition, after all.

Well, as we were about to say, there's a Western love story by LeMay, "Just a Horse of Mine," next week.



TO GOLFERS and other superstitious persons we offer Miss Glenna Collett's article, "Junk that Jinx!" Miss Collett says, in a tentative way, that she has rid herself of most of the notions she started out with. We gather, however, and we wouldn't want her to know this, that a few bad days will cause her to stop washing golf balls and hunt up that old horseshoe she used to carry in her bag.

—

AND just to prove he is *not* superstitious H. I. Phillips writes about something he knows nothing of: fashions. . . . Stephen Morehouse Avery contributes a bright love story, "The Burden of the Blonde." . . . The Short Short Story maintains a high standard. . . . Messrs. John Erskine and E. Phillips Oppenheim continue to enthrall the serial readers. . . . Grantland Rice looks at sport, The Gentleman at the Keyhole surveys the inside, Helen Z. Smith learns what war is . . . and we know where to stop.

THIS WEEK

February 15, 1930

Cover—Byron G. Newton

Page 7—Helen Z. Smith

STEPDAUGHTERS OF WAR, Part I: The frank, vivid story of an ambulance driver.

Page 10—Arthur A. Carey

BUSINESS MEN AT ARMS: The rise of the gunman.

Page 12—Ruth Burr Sanborn

IT'S SWELL TO BE CRAZY: Sometimes it's necessary.

Page 14—Margaret Belle Houston

THE JAZZ HEART: Night airs in New Orleans.

Page 16—Courtney Ryley Cooper

THE LIFE OF SQUAWKING BILL: Comedy and romance—in the West.

Page 18—Grantland Rice

GOLF'S BAD BOY: The playboy of the courses, Walter Hagen.

Page 19—E. Phillips Oppenheim

THE LION AND THE LAMB, Part XI: Gang warfare in London.

Page 21—John B. Kennedy

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THE ANCIENT MODERNIST: Clever, those Chinese.

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IN CHARGE AT SHANGHAI: What the Orient can do to you.

Page 26—John Erskine

UNCLE SAM, Part VI: Sam's troubles with his women.

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BUCK UP: A lyrical triumph.

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HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT? And how you should.

Page 46—Word Hunt

UNLEASH THE HOUNDS

Page 69—The Gentleman at the Keyhole

THE PRICE OF PEACE: At the Naval Conference.

Page 70—Editorial

Any Week

THE task of reading and judging the thousands of manuscripts sent in by admiring readers of the late Mr. Witwer is being completed with all possible dispatch. We started to read the submitted endings for his unfinished short story, "King's Up," on January 13th. If we had had nothing else to do the job might have been done in three weeks. We'll say now that, so far as we have gone, the stories are gratifyingly excellent. It's going to be difficult to choose the best. Some of the writers forgot they were doing an end for a short story and dashed off three quarters of a novel. That's too bad. Others provided a whole new cast of characters and a fresh theme. We didn't want to do that. But there were a great many who began where Mr. Witwer left off and finished the story in a brisk, workmanlike manner. We hope to announce the awards before we are much older.

ORDINARILY we don't join things—clubs, movements, parades or loud cheering. Haven't got time. But Mr. Ernest E. Branch of Little Rock extends an invitation which gives us pause.

"Thank God," writes he, "Collier's hasn't gone in for the Youth Movement. I mean your articles have been sane, progressive, news-bearing and (may I thank God again?) entertaining.

"I am very, very sick of this Revolt of Youth. Will you join in a counter-revolt—a Revolt of Their Elders? Our object will be to bellow loud enough to drown out the whines of Revolting Youth. If you don't care to commit yourself, would you mind passing the word along? I feel that I am not alone in this."

As we understand it, there are no dues and no obligations other than to revolt and make a doleful noise. Well, we may say this for Mr. Branch's idea: We've heard worse.

—

WHEN an author sends us a three-inch target which he (at least he says so) punctured seventeen times without missing with a twenty-two-caliber precision pistol at thirty feet, we nonchalantly turn it over to our secretary and ask her to ask him why not stick to his guns and stop worrying typewriters. In other words, we're extremely courageous. But when, on the figurative heels of that bullet-riddled disk, he sends us also as neat and piercing a story as Fred R. Buckley has, we snatch the paper from our baffled secretary and tell her to thank Mr. Buckley and send him a check—without holes in it.

—

AND then we opened a letter from Lawrence Saunders, whose "Hell Gate to Paradise" agitated no end of Collier's readers. We could scarcely believe our eyes, so we read it twice and then compelled our secretary to read it aloud to us. She fainted.

Mr. Saunders compliments us on our editing of the yarn, thanks us for the display we gave it and concludes unbelievably by stating that Frank Godwin, the artist, drew exactly the right type of girl with even the proper color hair.

We were all for breaking down and weeping for sheer joy.

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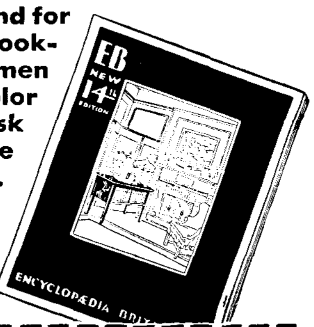

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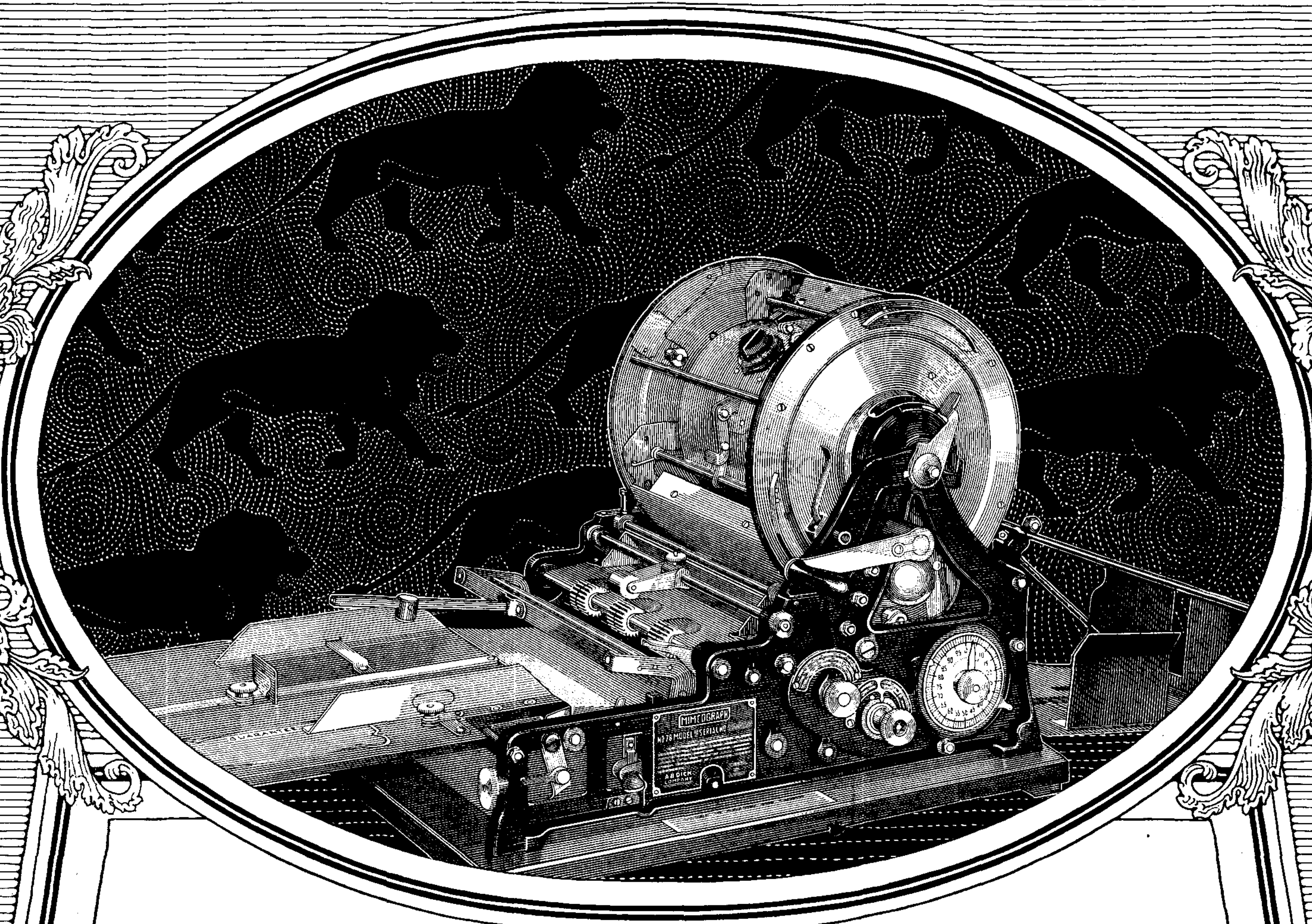

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Collier's The National Weekly for February 15, 1930

Stepdaughters of War

Here is the war—as a woman saw it. The author has set down her experiences while on active service with the British Ambulance Corps in France. The drama of her personal life unrolls in a setting of terror. Out of the horror and the loathing that she felt she has produced a vivid and terrible picture

By Helen Z. Smith

WE HAVE just wakened from our first decent sleep for weeks—eight glorious dreamless hours of utter exhaustion. The guns are still booming in the distance as energetically as when we fell on our camp beds without the formality of removing our uniforms, shoes, gaiters or underclothing. We have not had our garments off for nine days, but there has been an unexpected lull this afternoon, no evacuations, only one funeral and very few punishments, though we feel the usual midnight whistle will break our run of luck any time now. That gives us ten minutes to dress and stand by ambulances ready for convoy duty. In the meantime we snuggle neck high in our flea-bags and munch slabs of chocolate and stale biscuits.

We have slept like logs through the evening meal—all except Tosh, who never misses a food call on principle. It is her turn to make the Bovril. We gloatingly watch her light the little spirit lamp. We are hungry, but we are used to hunger. We are always hungry in varying degrees—hungry, starving, or ravenous. The canteen food is vile at its best; at its worst it defies description—except from Tosh. We have existed mostly on our own Bovril, biscuits, and slab chocolate since arriving in France, and when all is said and done it is a colorless, discouraging diet for young women of twenty-three—which our six ages average—who are doing men's work. Tosh is the only one who can systematically eat the canteen tack without nausea or coming out in food boils; but she has a stomach as strong as a horse's. Also, she has been out longer than the rest of us and is more hardened. At first her insides used to revolt as ours still do, but she thinks that in another month or so she could eat anything without turning a hair.

The girl in the next bed, known as "The B. F.," objects, but Tosh only grins. The rest take no notice. We wish they would both dry up and let us doze between biscuits until the whistle actually blows. Besides, we know The B. F.'s protests are merely for refinement's sake. Tosh, the sinner, is not of the common herd. She is the niece of an earl. That, in The B. F.'s eyes, covers a multitude of Anglo-Saxon franknesses.

I watch Tosh lazily. She is wandering around in the flickering candlelight dressed in a soiled woolen undervest and a voluminous pair of navy blue bloomers, chain-smoking yellow perils at a furious rate. There is something vaguely comforting in the Amazonian height and breadth of Tosh. She has the hips of a matron—intensified by the four pairs of thick combinations she always wears for warmth—a mind like a sewer (her own definition)—the courage of a giant—the vocabulary of a Smithfield butcher, and the round, wind-reddened face of a dairy-maid. She says she picked up her repertoire of language from the stable lads—her father is a well-known sportsman—and there is no reason to doubt her word. Nevertheless, Tosh is the idol of the entire convoy, not only of this room.

I have adored her since the first night I arrived, that ghastly first night I was shoved onto an ambulance at midnight and told to meet my first convoy of wounded. I had never driven by night before, even in England. My nerves were all on edge, and the first glimpse of shattered men sent me completely to pieces. We backed our ambulances in a long row. Tosh was next in line to me. She watched me climb down, saw me, half-fainting, retching my heart out against the hood of my own bus, slipped from her driving seat, seized me and shook sense into me. "Pull yourself together, you bloody West Kensington lady with your bloody West Kensington tricks. You're loaded. Get back before Commandant spots you. You're holding up the line. Get back."

I got back. I drove till dawn, to and fro—station, Number Five Hospital—Number Five Hospital, station—sick, numb, frozen-fingered, frozen-hearted—station, Number Five Hospital—Number Five Hospital, station—

England's Splendid Daughters

It ended, just as I thought it would never end. Back again at the depot I collapsed with my head on the steering-wheel. Tosh helped me down, forced steaming cocoa into me—"Pretty bloody kick-off, Smith. But wait till you get gas cases or worse, liquid fire—"

I whimpered like a puppy—I couldn't go on—I was a coward—I couldn't face those stretchers of moaning men again—men torn and bleeding and raving—

Tosh laughed a funny, queer laugh. "And the admiring family at home who are basking in your reflected glory? 'My girl's doing her bit—driving an ambulance very near the line—'" She laughed again. "Will they let you off, Smithy? Not likely! You'll never have the pluck to crawl home and admit you're ordinary flesh and blood. Can't you hear them? 'Well, back *already?* You didn't stay *long*, did you?' No, Smithy, you're one of England's Splendid Daughters, proud to do their bit for the dear old flag, and one of England's Splendid Daughters you'll stay until you crock up or find some other decent excuse to go home covered with glory. It takes nerve to carry on here, but it takes twice as much to go home to flag-crazy mothers and fathers—"

I watched her now running a comb through her hair, softly damning and blasting the knots. Generous hair, Tosh's, as generous as the rest of her, thick, long, red as a sunset in Devon, when not grime- and grease-blackened.

An End to Hospitality

As I stare she parts the strands over her right ear, peers anxiously into the square of looking-glass, and emits a string of swear words before turning to The Bug.

"Lend me your scissors, Bug?"

The Bug silently hands them over, lights a cigarette, and passes me the paper packet.

"Everyone read this paper?" asks Tosh.

Everyone has. Tosh spreads the newspaper on the floor near her bed and kneels down, brandishing the scissors.

The B. F. cries out in alarm. "You're not going to cut off your hair, Tosh?"

"Why should I be a free lodging-house for waifs and strays?" Tosh laughs hoarsely at her own crude wit. She has, when amused, the big, porky, jolly laugh of a fat publican.

"Oh, Tosh, how *can* you? Short hair's terribly unfeminine. I wouldn't cut off my hair for anything."

"No, you vain little scut, you'd rather crawl."

"Tosh!" wails The B. F. "You are simply *awful!*"

Snip, snip, snip go the scissors. Snip, snip, snip. The long, red strands fall into the much-scanned, crumpled newspaper. I crane my neck. Have I read it? Is it the Daily Mail or the Daily Express? If it's the Mail I have read it, but if it's the Express there's something I haven't quite finished—

A red curl of Tosh's hair hides the top of the page. I can't see. Perhaps a post will come tomorrow bringing fresh newspapers. We haven't had any letters or parcels for six days.

Snip, snip, snip—

"No wonder I've scratched my head off—no wonder I couldn't sleep!" Tosh points triumphantly to the paper. We interestedly follow the direction of her fingers and go on munching our ginger biscuits. A few weeks ago we should have vomited. But after cleaning the inside of an ambulance it would take more than a few lice to make our gorges rise.

"I'll bet you're all as alive-o if you only carried out a smashing attack," chuckles Tosh.

I catch the eye of The Bug and we both grimace—we know Tosh is very near the truth, for we have both been itching furiously for days past. Small-tooth combing, though a temporary check, has no lasting effect. We get them from the "sitters"—the cases well enough to sit beside us in front on the ambulances. Straight from the field dressing stations, before that, straight from the trenches, who can wonder the sitters are alive with vermin?

Snip, snip, snip—

Tosh's hair is half off, giving her a curiously lop-sided effect. I wish I had her courage, but a mental vision of Mother restrains me. Poor Mother, she would die of horror if I came home on leave with my hair cut short like a man's. She wouldn't understand the filth and beastliness after my cheery letters home. Only dreadful blue-stocking females cut their hair. Besides, Mother has always been so proud of my hair—why, I cannot imagine. It is not beautiful hair. It is long, but thin and mouse-colored. Nondescript. Like its owner. Like its owner's name, Helen Smith. Helen Z. Smith. How jealously I preserve the secret of that Z, that ludicrous Z bestowed on me by Mother. Z was the heroine of a book Mother read the month before I arrived on earth. She wanted me to grow up like Z. Z was the paragon of beauty, virtue and womanliness. Mother has been sadly disappointed over the first, I am still the second, but the third—well, Z was never an ambulance driver somewhere in France. I am very dubious about the third.

Snip, snip, snip—

"You'll look awfully unsexed, Tosh," warns The B. F.

"Unsexed? Me? With the breasts of a nursing mother?" Tosh winks behind The B. F.'s back. The poor B. F. gasps and goes scarlet. Tosh is revolutionizing her ideas of the British aristocracy in private life more and more each day.

Snip, snip, snip—

We go on munching our biscuits and smoking our gaspers. Directly the kettle boils there will be hot Bovril, something to warm us before starting out—thin, miserable stuff, for the bottle is nearly empty and there are six of us, but enough to send a glow through our bodies.

Tosh finishes her barbering. She shakes her head like a shaggy dog. I see to my satisfaction that the paper is the Mail and not the Express. I have read it, after all.

She takes another sheet of paper and small-combs her short locks and burns the paper and its contents in a bowl. We all do this when we get a chance and our heads become too unbearable. If Commandant knew, there would be ructions and punishments galore.

"A Little Extra Work"

"Mrs. B——," as Tosh has christened Commandant, is punishment-mad. She punishes us by giving us extra work to do in our time off (when we have any). Usually it is extra orderly duty, though recently she distinguished herself by sending me out with a dustpan and small brush into the snow-covered path where the ambulances stand to sweep up the bits of paper, cigarette ends, and rubbish that were lying in the snow. I had committed the awful offense of warming my hands near the canteen fire because they were too frozen to go on cleaning my engine, and Commandant caught me.

"What are you doing here?" she inquired, majestically. "You are supposed to be ambulance-cleaning, I *thought*."

I explained about my frozen fingers.

"Oh!" she said, with a sweet smile. "Then perhaps you haven't enough work to do to keep your fingers warm. Perhaps a little extra work will help."

That is how I became a scavenger. Commandant is dreadfully efficient. Like most dreadfully efficient women she is universally loathed. Even The B. F. has got as far as calling her "Mrs. You-Know-Itch!"

"I feel pounds lighter," says Tosh. "If only I could soak and soak and soak in a real bath."

Our thoughts fly to bathrooms—big, white-tiled bathrooms with gleaming silver faucets and glass-enclosed showers—bathrooms with rubber floors and square-checked bathmats—bathrooms fitted with thick glass shelves loaded with jar upon jar of scented bath salts, white, green, mauve—different colors and different perfumes, lilac, verbena, carnation, lily of the valley.

"Half a pint of icy water between six of us," says Tosh. "There's a war on, they tell me."

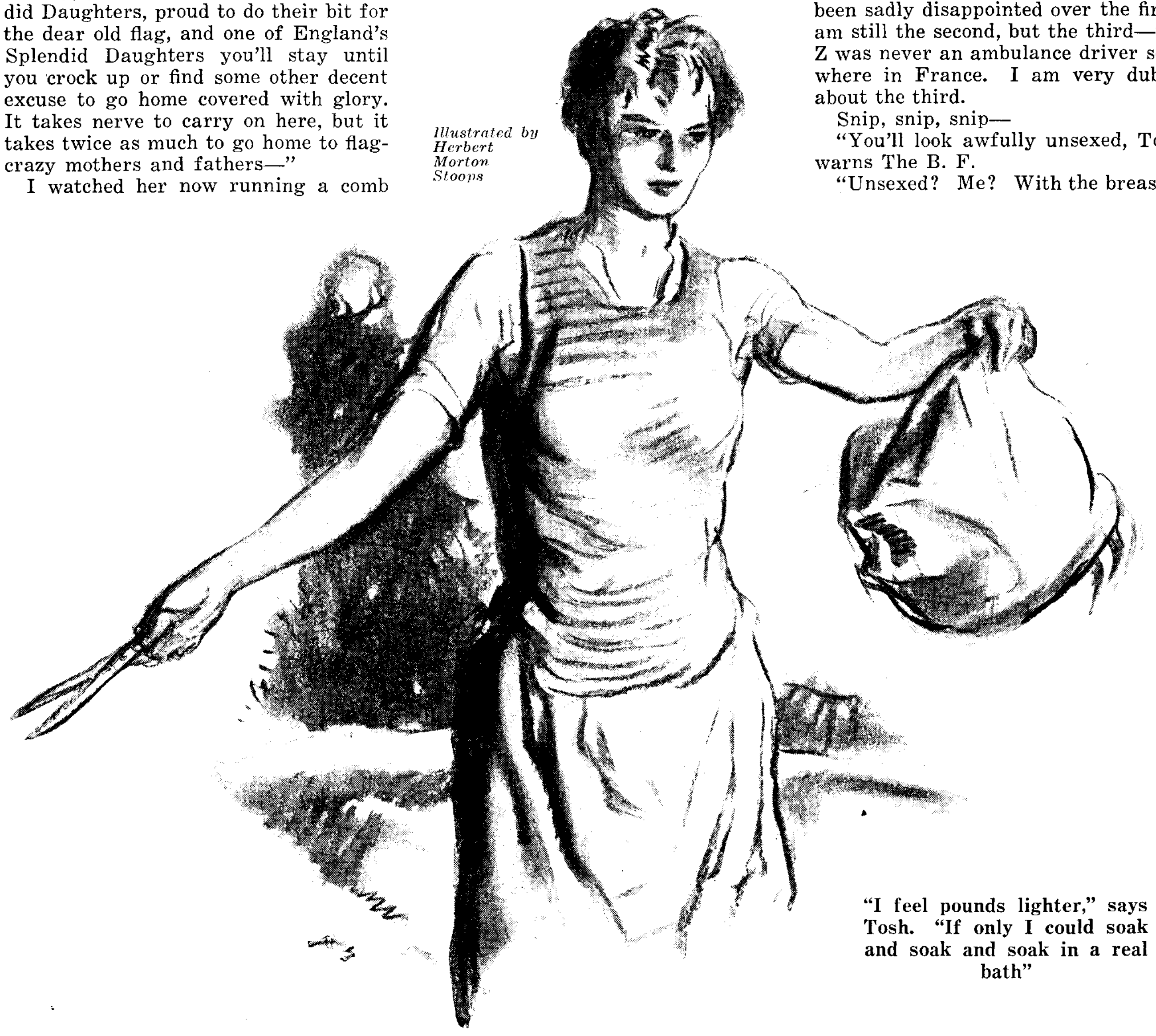
We munch stolidly.

My cigarettes have given out. Tosh gets the cups, wipes them with a handkerchief, and divides the contents of the Bovril carefully.

"If there isn't a parcel soon with a new supply we go out empty tomorrow."

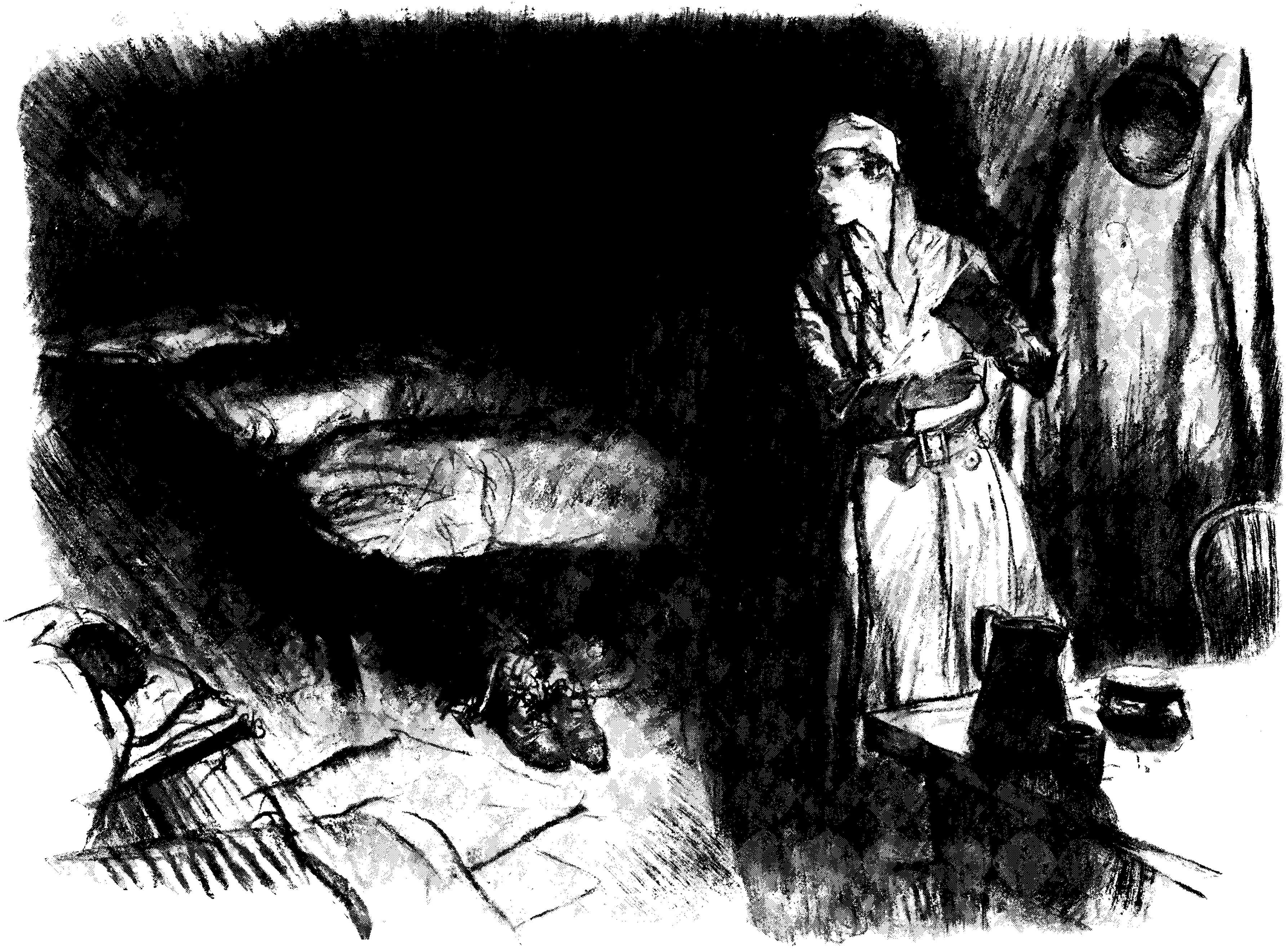
Skinny wakens with a yawn, exhibiting a hideous vulcanite plate in her lower jaw. Skinny is smart and tolerably good-looking in uniform, but when she first awakens she reminds one uneasily of a corpse. Her face is yellow, with the skin stretched tightly across the high cheekbones, and there are queer bags under her eyes. She glances at her wrist watch and grabs the biscuit tin. "You've cut your hair off," she remarks to Tosh.

Tosh gives her a quick glance and turns her back. She loathes Skinny,



Illustrated by Herbert Morton Stoops

"I feel pounds lighter," says Tosh. "If only I could soak and soak and soak in a real bath"



Selfish beasts, all of them. Snore, snore, snore. A sudden rage takes possession of me. Tears burn the back of my throat

and never misses an opportunity of snubbing her—not the good-natured ragging to which she treats The B. F., but the kind of snub that makes those present wish they had never been born. It is Skinny's own fault. She will talk to Tosh. Tosh has asked her straight out not to, but she will persist. Tosh wants Commandant to move Skinny to one of the two-bed or three-bed cubicles—there are often vacancies when the girls go sick, but Commandant knows Tosh wants it, and therefore Skinny will remain with us to the bitter end.

There is a silence. Tosh stirs the Bovril fiercely and passes it round. In the fifth bed Etta Potato snores peacefully through everything. Her real name is Etta Potter, but someone dubbed her Etta Potato the day she came out, and Etta Potato she will be for the duration. She is a good-natured soul, phlegmatic, law-abiding, and totally devoid of nerves or imagination. She could sleep on a clothesline suspended by pegs from the ears, and wake as good-tempered as though she had rested in a soft feather bed.

"Bovril!"

The Bug thrusts a biscuit into the parted lips of Etta Potato and she wakes, smiles amiably, and begins to chew without inquiry. The Bug is the most interesting member of our communal life—to me. Chiefly because she is a mystery. We know about the others—The B. F.'s father is a motor manufacturer; Etta Potato is a virgin war widow, her husband went straight from the register office to the trenches and was killed a week later; Tosh has been in the picture papers so often she hasn't a shred of private life left; Skinny is the only child of a big pot at the War Office; while I am the nondescript daughter of a nondescript father who made money, sold his business, retired, and is spending the rest of his life in a big house on Wimbledon Common trying to forget the word "jam." (How father must hate the "plum-and-apple" jokes that are flying around.)

The Silent Bug

But of The Bug we know nothing. She is quite tiny, wiry, tragic-eyed and dark, with a bitter mouth and a disconcerting trick of saying nothing at all that irritates Commandant to the point of insanity. She is quite the most silent girl in company I have ever met, but sometimes when we are alone, a rare thing in this communal bedroom, she talks on and on in a flat monotonous voice as though she hated the world and was thinking her hatred out loud. Her name, The Bug, originated from the quaint, round-shouldered way she hunches up behind the steering wheel.

"What was supper like, Tosh?" asks Etta Potato.

Tosh tells her in one graphic word and The B. F. clutches her bosom dramatically and cries, "Tosh!" Tosh christened her The B. F., but we are quite convinced that, although flattered at being on nickname level with the niece of an earl, she hasn't the vaguest notion that the cryptic letters signify anything other than her own initials—Bertina Farmer.

The B. F. is quite liked. She is fearfully "refeened and neece" but we forgive her that, she is such a harmless ass. Her definition of a true lady is one who is ignorant of the simplest domestic details to the point of imbecility. She insisted on helplessly inquiring the first day she came *however* one knew *when water had reached boiling point.* The servants at home had always boiled the family water, she said. She was very shocked at Tosh's coarse comment on this form of economy in the home.

The B. F. is like a Harrison Fisher girl on a magazine cover, and is frankly disappointed with the war. The War Office has not quite played the game sending her here. She had an idea being out in France was a kind of perpetual picnic minus the restrictions of home life. She saw herself in a depot the cynosure of innumerable admiring male eyes. It seems such a waste of a well-cut uniform to be in a place where the men are too wounded or too harassed to regard women as other than cogs in the great machinery, and the women are too worn out to care whether they do or not. She intends to transfer to the base at the earliest opportunity. "For," she said the other day, "surely you can do your bit just as patriotically in an amusing place where there are amusing officers!"

(The B. F. is very fond of talking about "doing her bit." She would go down terribly well with my parents.)

Tosh gravely advised her not to overdo "doing her bit" with the amusing officers, in case she might not be so amused in the end.

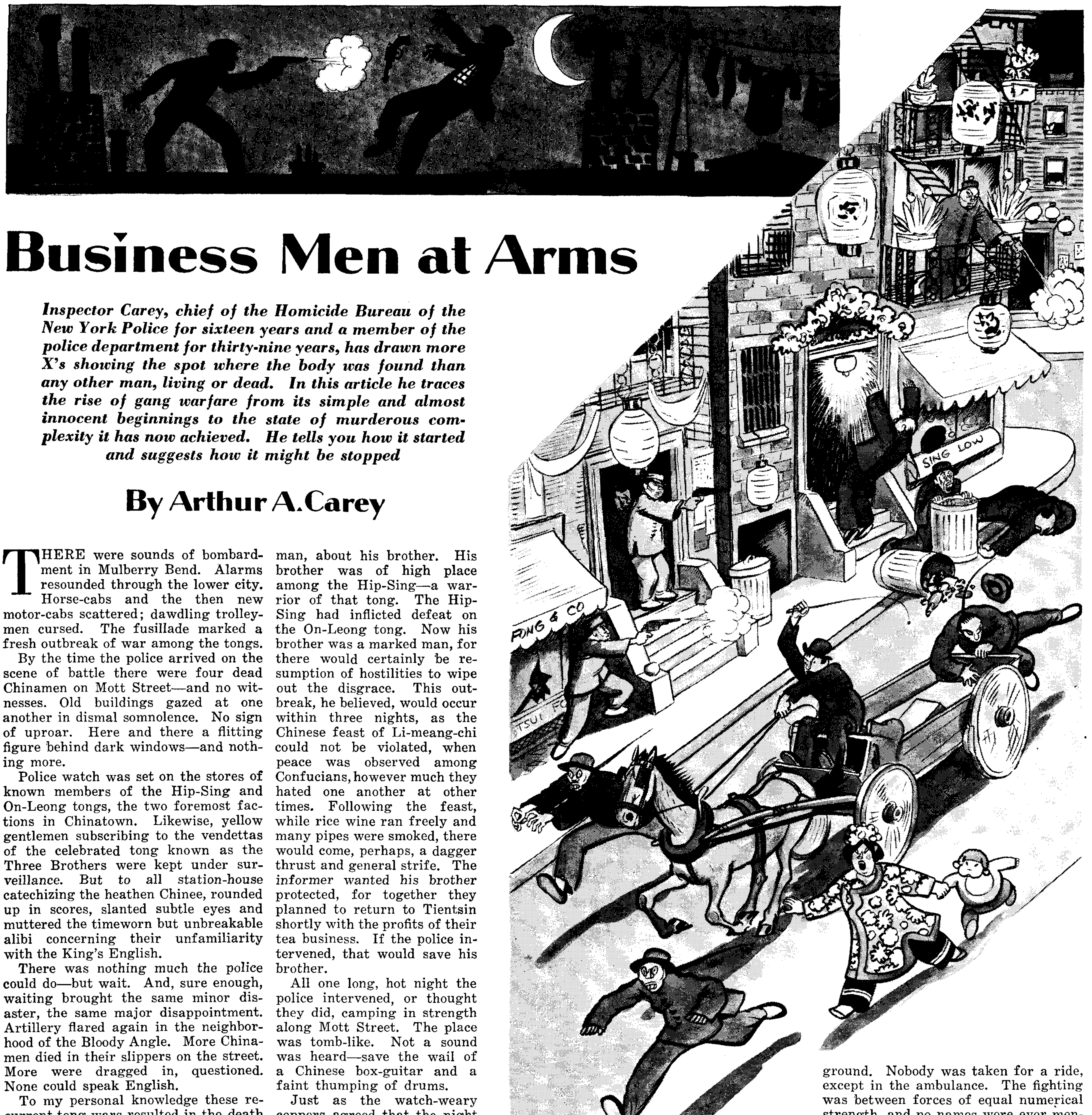
The B. F. is pretty and soft and rather plump. She was comically like a ruffled doll as she drew herself up. "I can tell by your face, Tosh, you're being obscene, but I do *not* see the point."

The Bovril is good. We want more, but there is none. The wind is rising, moaning round the convoy like a thousand angry witches. Is it going to snow again? It may grow warmer if it snows. It can't grow any colder. It has been freezing hard for days. We break the ice in the water jug in the mornings and waken with our hot-water bottles frozen to a solid lump. We snuggle deeper into our flea-bags and tell one another we really must get up.

Let It Wait

The Bug wants to change her underclothing and Etta Potato wants to wash to the waist to save doing it in the morning. She looks intensely relieved when informed the water jug is nearly empty, that there is just enough water for a hasty sponge of the face and hands. Her "big wash" must wait, indefinitely, until she plucks up courage to carry the hot water from the outhouse across the

(*Continued on page 38*)



Business Men at Arms

Inspector Carey, chief of the Homicide Bureau of the New York Police for sixteen years and a member of the police department for thirty-nine years, has drawn more X's showing the spot where the body was found than any other man, living or dead. In this article he traces the rise of gang warfare from its simple and almost innocent beginnings to the state of murderous complexity it has now achieved. He tells you how it started and suggests how it might be stopped

By Arthur A. Carey

THERE were sounds of bombardment in Mulberry Bend. Alarms resounded through the lower city. Horse-cabs and the then new motor-cabs scattered; dawdling trolley-men cursed. The fusillade marked a fresh outbreak of war among the tongs.

By the time the police arrived on the scene of battle there were four dead Chinamen on Mott Street—and no witnesses. Old buildings gazed at one another in dismal somnolence. No sign of uproar. Here and there a flitting figure behind dark windows—and nothing more.

Police watch was set on the stores of known members of the Hip-Sing and On-Leong tongs, the two foremost factions in Chinatown. Likewise, yellow gentlemen subscribing to the vendettas of the celebrated tong known as the Three Brothers were kept under surveillance. But to all station-house catechizing the heathen Chinee, rounded up in scores, slanted subtle eyes and muttered the timeworn but unbreakable alibi concerning their unfamiliarity with the King's English.

There was nothing much the police could do—but wait. And, sure enough, waiting brought the same minor disaster, the same major disappointment. Artillery flared again in the neighborhood of the Bloody Angle. More Chinamen died in their slippers on the street. More were dragged in, questioned. None could speak English.

To my personal knowledge these recurrent tong wars resulted in the death of dozens of residents of the Chinese quarter. Few were ever brought to book. Calm and serene in their ways, the Chinese rarely permitted their intertong disputes to be aired in the police court. The Chinaman who would betray a *casus belli* between the tongs not only "lost face," a grievous loss for a Chinaman, or for any Oriental, but was summarily executed. Personally, I don't recall any case of a Chinese stool pigeon or informer.

Once, after a violent outburst in the Bloody Angle, which provided great cause for mourning among the laconic brethren of the pigtails, a mild-faced Chinaman reported to police headquarters. He bowed to the serenity behind the desk—a two-fisted sergeant with the build of a mandarin and the jowl of a gas-house carnivore. He was troubled, this Chinaman, about his brother. His brother was of high place among the Hip-Sing—a warrior of that tong. The Hip-Sing had inflicted defeat on the On-Leong tong. Now his brother was a marked man, for there would certainly be resumption of hostilities to wipe out the disgrace. This outbreak, he believed, would occur within three nights, as the Chinese feast of Li-meang-chi could not be violated, when peace was observed among Confucians, however much they hated one another at other times. Following the feast, while rice wine ran freely and many pipes were smoked, there would come, perhaps, a dagger thrust and general strife. The informer wanted his brother protected, for together they planned to return to Tientsin shortly with the profits of their tea business. If the police intervened, that would save his brother.

All one long, hot night the police intervened, or thought they did, camping in strength along Mott Street. The place was tomb-like. Not a sound was heard—save the wail of a Chinese box-guitar and a faint thumping of drums.

Just as the watch-weary coppers agreed that the night was too hot for fighting, anyway, and the pigtailed lads had been overawed, a riot call sounded from the Bend. The usual quota of dead Chinamen was picked up here and there as the smoke of firing curled above the sleeping section. Tong law of an eye for an eye and all the teeth possible for any missing tooth had been vindicated. The only help the cops could give was to the undertakers.

The Old Code of Gangdom

Our mild-faced informant, so eager to safeguard his brother, was simply a fraud who had diverted the police from the point selected for the battle.

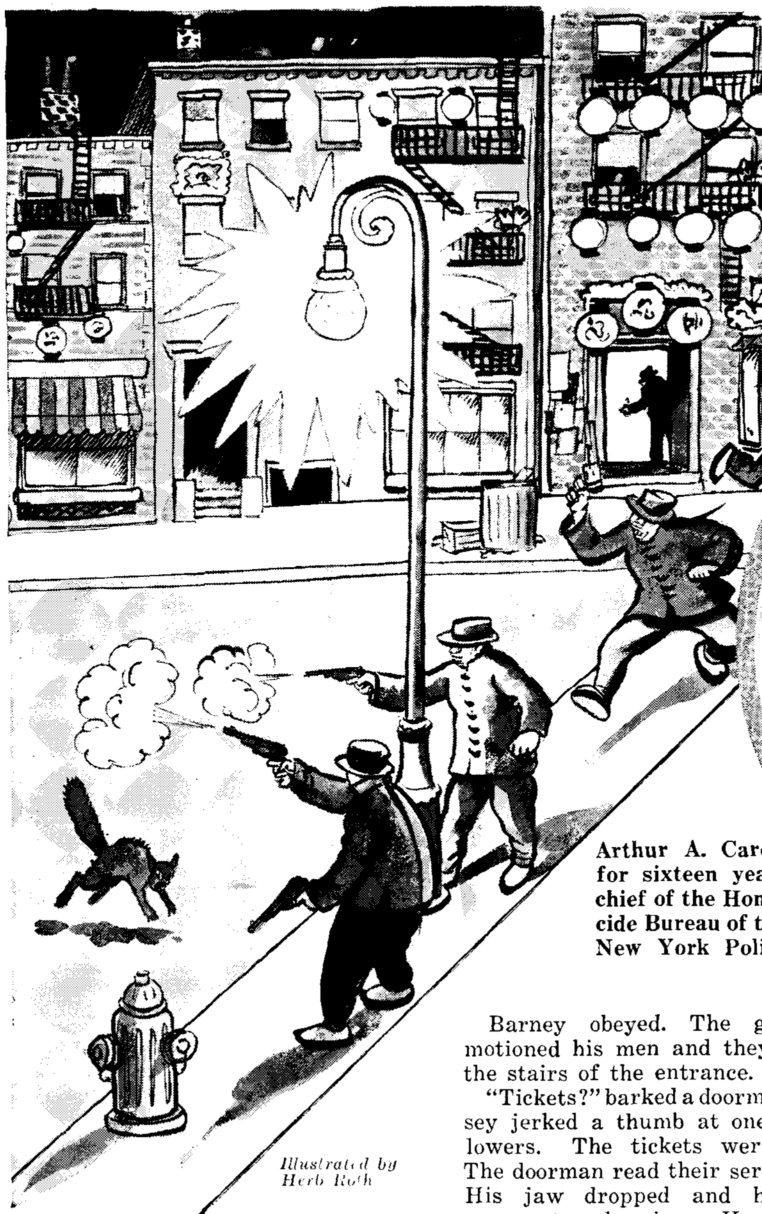
This gang warfare operated in the old days. Not only among the Chinese. The Rabbits, the Beavers, the Hudson Dusters and the rest issued ultimata, canceled diplomatic relations and plugged one another *en masse* with bullets in no less reciprocal fashion than their Oriental gang-fellows. True, something of the dramatic subtlety of the celestial was lacking. The old Caucasian garroters and gangsters occasionally relished orgies of mayhem in which nobody was killed but everybody might just as well have been killed.

But the logic of the old gangs was clear and persistent. The fight was out in the open, with perhaps elevated posts and subway booths as shelters; or a string of roofs might be the battleground. Nobody was taken for a ride, except in the ambulance. The fighting was between forces of equal numerical strength, and no names were ever mentioned by the dying, just as no clues were ever found on the dead.

A grim system, barbarous and intolerable. But, compared with modern gangdom's cruel and cowardly code, it had its merits.

I recall being at the aftermath of a typically picturesque old-time gang slaughter. It was a sultry July night, in what we'll call Bamber's Casino, squatting like a warehouse on a strip of street between the white and black domains, and bubbling with the jollity of a dance of, say, the Panther Pleasure Club. I'm changing the names of places and principals. Some still survive.

Patrolmen McCarthy and Helfinger stood outside the swinging doors of the saloon entrance, waiting for a sign of the Beaver gang, which had threatened


Illustrated by Herb Roth

Artillery flared again in the neighborhood of the Bloody Angle. More Chinamen died in their slippers on the street

Arthur A. Carey, for sixteen years chief of the Homicide Bureau of the New York Police

to "bust up" the Panther dance. The cops gave the once-over to pool-rooms with false cigar-store fronts, to spot possible ambush. All seemed clear.

A band blared, feet stamped and shuffled.

For three hours the policemen waited, spotting powdered belles and beaux in peg-top pants—the Irish, Italians and Jews who made up the social stratum of the precinct. Here and there was a face darker than the darkest of these. There would be three hours more to wait till Bamber's closed and the dance was over. McCarthy and Helfinger didn't relish it.

A door swung back of them. It was Barney, Bamber's head bouncer, an ex-pugilist with a pear-shaped nose and beery eyes.

"Everything's lovely, gints," said Barney. "The boys is holdin' their booze and the gals is dancin' decent. No sign of the Beavers anywhere."

The policemen exercised their traditional prerogative as Barney passed them two quart jugs of beer with butter-dabs at the bottom to hold down the froth. They drained the jugs and strolled to the ends of their beats.

Barney, the bartender, saw the cops depart. He swore. His swearing dwindled to mutterings of fear as a huge touring car swung around the corner and pulled up at the dance-hall entrance. Barney started to sprint after the officers, who had turned a far corner; but a sharp order and a menacing gun-muzzle stopped him. Hennessey of the Beavers—a lean-jawed, steel-eyed fighting leader—leapt from the car.

"Git back to your bar," he snapped at Barney.

Barney obeyed. The gang leader motioned his men and they sprang up the stairs of the entrance.

"Tickets?" barked a doorman. Hennessey jerked a thumb at one of his followers. The tickets were produced. The doorman read their serial numbers. His jaw dropped and he held his arms out as barriers. Hennessey's fist clapped a cry back in the doorman's mouth. The guard fell, stunned, and the gangsters let him roll down the stairs.

Into the haze of the dancing floor Hennessey and his four men passed, separating to take places at vantage points. The floor was jammed as the band blared to the high wooden roof. Waiters plied about tables that circled the floor. Laughter and glad cries shook a cluster of chandeliers that hung over the dancers like frozen fountains.

The Panther Chief

For one man and his dancing partners the crowd on the floor cleared a path. Thick-set Izzy Strauss, leader of the Panthers, white teeth grinning in his brown mask of a face, was a man, and as he swung from one pair of eager female arms to another his preëminence was reflected in the eyes of the fair. Suddenly he saw Hennessey and stopped dead in his tracks. The crowd scattered from the floor as Hennessey's voice rasped through the haze:

"Put 'em up, Izzy," was all he said.

Strauss grinned. Men and women were frantic like hares before hounds, under tables, over chairs—anywhere out of range. They rushed to exits, bowling over tray-laden waiters. Some jumped from windows, crashing glass and splintering wood before them. Hennessey's four lean young men formed an arc, with their target, Izzy, in the center. Their guns were ready.

Strauss grinned; his upper lip sagged like a wolf's. He knew what Hennessey would do—take him and smear him with humiliation, make the Panthers derided and despicable through the realm of gangdom. If Strauss didn't fight, his gang wouldn't. A swift glance about the place and as his gal sidled up to him defying Hennessey's men, who held their fire—Strauss saw her lift her gown, quickly she flipped a gun from an elastic band about her thigh—slipped it to Izzy and sidled away. A shot crashed into the chandelier above Strauss. Hennessey had missed and a big Swede waiter cringing at the floor edge picked splinters of glass from his neck.

Women screamed, men roared, rolling and lunging on the crammed floor amid spilled tables and chairs and cracked glasses. Izzy fired. Instantly four more men arose—Panthers following their leader's signal to stand and make a fight. In a pandemonium punctured only by spitting bullets Hennessey and Strauss shot it out—until the cops charged in.

Nobody won. Strauss was killed, Hennessey mortally wounded, and the Beavers and Panthers, fat waiters, and here and there a sizable lady who couldn't wriggle to safety, carried gunpowder vaccination marks as souvenirs of the event. Barney the bouncer stood sweating while crowds fought in the open street. Barrel-shaped Bamber came running from his flat on the top floor amid chimes of ambulance bells. A few hours and the place was still and dark, the débris cleared for another day and another dance.

The police were usually helpless after these affrays. The dead couldn't talk; the dying and wounded wouldn't; and the unharmed survivors, if any, adhered to the bond of silence that bound the most deadly of gang enemies in face of their common enemy—the police. A score of similar incidents might be recounted, of gang battle for the sake of battle, to settle the question of sheer brute supremacy between rival neighborhood children or to avenge the wounded pride of gang leaders.

When an insignificant member of the Bowery gang of thieves, call him Hunchback Huffy, fell in love with Moll Brennan, a blond lady of charm familiar to police and crooks, Huffy took the affair seriously. Moll didn't. Jake D'Arcy of the Beery Street gang—a handsome, dare-devil chap—met Moll and liked her. In a café one night he saw her with Huffy the Hunchback, walked over to them and took Moll away to dance.

Five nights later D'Arcy was shot dead in a road house at Sheepshead Bay, after Huffy and his gang brothers had challenged D'Arcy and his pals to open battle.

No issue was at stake there but the vengeance of an obscure henchman. Yet the gang went out in panoply of war, invading its rivals' hang-out to visit capital punishment on the offending Lothario.

They were gunmen in those days. For weeks and years the feud begun by a hunchback's jealousy brought onslaught and reprisal in its train. Scores of gangsters sacrificed their lives for that blighted love affair.

Doubtless there were innumerable causes of war, even more trivial, among the old-time gangsters. A pitched battle between two gas-house gangs, who fought with pistols, clubs, steam kettles and hobnailed boots, once ended with three dead and five times that many seriously wounded, because one gang leader invaded the wake of another gang leader and laid a wax instead of a real wreath on the casket.

Murder Becomes a Business

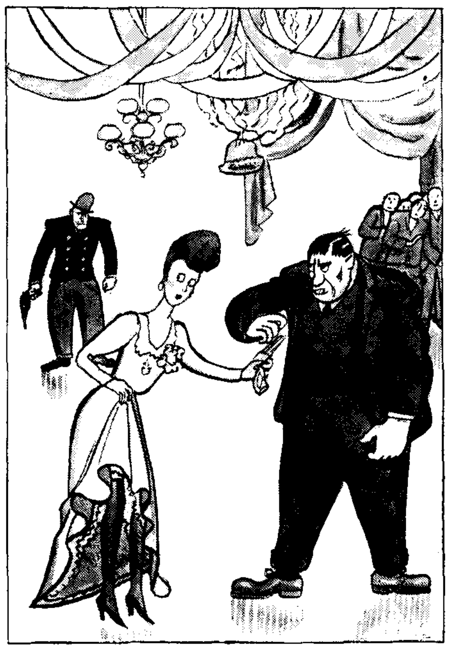
They fought for the love of fighting, for the love or the possession of women, or at the behest of the politicians who protected them. They did not fight by card-rate or to protect a sinister commercial interest.

That is the principal distinction between the old gunman and the new. The old had some pride of contest with his enemies. The new shoots on sight, preferably in the back—and never for honor; always for money or its equivalent.

I think Monk Eastman is the first prominent name marking the transformation of the gunman from a jungle roughneck to a white-collar worker. Not that Eastman was a prepossessing figure. A Polish Jew, he had the prognathous profile of the born tough. But he led the parade of Ghetto adventurers that, simultaneously with Italian freebooters, began to displace the Irish rowdies as a problem for the police.

At the turn of the century, tens of thousands of immigrants who had crowded into the tenement sections of New York and other large cities—for, although my own experience was necessarily local, the same conditions prevailed in all the big towns—began to

(*Continued on page 66*)


She flipped a gun from an elastic band about her thigh—slipped it to Izzy

When you're hopelessly in love, and hopelessly handicapped, there are times when—

It's Swell to be

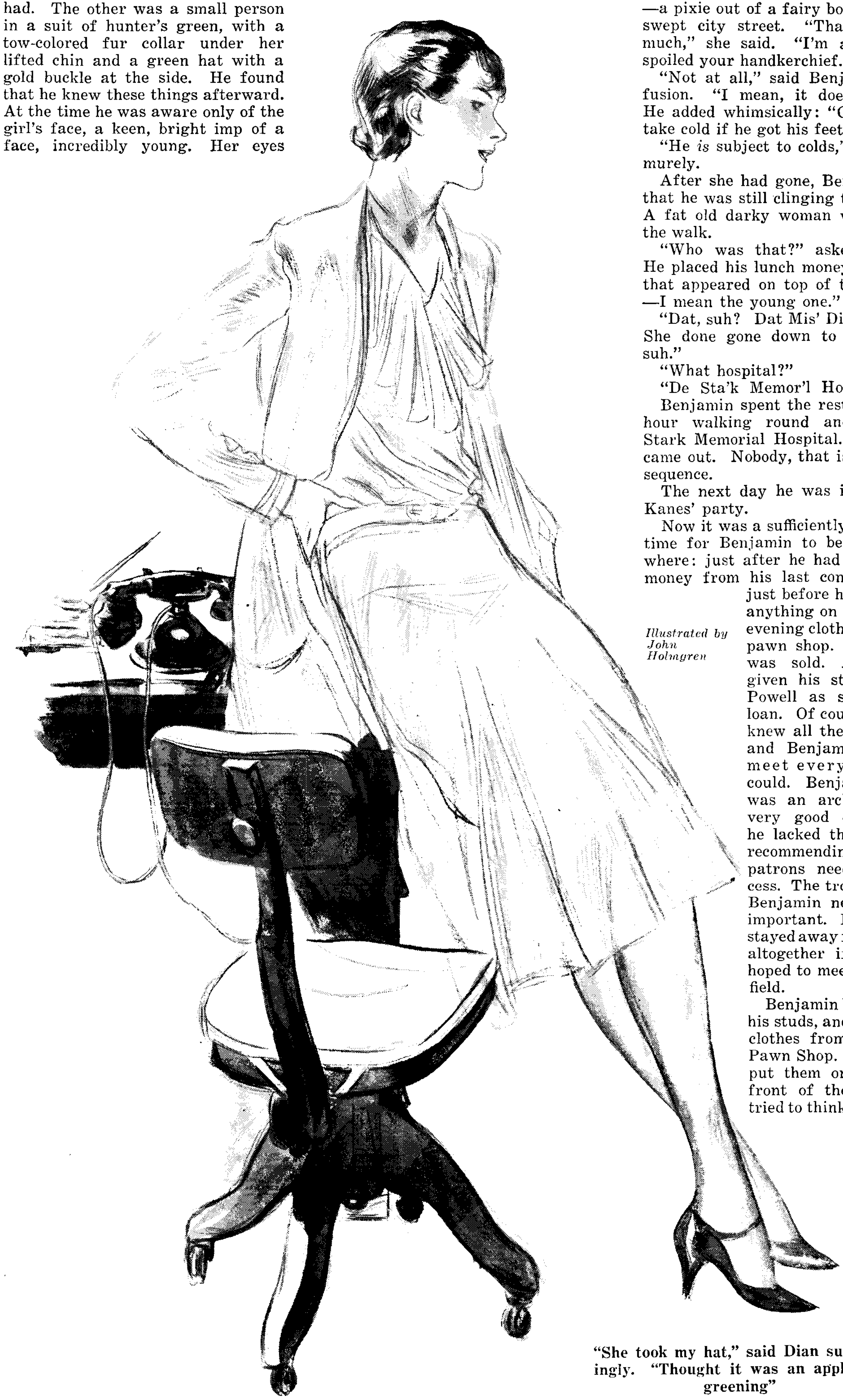
BENJAMIN never would have gone to the party anyhow if it had not been for Dian Wakefield.

He had seen Dian once already; and that was enough to make him willing to do anything. He had been passing a house with a high flight of brick steps and an iron railing in front, when two people came out. One was a military-looking woman, all starch and pointed nose. The other. . . .

Benjamin was a sufficiently correct young man, but when he came to himself he was clinging to the railing and staring as if he had never seen anything so lovely before. In fact, he never had. The other was a small person in a suit of hunter's green, with a tow-colored fur collar under her lifted chin and a green hat with a gold buckle at the side. He found that he knew these things afterward. At the time he was aware only of the girl's face, a keen, bright imp of a face, incredibly young. Her eyes were fearless eyes, laughing under tipped-up lashes, and a wayward twirl of dark hair blew in the wet wind against her cheek.

Under her arm the girl carried one of these very large rubber animals, such as are used by children for riding in the surf—more sea-serpent than anything you could mention. The next instant it slid out and came bounding down the steps; it seated itself in a pool of slush at Benjamin's very feet.

Benjamin picked it up. He whipped out his handkerchief and wiped it all over, very slowly and carefully.



"She took my hat," said Dian surprisingly. "Thought it was an apple. A greening"

Illustrated by John Holmgren

"Naughty! Chester, how could you?" There was a vibrancy in her clear voice. Then she was looking up at Benjamin—a pixie out of a fairy book in a windswept city street. "Thank you very much," she said. "I'm afraid you've spoiled your handkerchief."

"Not at all," said Benjamin in confusion. "I mean, it doesn't matter." He added whimsically: "Chester might take cold if he got his feet wet."

"He *is* subject to colds," she said demurely.

After she had gone, Benjamin found that he was still clinging to the railing. A fat old darky woman was sweeping the walk.

"Who was that?" asked Benjamin. He placed his lunch money in the palm that appeared on top of the fence. "I—I mean the young one."

"Dat, suh? Dat Mis' Dian Wakefield. She done gone down to de horspital, suh."

"What hospital?"

"De Sta'k Memor'l Horspital, suh."

Benjamin spent the rest of his lunch hour walking round and round the Stark Memorial Hospital. But nobody came out. Nobody, that is, of any consequence.

The next day he was invited to the Kanes' party.

Now it was a sufficiently inconvenient time for Benjamin to be invited anywhere: just after he had spent all the money from his last commission, and just before he could collect anything on his next. His evening clothes were in the pawn shop. His overcoat was sold. And he had given his studs to Wade Powell as security on a loan. Of course the Kanes knew all the right people, and Benjamin needed to meet everyone that he could. Benjamin F. Lowe was an architect—and a very good one, too—but he lacked that facility in recommending himself to patrons needful for success. The trouble was that Benjamin never felt . . . important. He would have stayed away from the party altogether if he had not hoped to meet Dian Wakefield.

Benjamin borrowed back his studs, and retrieved his clothes from Abie's Irish Pawn Shop. When he had put them on he stood in front of the mirror and tried to think how he would look to Dian Wakefield. Red hair, crisp at the ends—it would curl if you didn't look out for it; a wide straight mouth, rather grave; gray eyes, not grave at all, in a thin brown face. He was not handsome, but he looked exactly what he was—an awfully nice young man.

It was the devil's own luck that just as he was ready to go there should have come up a rain. Benjamin had thought to get on without an overcoat. You can always pretend that you are one of those virile men who wears no coat because he likes the cold; but it is absurd to pretend that you are a duck and like water. Benjamin did the only possible thing. He borrowed a coat from Wade Powell—who happened to be out at the time.

NOW Wade Powell was a good fellow—but you know how these artist chaps are. His coat was a too exquisite garment . . . and it was lined with red. Benjamin did not like red linings. He would not have liked them even if he had not had red hair. He hurried away from the Kanes' butler, who had flung it wrong-side out across an arm, and hoped no one would notice that he and the coat had come in together.

It was that which gave the party such a bad start. And when it developed that Miss Dian Wakefield was not there, then Benjamin went and stood by himself in a corner and acted exactly the way he felt: stand-offish and disgruntled. After the first, people left him pretty much alone. He drank a lot more highballs than he needed, because there was no much else to do.

Only once he roused himself. That was when his hostess introduced him to Mrs. Wakefield. Mrs. Wakefield had Dian's dark good looks without her animation, and very lovely clothes.

"So—your daughter isn't coming?" Benjamin stammered.

"You've met Dian?"

"Well," blundered Benjamin, "I've *met* her, as you may say, but I didn't exactly *meet* her. That is . . . I mean . . ."

For some reason Mrs. Wakefield was not pleased. There was something closed and tight about her expression. "No," she said. "Dian isn't coming. She had to go—somewhere else."

She moved away presently, and Benjamin had another highball. As soon as he decently could, he said his farewells and went.

When Benjamin emerged from the Kanes' door, he found rain sweeping down the street in a solid wall of water. He was still hesitating in the shelter of the portico when Mrs. Wakefield called to him. "Ride?" she asked. "You'll never find a cab a night like this."

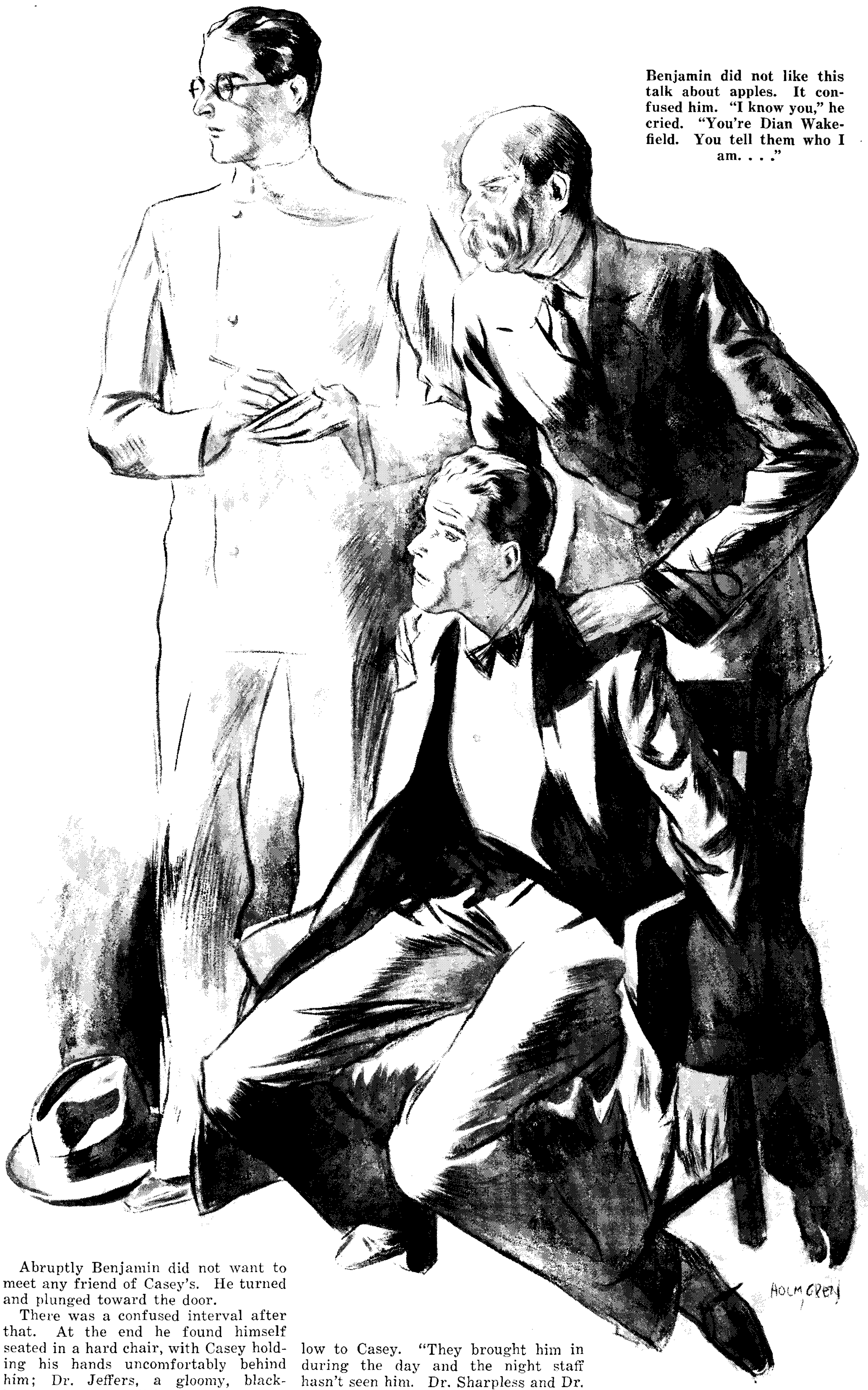
"Why—thanks," said Benjamin, not knowing how to refuse. He perched on the edge of the seat, with his coat clamped between his knees, and wished that there were not so many lights and that they would not move round and round in circles.

"Where to?" asked the chauffeur.

It was hard afterward for Benjamin to understand why he said what he did. To be sure his address was on the wrong side of town—but that was not a reason. There might be a scene about the coat—but that would be later. Probably it was that third drink from the

Crazy

By Ruth Burr Sanborn



Benjamin did not like this talk about apples. It confused him. "I know you," he cried. "You're Dian Wakefield. You tell them who I am. . . ."

end. "Stark Memorial Hospital," he said.

Mrs. Wakefield looked up at him sharply from under black lashes that tipped the way Dian's did, only not so pleasantly. They flashed along lengths of shining pavement; the streets all slanted uphill tonight, so it was like driving up the side of a house. The Stark Memorial Hospital loomed ahead.

"Which entrance?"

"This one," said Benjamin. He stepped out. "Thank you for bringing me up the hill." He put out a hand so that the hill should not tip over backward onto him. As soon as Mrs. Wakefield drove away, he could turn round *and it would be all right.*

To his horror, however, he saw that she was not driving away; the chauffeur brought the car close to the curb and switched off the ignition. Hitherto Benjamin had had no intention of actually going in. Now he saw that he must.

Just beside the door there was a sign: Psychopathic Division. Benjamin would not have chosen the psychopathic division if he had known. He thought the emergency entrance was more what he wanted. Still it didn't matter. He placed his thumb firmly on the bell.

T*HE door was opened by the night* porter, a determined man with a cold bright eye. Benjamin whispered to him urgently.

"Look here," he said. "Let me in a minute. There are some people outside that I want to get away from. . . ."

He pushed against the door, and to his relief it swung for him to enter. "Right this way," the porter said obligingly.

Benjamin hesitated. "I don't want to trouble you. As soon as those people go, I'll get along. . . ."

"Not at all," said the porter cordially. "No *trouble. Glad to have you come.* It will be more comfortable inside." Benjamin was delighted to find that they had such kind attendants. He passed down a corridor into a small, sanitary-looking office.

"What's your name?" the man asked him.

"Benjamin Franklin Lowe." Benjamin could not have explained exactly why he gave his name in full; usually he was pretty reticent about what that F. stood for.

"Benjamin Franklin?"

"Yes," said Benjamin firmly.

The man picked up the telephone. "Casey speaking," he said presently. "Anybody there that could identify the feller that walked out on Corrigan this afternoon? . . . I d'know. Might be. . . ."

There was something about this conversation that made Benjamin uneasy. "I guess I might as well be moving," he said carelessly.

"Don't hurry," Casey urged him. "I want you to meet a friend of mine, Dr. Jeffers; he's coming down now."

Abruptly Benjamin did not want to meet any friend of Casey's. He turned and plunged toward the door.

There was a confused interval after that. At the end he found himself seated in a hard chair, with Casey holding his hands uncomfortably behind him; Dr. Jeffers, a gloomy, black-browed man in polished white, with a wry look like a taste of his own medicine, was bending over him.

"Let me go," roared Benjamin, struggling.

"There, there," said the doctor soothingly. "Just take it easy."

"But I'm all right, I tell you," cried Benjamin. "I . . ."

"Of course you're all right," said the doctor. "Just relax." He was talking low to Casey. "They brought him in during the day and the night staff hasn't seen him. Dr. Sharpless and Dr. Ruen committed him. We'll have to wait till they come in. . . ."

"He says he's Benjamin Franklin," said Casey.

"I thought that one was George Washington."

"He might be Benjamin Franklin by now."

"True," said Dr. Jeffers. "Hallucination of greatness." He made a note on a pad.

"I'm Benjamin Franklin Lowe, the architect," said Benjamin.

"There, there," said Dr. Jeffers. "Of course you are." He lifted the corner of Benjamin's coat and looked at the lining. Made a note on the pad.

"He said," went on Casey, "that there were some people chasing him. He wanted to hide in here."

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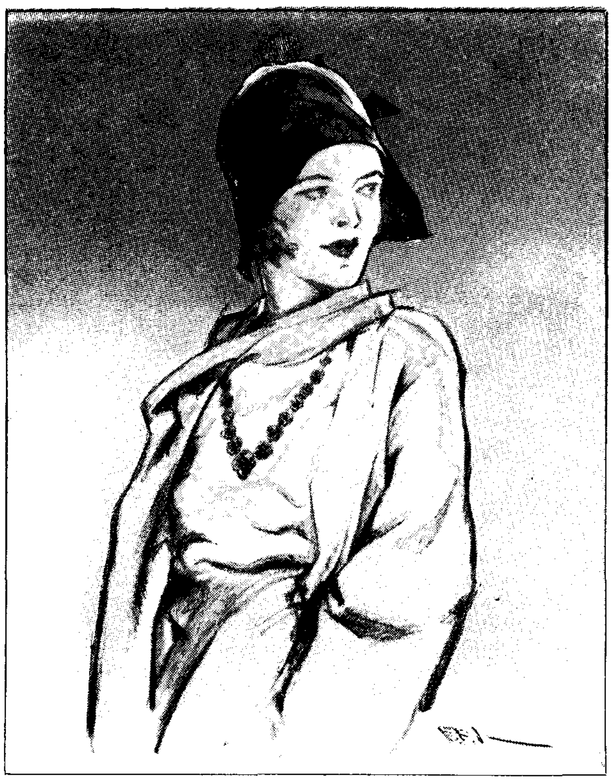


In a blue cloche and coat—all Madonna until she smiled

The Jazz Heart

Love will grow in almost any soil, but there are places where it thrives so fiercely that when it bursts into bloom the report is fairly deafening—for instance, Old New Orleans

By Margaret Belle Houston

"YOU are not listening to me," said Jean Laferche, and Terry did not hear him say even that. Terry was looking at a girl on the other side of the restaurant. Terry often looked at girls, though it was not always his way, when looking, to go dead on the discourse of a fellow male. This girl, however, wore a shadowy hat, and one had to be attentive to catch the seconds when she looked up. At these intervals she showed a face so contradictory that one could not avoid wanting further glimpses in order to puzzle it out.

Madonna eyes and a gypsy chin. A sad face, an eerie face, except when she smiled, and then— It was Puck on a rampage when she smiled. As a matter of fact, when she smiled Terry smiled too. But she was not smiling at him. She was smiling at the man opposite her, quite absorbed in him and in her lunch.

Suddenly the girl looked up and laughed. Terry laughed too.

Jean Laferche viewed his guest with puzzled eyes. Then he turned about. "That," he said, "is Cydalise Ducharme."

His tone held a warning if Terry had been able to get it.

Terry Douglas, red-headed and six feet one, gentle of eye and of voice, with a chin like a battering ram, had come to New Orleans to attend the Hardware Men's Convention. From his father he had carried a letter to Jean's father, fellow hardware man. Laferche, senior, had extended to Terry the princely hospitality of the Creole and had given to Jean a week's holiday in which to show Terry the town. The task had a royal flavor for Jean. Desiring today that Terry should taste the best pompano in the Vieux Carré, he had taken him to Jacquin's. Terry, having enjoyed the pompano, Jean was telling him how it had been prepared, down to the minutest bay leaf.

AND Terry was not listening. But he heard Jean say, "That is Cydalise Ducharme."

Almost at once the man and girl went out.

"Do you know her?" asked Terry.

Jean gave his slight shrug. "Oh, but yes!"

"I'd like to meet her."

"You have not time," said Jean. "I am taking you to the races."

"I have time for everything," said Terry.

And Jean, who had humored his every other sight-seeing whim, gave his slight shrug. "Oh, ver' well," he said.

And that was how they came to be sitting directly after siesta in the Ducharme patio. The call had not been easy to arrange, but Jean was not one to acquaint his guest with the peculiar difficulties he had overcome.

The patio was shut from the street by great iron gates. Aging pomegranate-colored walls surrounded it, and here and there were orange and oleander trees, and squat wine jars bubbling with flowers.

Terry sat where he could look through an open door upon a curved stairway. Down that stair presently would come the girl he had desired to see. In the meantime he and Jean talked with Madame de Lansac.

"Tell me about where you leeve, Mister Dog-lass," she said to Terry, and Terry launched obediently upon the statistics of Indiana.

"THEES is my granddaughter, Cydalise," she remarked when he had done, and Terry turned abruptly.

All Madonna today. All Madonna in a yellow gown, hair like black wings folded over her ears. A sad face. An eerie little face. . . . Terry was silent while Cydalise took the vacant chair near him.

Madame de Lansac began to talk with Jean, lapsing now and then into French, and, remembering the visitor, drawing again on her scant English. Cydalise had taken up a wreath of magnolia leaves and, opening a box on the table between her and Terry, disclosed a pile of wax flowers. She began to weave these into the wreath, her fingers moving leisurely—slender fingers, white as the flowers.

Madame de Lansac remarked, indicating Cydalise.

"Tomorrow is the birthday of her Oncle Ulysse."

"That's fine," responded Terry, sensing festivity.

"And Cydalise," continued Madame, "will lay a wreath on his tomb."

Terry in confusion picked out a flower and handed it to Cydalise. She thanked him, her eyes for an instant meeting his, a singular quirk at the corner of her mouth.

"Good evening, Léon," said Madame de Lansac.

The young man who had been with Cydalise that morning had joined the group. He had a reed-like grace and slenderness, with blue-black hair and a small black mustache. Madame introduced him, but Terry did not catch the name. He sat down in the hammock beside Cydalise.

Madame asked Terry what he had liked best in New Orleans. Terry, speaking from the surface of his memory, answered that he had been most impressed with the pompano at Jacquin's. Madame looked pleased. Cydalise looked pleased. Léon nodded and leaned back in the hammock.

A black boy came up with cups of coffee. Cydalise laid aside the wreath. When the sugar was passed Terry held out his cup to her. She dropped in the lumps—one, two, three. . . . Perhaps she would talk to him now.

But the coffee finished, Jean rose to go. Madame de Lansac held out a hand. Cydalise held out a hand. Léon rose from the hammock and bowed. The grilled iron gates closed behind them. They were in the street.

"Who is Léon?" Terry asked.

"Léon is the nephew of M'sieu' Ducharme. He is the cousin of Cydalise."

"Oh, her cousin!"

Jean looked at him. "Léon is a Zumárraga. Léon Zumárraga. They are engaged."

"Engaged? To her cousin?" Terry became aware of an unsuspected repugnance to alliances between relatives.

"That frequently happens among us," Jean informed him. "Cydalise is a Ducharme, and what is a Ducharme to do?"

Terry did not ponder this.

"Engaged!" he repeated, and stopped in front of a drugstore. "Let's have a soda," he suggested.

Over the soda Jean said:

"I can myself see the suitability of the arrangement. But Léon is intrigued with a little artist—a blonde from somewhere in the North. He sees her often. I will show you her studio. It is ver' interesting. She does patios ver' well."

"Does Cydalise know this?"

"About Miss Murphy? Why should she know? Léon will not marry Miss Murphy. His uncle would not permit it, even should Léon wish to be foolish. M'sieu' Ducharme's sister died when Léon was born, and left her son to his care and guidance. He loves his daughter ver' much—Ducharme. He would not permit her to be disappointed."

"What does Miss Ducharme like?" asked Terry. "Dancing, driving? What does she enjoy?"

"Her tastes are ver' like Léon's," Jean assured him. "They will get on While Léon played in the orchestra at the Alhambra he always took her there. He had passes then. But that of course is over now they have put in a machine."

"I shall ask her to go to the Alhambra with me," said Terry.

Jean left off fishing for the cherry in his glass to look embarrassed. "Madame de Lansac," he said, "catches cold at the Alhambra. They have the iced air. Neither will Madame de Lansac ride in an automobile."

SO HE must take Madame de Lansac where he took Cydalise, accepted Terry. Léon might take her alone because they were engaged. Very well, he would take them out to dinner. It would be at one of those places where they danced between courses. In this way he would have Cydalise to himself at intervals. He would invite Jean so that Jean could talk to Madame while he and Cydalise were dancing. Alluring as this prospect may have been to Jean, Jean was obliged to acquaint Terry with the truth. Madame's indigestion . . . Madame was on a very special diet. She dined nowhere but at home.

Terry sighed. "Where is Miss Ducharme's uncle buried?" he asked.

"In the old St. Louis cemetery," answered Jean. It was a safe subject.

Illustrated by R. F. James

Jean entered upon it with some relief. Terry must see the place before he left, said Jean.

Terry saw it next day. Jean had dropped him at Hester Murphy's studio that he might behold how another American was immortalizing the beauties of the Vieux Carré.

Hester was at that moment immortalizing no less a beauty than Léon. Léon attired as a matador stood before an old iron gate that Hester had picked up somewhere. He took advantage of Terry's arrival to light a cigarette and lie down on the couch. Hester explained her paintings to Terry, and Terry, having bought the one of the Ducharme balcony, departed, hailing a taxi and driving to the St. Louis cemetery.

IT WAS two o'clock—early. Cydalise could not possibly have arrived with her wreath before now. All about him were the mausoleums, humble and haughty, brick and stone and marble. Many of the inscriptions were in French. Terry found himself spelling them out as he wandered about. . . . From which direction would she appear? With whom?

Terry, watching, saw presently a venerable coupé, drawn by a leisurely white nag and driven by a black boy whose appearance was strangely familiar. The vehicle stopped at the gates, the black boy opened the door, and out stepped Cydalise like a lady of King Louis' time stepping from a sedan chair. She was in black and carried the wreath.

Terry watched her as she turned in the opposite direction, following a winding path and stopping presently beneath a clump of magnolia trees. There she knelt, still for an instant as one of the marble figures.

Terry himself took the winding path, and when he arrived beneath the magnolia trees Cydalise had risen. She turned and saw him, smiled beneath her drooping black hat—a tempered Puckish smile.

"Good evenin'," she said, with a soft blurring of the words, and, when Terry had responded, "You like cemeteries?"

"Not always," he answered. "But this one—this one seems to be different."

"So ever'body say," she admitted. "The wreath look ver' nize on Oncle Ulysse, don' you think?"

Terry asked what the French inscription meant. She translated the others first.

"'Marie de Lansac, a loving and virtuous child.'— 'Pierre de Lansac, a good son, a kind husband.'—'Violette Ducharme. She is with the angels.'—'Ulysse de Lansac. Pray for him.' . . . That is all. Poor Oncle Ulysse! I think I am a lit' bit like him. I think some day they will write for me jus' 'Cydalise. Pray for her.' "

"It depends," said Terry, "on who does the writing."

"Ah, that!" she returned, her shoulder lifting slightly.

"Léon, perhaps," ventured Terry.

"Perhaps. Perhaps I shall write for him."

"What will you write?" Terry asked as they took the winding path back to the gates.

"I do not know. It depend on what kind of hosband he make."

She took it so for granted. It was maddening.

"It's true, then," said Terry. "You are going to marry Léon?"

"But yes! Who else? All my life I have been marryin' with Léon. He is my cousin," she added, as if that were sufficient explanation.

"Somebody else ought to have a chance."

"But Léon is the only one who ask Papa for me. Come! I want to show you thees tomb. He is ver' interest'."

"Maybe someone will ask you instead of your father—first, anyway."

She looked at him. "Oh, no! They would never do that."

"That's what they do where I come from," said Terry, contemplating the tomb.

Above the tomb was a great mimosa tree, and beneath the tree a marble bench. Cydalise sat down on the bench, drawing in her skirt to make room for Terry. Beyond the hedges Terry could see the coupé. The black boy was slumped on the seat, asleep. The horse was slumped in the shafts.

"Tell me about where you come from," said Cydalise.

So Terry told her about his home, his mother, his father and three young sisters; about the hardware business, which was particularly good—and the jolly crowd in his town, the country club and the jazz band. It was an entirely different view of Indiana from the one he had given Madame de Lansac.

CYDALISE was a good listener. She sighed.

"I love the jazz," she said in a low voice. "When it play I feel I must whirl and dance and strike the castanets."

"Why not?" asked Terry eagerly.

She shook her head. "Léon will not even play the jazz on his violin. He say it is bad taste. And Papa—and Grandmama—" Again the sigh. She leaned close to Terry as if the little brick houses around them might have ears.

"Me," she whispered, "I have a jazz heart."

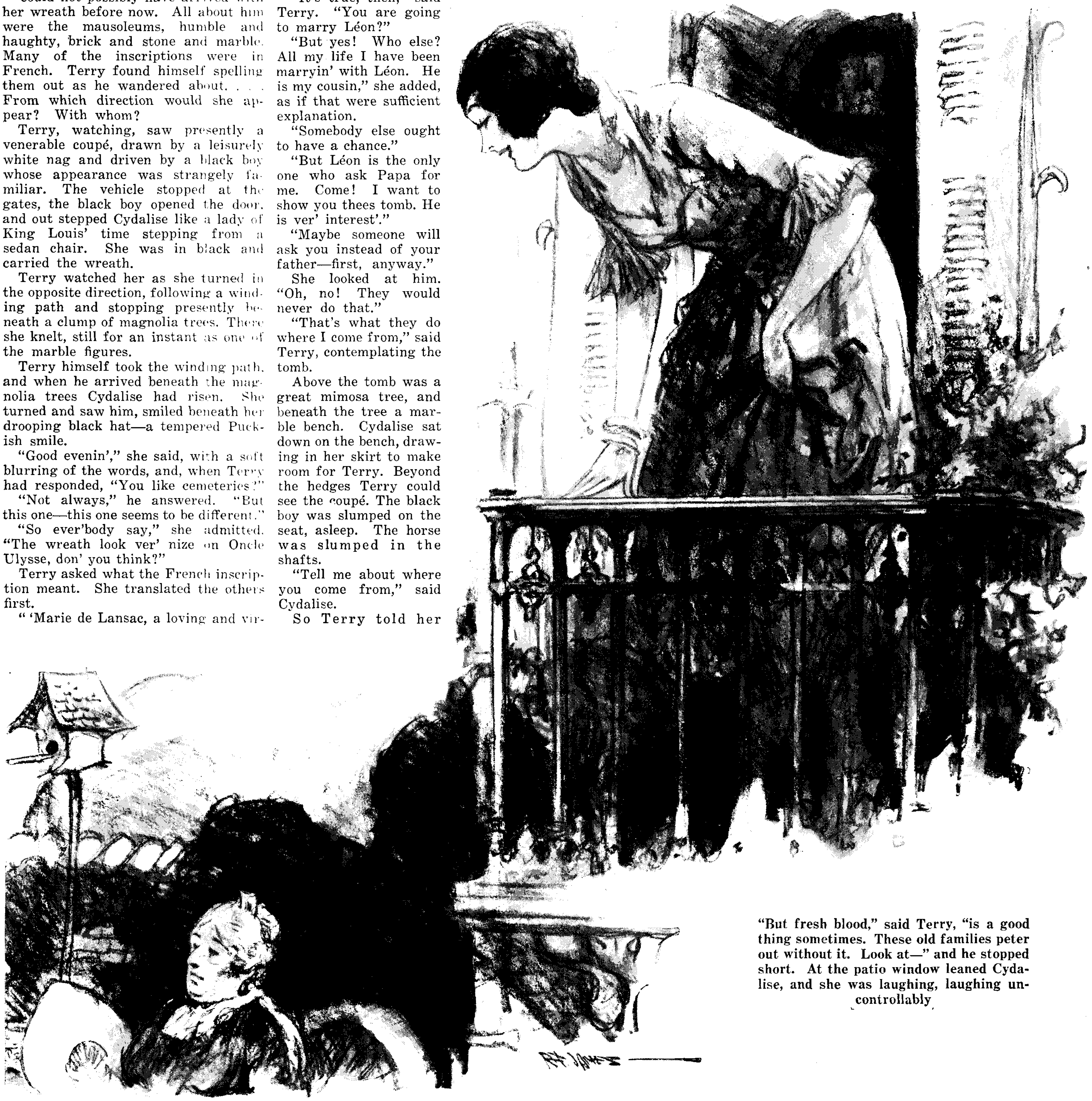
Terry accepted the confidence reverently.

"So have I," he assured her. "So have lots of people. . . . I'd like awfully to take you somewhere. Couldn't it be managed?"

She was thoughtful a moment. "Tomorrow," she said, "is the birthday of my Aunt Marie. I shall bring her a wreath, and when I come— When I come we could slip out the side gate yonder and Hyacinthe," nodding toward the coupé, "would never know. But— But— You see I have a friend who slip away sometime. But she is not engage'."

"It wouldn't be fair to Léon. Is that it?"

(*Continued on page 56*)



"But fresh blood," said Terry, "is a good thing sometimes. These old families peter out without it. Look at—" and he stopped short. At the patio window leaned Cydalise, and she was laughing, laughing uncontrollably

The Life of Squawking Bill

Shoestring Charlie takes a rest from the World's Famous Circus for a week or two, and for love's sweet sake puts on the biggest show Colorado ever saw

SHOESTRING CHARLIE GRENOLDS, owner of the World's Famous Circus, answered the telephone, listened a moment, then spoke acridly into the transmitter.

"Listen, girlie," he said. "You give me your address and I'll send you a nice scholarship in night school. Or maybe you need a dictionary. I told you I didn't want to be disturbed. Listen," he added after a pause. "I came out here to get away from the show business. I've got all the show I want: phifty phull-length phreight-cars of Glittering Gorgeousness, all wallowing around in the mud back in central Illinois. Give the young gent a quarter and send him to the movies. I wouldn't talk circus to the Queen of Sheba."

Whereupon he banged the receiver upon its hook, rolled a homemade brown-paper cigarette, and then, with the quick steps of one thoroughly annoyed, crossed the room to the window. There he stood, smoking and staring, looking out over the flat-topped downtown district and onward, across miles of tree and plain, to snow-ridged mountains which he really did not see. Shoestring Charlie was tired and irritable; the season had been one of rain and poor business, adding new lines to the sharply knit crowsfeet about his quick eyes, a little more of silver to his temples.

So, finally, the circus doctor had reminded the lithe little showman that he was not so young as he used to be, and prescribed a trip to an entirely different atmosphere. Evidently, however, the cure was not working.

"Nervous as a cat even in a low altitude!" snapped the showman, jamming his cigarette into an ash-tray. "So he sends me out here to Denver, a mile above sea level, where I can do a professional job of going to pieces." Suddenly he whirled and glared at the door. "Come!" he called.

The door opened slowly, hesitantly, revealing a young man and a girl, crowding each other in the entryway, and advancing gingerly to an embarrassed halt just over the threshold. Both were in their early twenties. Shoestring was sure he never had seen the girl before. The man, however, bore a strangely reminiscent quality, the dark hair and eyes, the earnestness of his well-cut features, the breadth of his shoulders, the upstanding set of him. Shoestring Charlie grinned.

"Well, Kid," he said in tones suddenly kindly, "that moniker of yours didn't mean anything to me over the 'phone. Why didn't you say you were Mart Johnson's boy? I'd have acted different."

"Yes, sir," said the youth and fumbled his hat from one hand to the other. Then he gestured. "This is my fiancée, Miss Aileen Reynolds."

Shoestring Charlie came forward.

"So this is the Pretty Little Mama, eh?" he asked. Suddenly he ran a hand across his eyes. "Next time, the doc'll send me to an Old Folks' Home. Just about day before yesterday I helped your father celebrate the fact that you'd been born. Now, here you are, getting married. Well," he asked, "what have I got to do with it?"

"Everything," said the girl. "I—I told Bob you'd help us. You see, he's in trouble."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that." Shoestring grinned, and frankly appraised her. Shoestring liked youth; he was young himself in his heart; something within him responded to this fair-haired girl with the big blue eyes, and her left hand suddenly twining with that of the young man beside her. "I'd say he was playing in luck, if you'd ask me."

"It's about her father," blurted Bob Johnson. "You see, since Dad and Mother died, I've been living up at Bitter Mountain. It's in the main range, about fifty miles from here. Aileen's father is the Mayor there."

"You're taking my mind off of headaches, pills and insomnia," said Shoestring. "Come in, shut the door and start spieling."

"Father likes him all right," said Aileen hastily as the youth closed the door. "But he says Bob hasn't any background; just a showman's son."

BOB JOHNSON suddenly forgot his embarrassment and came forward.

"That's what made me mad!" he exclaimed. "This little old town, starving to death! So I told the Mayor that I had enough background to put Bitter Mountain on the map in a way that he'd never been able to do it. He laughed at me and, well"—again he became hesitant, slow of speech—"the first thing I knew, I'd boasted that I could put on a celebration that would bring ten thousand people into the town. Then he said that if I could do miracles like that, I could have Aileen and fifty per cent of the profits to start housekeeping with and—"

"And now you've got everything but the show," Shoestring supplied. "It looks easy until you try to get going."

"I don't even know what to celebrate," young Johnson confessed. The girl nodded.

"It's not his fault," she supplied quickly. "There's nothing to have a show about. Just a little old run-down town that's been held over from the mining days. It's pretty dead now. Oh, everybody up there is just as good as gold," she added, "and they'll help in every way they can. But there isn't anything to work with."

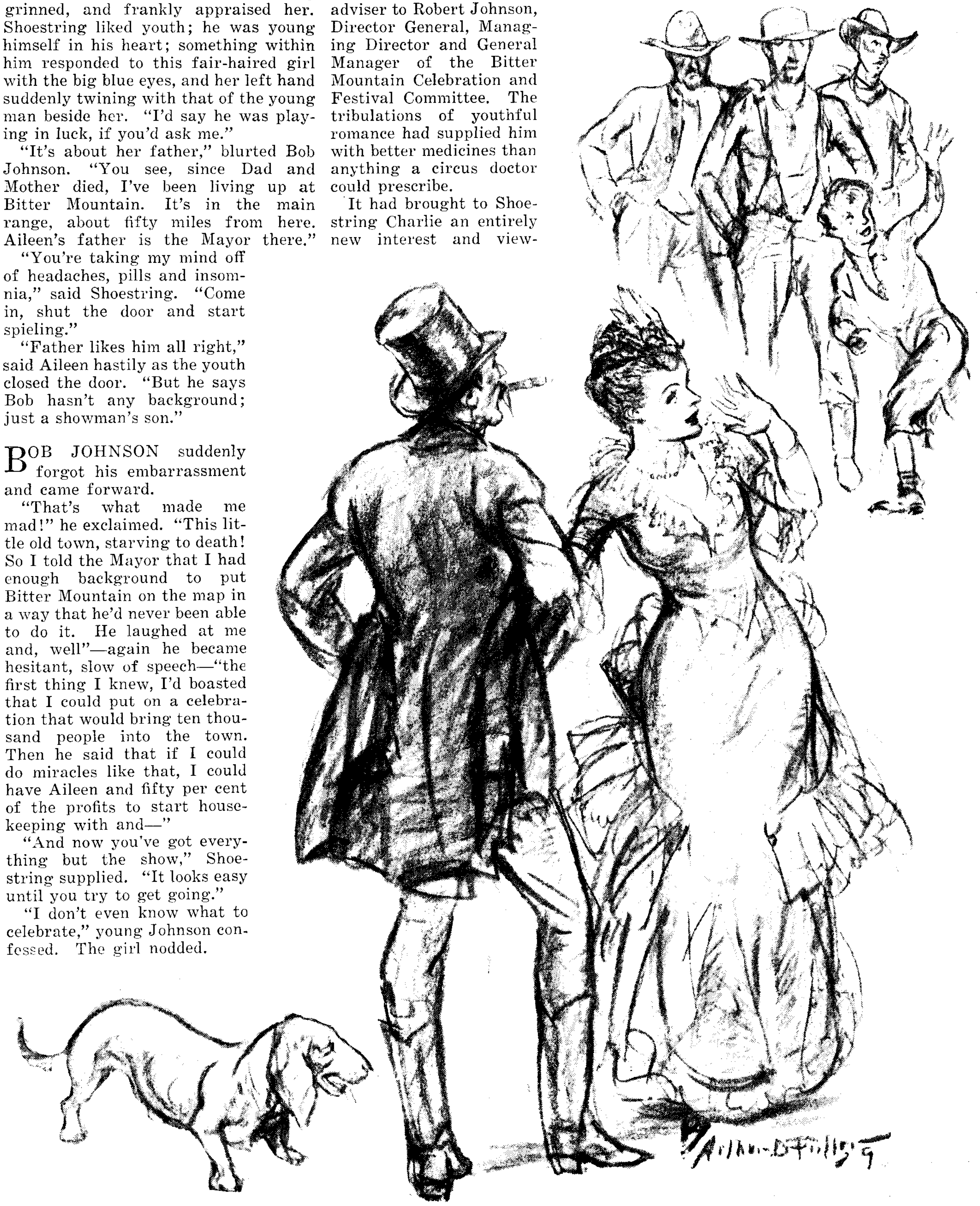
Shoestring had been staring at the ceiling. Suddenly he whirled and faced them, snapping his fingers nervously.

"So mining's been dead up there a long time, eh?" he asked. "Fine! We'll celebrate that!"

TEN days later Shoestring Charlie paused in his daily walk about the ramshackle little town of Bitter Mountain. He had ceased to worry about the World's Famous Circus; there was much more important business in his job as chief adviser to Robert Johnson, Director General, Managing Director and General Manager of the Bitter Mountain Celebration and Festival Committee. The tribulations of youthful romance had supplied him with better medicines than anything a circus doctor could prescribe.

It had brought to Shoestring Charlie an entirely new interest and viewpoint. There was a certain wholesome humor in presiding over a costume meeting by the ladies of the Shakespearean Dramatic Club, or in supervising the rehearsals of the Bitter Mountain Silver Cornet Band, practicing o' nights in the rooms over the Volunteer Fire House. It piqued his interest to discover means of accomplishing desires without money, or to guide the local newspaper man on his quest for free publicity from the Denver dailies. But there was an alloy to his satisfaction; his forehead was creased with worry when at last he turned back to the City Hall and ascended the rickety steps to Bob Johnson's office.

Aileen was there, golden hair straying unnoticed about peach-blow cheeks, and her nose smudged with carbon; Aileen was extremely busy these days



By Courtney Ryley Cooper

on the typewriter. Shoestring paused, and halted her work momentarily with an arm about her shoulders.

"Well, Pretty Little Mama," he said, "how's the Big Fat Papa these days?"

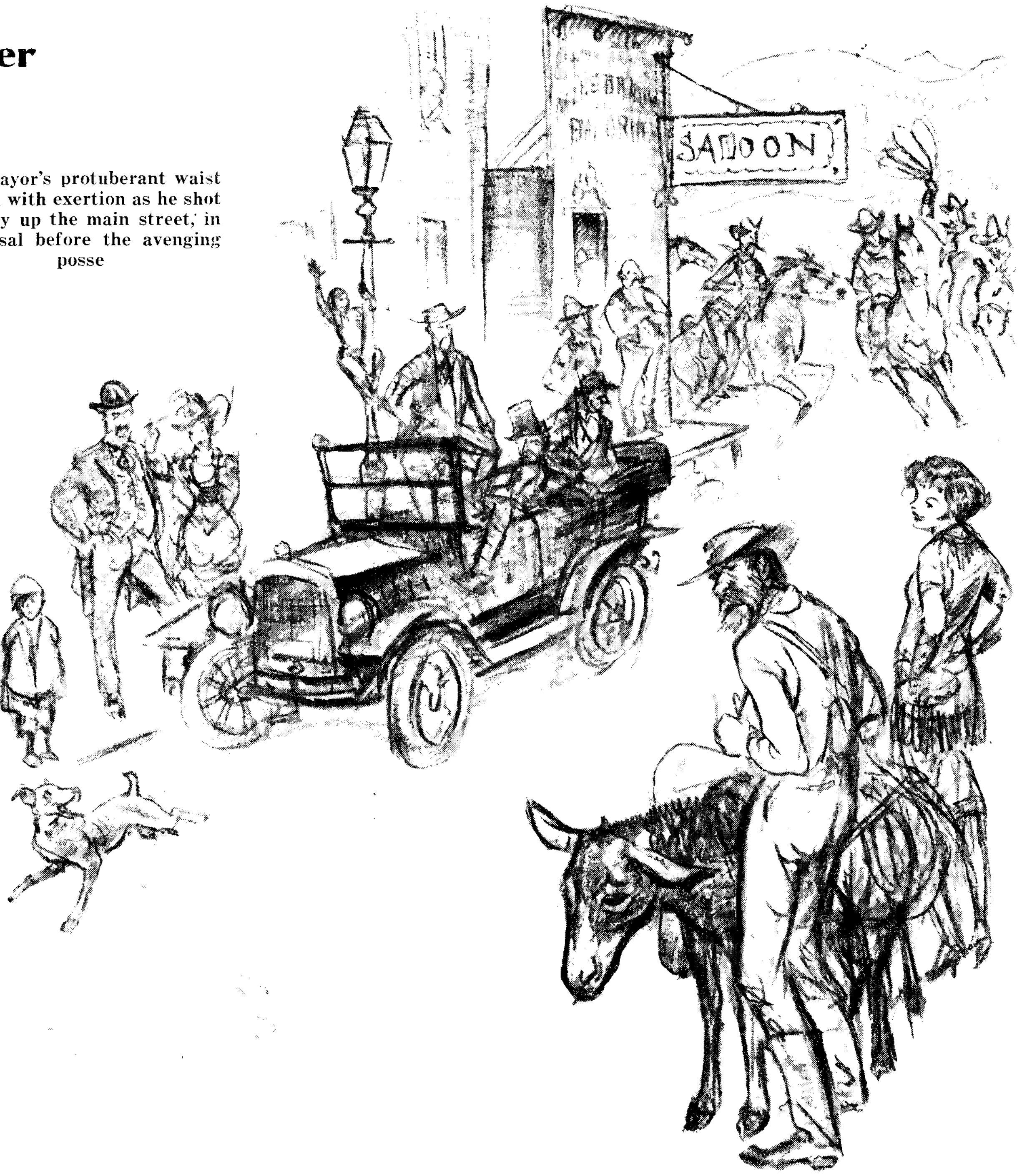
"Dad, you mean?" she asked, her eyes suddenly lighting. "Oh, he's just fine! He's really beginning to appreciate Bob now. He says the celebration's going to be wonderful."

"Which shows how much a mayor knows about anything," mused Shoestring under his breath as he moved on to what passed as the Director General's private office.

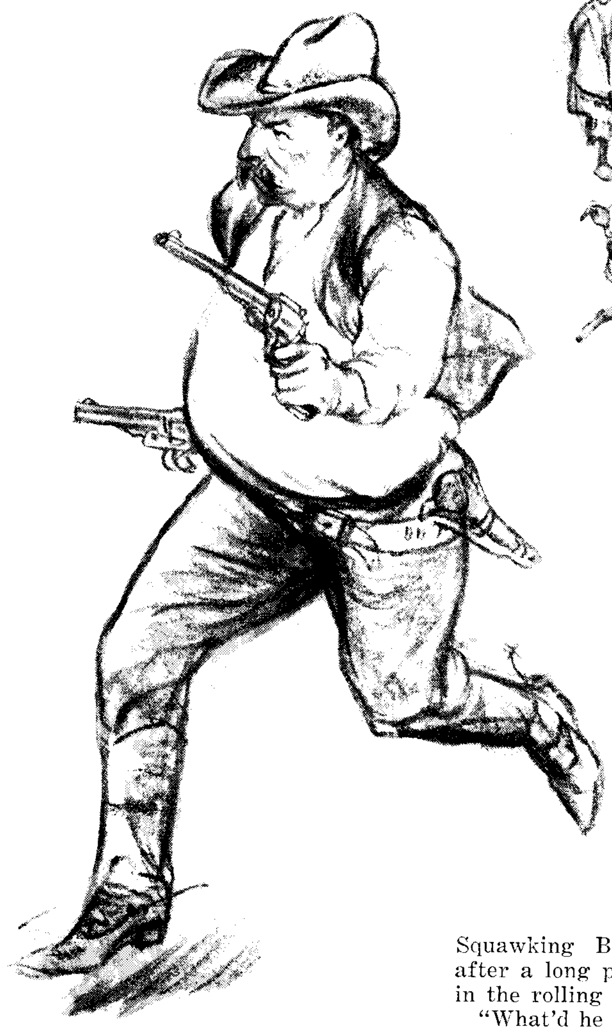
"Listen, Kid," said Shoestring abruptly as he entered, "this jamboree don't stack up so hot."

Mart Johnson's boy turned in amazement.

"Why, everybody says it's going to be fine—the whole town transformed back to the days of '79, everybody in costume—you said it was great when you first thought it up."



The Mayor's protuberant waist heaved with exertion as he shot his way up the main street, in rehearsal before the avenging posse



Illustrated by Arthur D. Fuller

"Sure. That's why I'm a showman. I can change my mind. That junk ain't nothing but scenery."

"Listen," he insisted, "we've got to have something we can ballyhoo—something to really depict the old days. Didn't anything ever happen here? Wasn't anybody ever more than half shot? Get the idea?" he queried as Bob Johnson stared blankly. "The rest of the stuff is color, scenery, background, pictures of the times and customs. There's got to be a main squeeze that sticks out, Shoot-em-up Jake or Two-Gun Pete. The time doesn't make any difference; we can transplant him twenty-five or thirty years, easy enough."

"There was a young fellow named Squawking Bill," said Bob Johnson after a long pause. Shoestring halted in the rolling of his cigarette.

"What'd he ever do?"

"They hung him here about thirty-five years ago."

"Who's they?"

"Some fellows from over around Leadville. I guess he came here to try to get away from them. Anyway, they followed him up one night, and took him out of a saloon, and rode up somewhere on the hill with him and yanked him up at the end of a rope and went away and left him. But I guess he had friends, because the rope had been cut the next morning and somebody had taken him away."

SHOESTRING CHARLIE had begun to pace, smoking excitedly. At last, his eyes abnormally bright, he swept to the door and summoned Aileen within.

"Take down this advertisement," he commanded. "Ready? Make it all caps:

"THEY HANGED HIM IN THE
DEAD OF NIGHT!
THE DEMON OF THE HILLS—
SQUAWKING BILL, THE
ARCH FIEND!
HE SHOT FROM THE HIP!
HE GAVE NO MERCY!
BUT AT LAST HE DIED
AT THE END OF A ROPE!
SEE—The great battle in the gambling hall.
SEE—The trial for life under the smoking pitchknots.
SEE—The fearful vengeance of the Vigilantes.
AT
THE DAYS OF '79—BITTER
MOUNTAIN, COLORADO
THREE BIG DAYS—AUGUST 1-2-3!"

"Is that for the newspapers?" asked Bob Johnson excitedly. "How are we going to pay for it?"

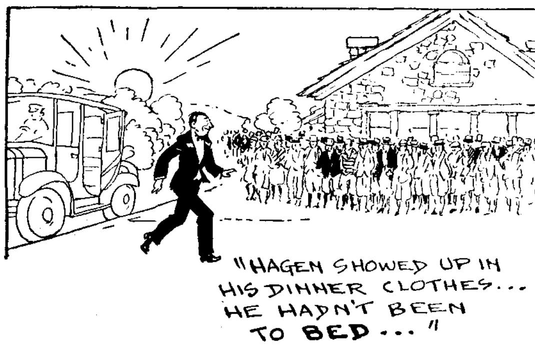
"I'll advance it!" snapped Shoestring Charlie. The fire of the showman was in his veins. "I'll get it back, easy enough, the way I'll work up that baby! Tear down to Denver and get that in the papers, and use twenty squares of space for a starter. Ten thousand people?" he asked of the ceiling. "We'll jam that road up here from the big town until you can walk on top of the automobiles!"

Then leaving the gasping pair behind him, Shoestring moved forth to where a fellow could really have room for inspiration. . . .

The activity of preparation was all about him. Men passed him, men whose faces had already gone unshaven for a week in preparation for the time when they would depict bearded miners of the days of '79. The second-hand stores—there were many of them here—were busier than usual as those with the money to spend sought unusual costumes with which to turn back Bitter Mountain to the days of hoopskirts, red shirts and boots, gambling and dance halls. Down a scar of a road on the mountain trundled a wagon from the sawmill, loaded with offal slabs by which the fronts of unpainted buildings would be transformed to the picturesqueness of frontier characteristics. In the Odd Fellows' building a few old gamblers showed at the windows; there was much work to do upon ancient roulette wheels and chuck-a-luck outfits before they could be placed in the log building which was arising on the main corner and where, for scrip instead of money, visiting throngs might experience the gambling thrills of a departed era. But Shoestring saw these things only as he looked upon the mechanical activities of a circus lot. They were the medium by which a show might be given. They were not the show itself.

That show was the life of Squawking Bill as he intended to portray it, booming along in its various phases, with a hanging finale for each day. Ideas came to him swiftly as he strolled about—the tumbled hills about him, with their gaping tunnels, resolved themselves into a background for a fight for the old

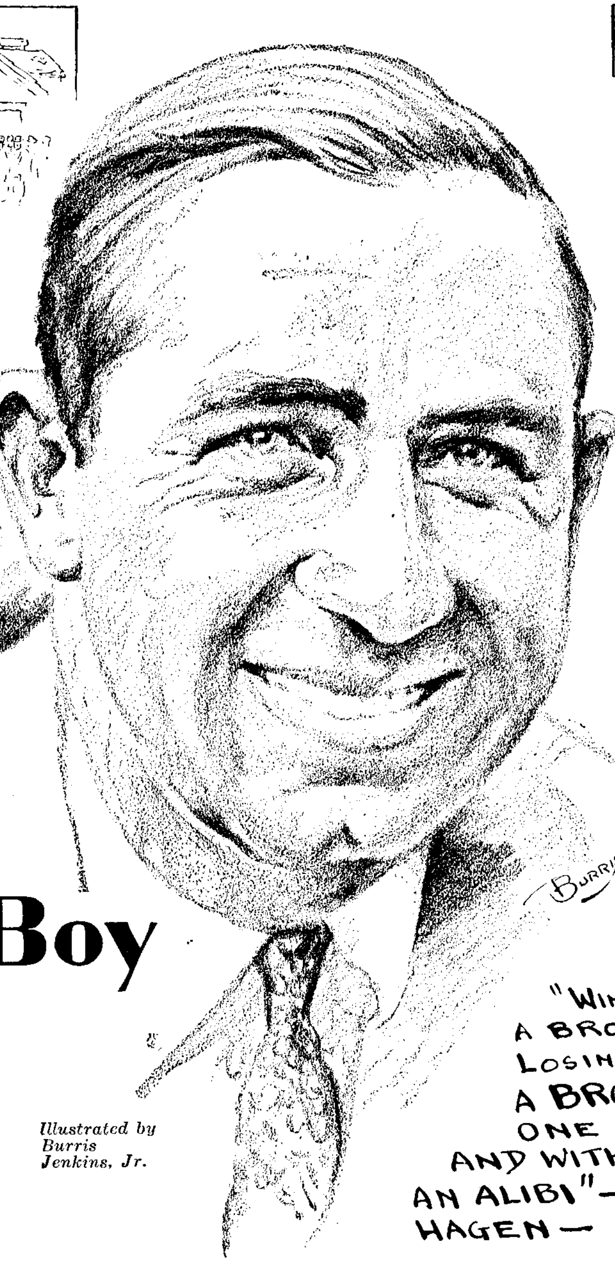
(*Continued on page 52*)


"HAGEN SHOWED UP IN HIS DINNER CLOTHES... HE HADN'T BEEN TO BED..."

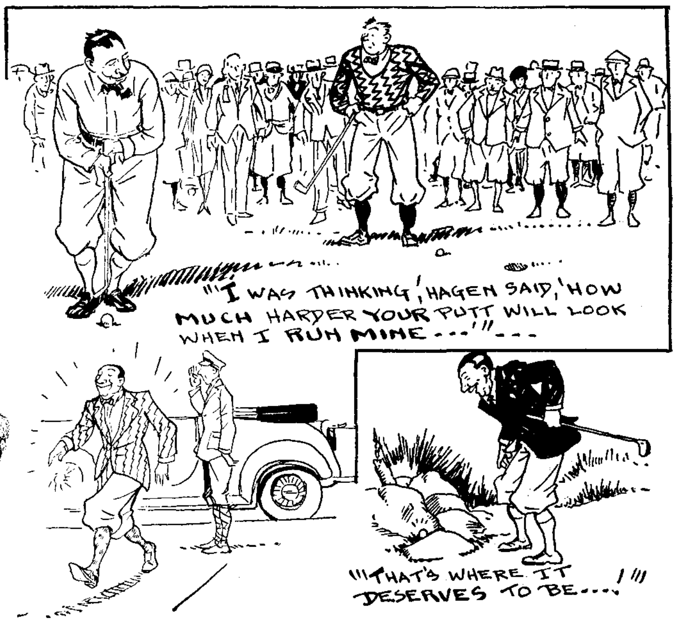
By Grantland Rice

Idolized by some fans, despised by others, the dapper Walter takes cheers and boos with the same grin

Golf's Bad Boy


"THE BEST DRESSED GOLFER EVER ON THAT ENGLISH COURSE!"
Burris Jenkins
"WINNING WITH A BROAD GRIN, LOSING WITH A BROADER ONE — AND WITHOUT AN ALIBI" — THAT'S HAGEN —

Illustrated by Burris Jenkins, Jr.


"I WAS THINKING,' HAGEN SAID, 'HOW MUCH HARDER YOUR PUTT WILL LOOK WHEN I RUN MINE...'"...
"THAT'S WHERE IT DESERVES TO BE...!"

BACK in 1913 when the United States open championship was under way at Brookline, Massachusetts, Vardon and Ray, the two veteran British stars, were steaming down the stretch together with just two young American golfers in pursuit. One was Francis Ouimet, the twenty-year-old Boston amateur. The other was Walter Hagen, the twenty-year-old professional from Rochester.

Hagen, the professional, blew up with only six holes to go as Ouimet, the amateur, went on to tie and later win. But a year later at Midlothian, Chicago, Ouimet suddenly found that the crown had been yanked from his young brow, and the man who did the yanking was Walter Hagen.

Soon, seventeen years after his first national appearance, the same Walter Hagen will return to England to defend his title as British open champion, a title he has captured four times in the last seven years. In these seventeen years, Walter Hagen has been the stormy petrel of golf, one of the most widely praised and one of the most keenly criticized competitors in any game. One large section of golfers will be found pulling for Hagen to win. Another great section will be pulling for him to lose. To one crowd he is one of the greatest fellows in the game. To another bunch he is a goat-getter and a bum sport.

What sort of fellow is Hagen, anyhow? Off the course and on the course, anywhere you happen to meet him?

In the first place, Hagen is an unusual mixture of ingredients. He carries almost no responsibilities. He bothers about few obligations. If you happen to have a golf date with him he will probably show up an hour late, or it is even more probable that he won't show up at all.

Yet this is part of the foundation of Hagen's golf greatness. He never gets hurried, excited, worried, worked up or in any way upset.

Hagen brought down on his head the wrath of British golfers on three separate occasions and then finished as one of the most popular entries the English and Scotch ever followed through the seaside winds. In England and Scotland around the big clubs the professional is kept, for the greater part, on the outside looking in. His social status has ordinarily been about as high as a bunker. He was the hired man of the organization, paid to make clubs and teach the game. As a dresser he was no walking model for any clothing store.

Years ago at one of the British championships an imported car drove up with a liveried driver up front. A bareheaded black-haired sheik stepped out, "the glass of fashion and the mould of form." He was the best-dressed golfer that had ever stepped on that course. He smashed every British tradition of staying in the background.

In that first start he took a terrible beating. But he finished to the last putt without an alibi or a complaint, walked up and posted his score with a broad grin, and when someone started to kid him he merely turned with this remark: "Don't worry. I'll be back."

The British have deep respect for any game fighter and this part of Hagen's make-up caught their fancy. He came back and he came with a rush they couldn't stop.

The Plague of Nations

A little later he stepped into still deeper trouble. In a seventy-two-hole international match against Abe Mitchell, the British star was leading after the first thirty-six holes. The next day when the second half was called with Mitchell and the crowd waiting to start, Hagen was nearly thirty minutes late. Here was another Hagen hullabaloo.

Whether the lateness was accidental or purposely planned is still a matter of discussion. Mitchell, being on the nervous side, undoubtedly felt the added strain and soon slipped just enough to lose. So Hagen was denounced again on both sides of the water and even leading editorial writers of England and America proceeded to lift portions of his hide and scalp.

Not long afterward, down the stretch of a British open with a chance to win, Hagen hooked his ball off the course. He found it in an almost impossible lie.

"Tough luck," some spectator remarked.

"No it isn't," replied Hagen. "That's where such a shot deserves to be." Whereupon one of the honorable committeemen suggested that Hagen's reply ought to be posted in every golf house in Great Britain.

By the date of his third or fourth visit he carried most of the crowd. Many of them still resented his sheiklike hair and his stylish golfing garb, but they liked his mixture of smiling good nature and his unbroken determination to carry on, no matter what the breaks. They had to admire the way he faced a tough drive down the stretch and the keenness he showed in a hard fight, winning with a broad grin, losing with a broader one and without an alibi.

The minute you see Walter Hagen on a golf course you see personality plus, and the showman incarnate. Also a master of psychology. At Brae Burn in 1919, where he last won the United States open, he and Chick Evans were sitting together after the first round. They were then neck and neck in the scoring. "Too bad, Chick," Hagen remarked, "that you caught the water on that short hole and lost two strokes.

"And the tough part of it is," Hagen continued, "that same water hazard will get on your mind and you'll be right back in again." Chick *was* back in the same water hazard twice, later on.

In a money match against another pro they came to the seventeenth green all square. Hagen's ball was fifteen feet from the cup, the other ball was about seven feet away. Hagen addressed the ball and then looked up at his rival with a grin.

"What's the big joke?" the other pro asked with a frown.

"I was just thinking," Hagen said, "how much harder your putt will look when I have holed mine." He then holed the fifteen-footer, whereupon the other player missed his seven-footer by six inches.

In the old days, some years ago, Hagen talked more than one opponent out of a stroke or so at some critical point with a kidding remark. It was hard to come back at Hagen because he was never keyed up to any such extent. Few joshers can stand joshing in return, but Hagen never seemed to mind. He has eliminated this feature from his play in later years, or at least most of it.

In one of Hagen's British invasions a crowd of friends gave him a big luncheon on shipboard. Over a hundred were present, many of them big business men. Practically everybody showed up but Hagen. He arrived thirty minutes after everyone had finished eating and had left. The indignation was great, but as usual was soon forgotten. The explanation seemed to be that Hagen was still Hagen.

"Don't Kid Yourself!"

In a big tournament on the west coast Hagen showed up about 8:30 A. M. in his dinner clothes. He hadn't been to bed. There was just time enough to change his clothes and meet the starting hour. Members of the tournament committee were full of indignation. But when Hagen turned in a sixty-nine and led the field they were too dazed to make any further comment.

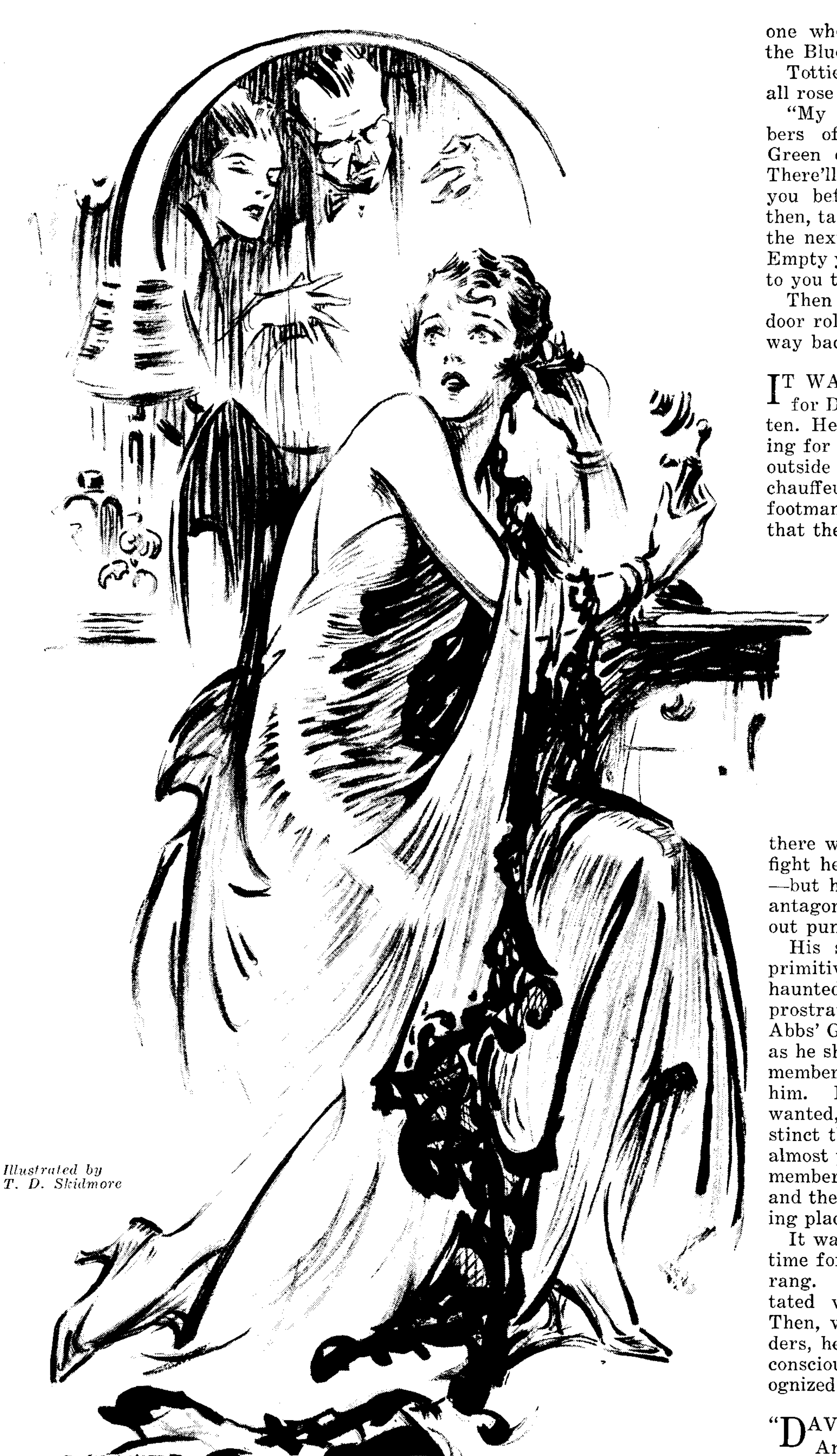
He is strong with about ninety per cent of the pros, who have a great admiration for his ability to face the situation where the pressure is hardest, whether it is laying a long iron shot or holing a thirty-foot putt.

He is chock-full of golf wisdom and he is perfectly willing to give it out. Here are two examples: "Don't kid yourself." "In trying to cheat the wind or the course, be sure you don't cheat yourself."

In Hagen you have the irresponsible playboy of golf, and at the same time a keen and determined competitor.

The Lion and the Lamb

By E. Phillips Oppenheim



Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

There was a scream, another wild cry, and then a well of silence

The Story Thus Far:

FORCED by circumstances, David Newberry joins a band of criminals in London, and, while trying to steal Lady Frankley's priceless diamond, the "Virgin's Tear," is betrayed by his accomplices (Reuben Grossett and Cannon Ball Lean), caught, and sent to prison.

His father dies, and on his release David finds himself Lord Newberry. Rich, powerful, he resolves to avenge himself—to destroy the gang. Organizing a band of jiujitsu experts, he declares war on the criminals, and much savage fighting ensues.

Meanwhile, the "Virgin's Tear" has disappeared. David knows nothing of its whereabouts, but Tottie Green, leader of the gang, believes the young lord does, and when Belle, Tottie's beautiful protégée, volunteers to extract the secret from David, he is delighted.

Whereupon, Belle goes to David's home, and dumfounds him by letting him see that she loves him! David repulses the girl's ardent advances, but from her learns something of great importance: Tottie's men are planning to raid a group of street stalls—in Widows' Row—Saturday night.

Immediately David makes his will (naming Sophy, Lady Andersley's lovely daughter, whom he loves, his principal beneficiary), and prepares to attack his enemies when they appear in Widows' Row.

Reuben Grossett hates David. He is madly in love with Belle and is well aware that Belle loves the young lord. In a hotel grillroom one evening he sees the couple dancing together. Filled with jealousy, he puts some knock-out drops in the girl's Evian water. Belle sips the water, becomes unconscious, and is put to bed in the hotel, where, according to the doctor, she must stay for twenty-four hours.

At the gang's headquarters—in "The Lion and the Lamb," a public house, Reuben urges Tottie Green to get rid of David—have him killed. Tottie, however, has a better plan. He is certain David knows where the diamond is secreted. Why not seize him, and take him to the Nursing Home (a sinister establishment, of which you will learn more later), and there force him to divulge his secret?

Once in that "Home," the gangsters know, Lord Newberry will be powerless. They discuss the startling suggestion.

XI

REUBEN looked up and down the table, scowling. He knew very well that his cause was lost. There was scarcely a soul there who was not embracing the new scheme. A triumphant smile played about Tottie Green's lips. He could afford not to put the screw on. The more they talked, the more the covetous gleam blazed in the eyes of all of them.

"This stall raid," their chief reminded them, "at the most would only provide you with twenty quid apiece. Even Fishy Tim didn't work it out at more than that when the staff have had their whack. What's twenty quid compared with two thousand?"

There was a rattle of glasses upon the table. Fishy Tim stood up.

"We'll bring him in, Tottie," he called out. "We may have to knock him about a bit—he's no fool at a scrap, David—but we'll bring him in."

Their chief smiled beatifically.

"Sister Angus shall get a bed ready, and look after him," he promised. "We'll have him in the accident ward. What about it, Reube, my lad? Are you satisfied?"

"No, I am not," was the curt reply. "I know more than some of you chaps know. I've had David watched night and day—by Ratty Finnigan, for one, and a few lads who are in the same line. He's in touch with the police already. That's what Dave is. They'll smell him out if we don't finish the job in Widows' Row. That's what I'm afraid of. And I'll tell you another thing: There's been a stiff to see Dave twice, and the last time Belle was there, too. Belle was there in his house at John Street at the same time. What do you suppose those three talked about? I say, let Dave have his tonight, and stop the squeal."

"And what about Belle?" Jim Bordon demanded, rising to his feet threateningly. "You're looking for trouble, Reube."

They all began to mutter and shout at him. He crouched back in his place.

"The lad's crazy," Tottie Green declared. "If anyone touches Belle, he'll swing for it, so help me God! If the stiffs want David after we've done with him tonight, they can smell his body out of Highgate Cemetery. If ever one of them enters the gate of Number 15a Mortimer Place, out goes Dave. Nadol can do it with just a whiff, and never leave a trace. Anything more to say, Reuben?"

"Have it your own way," the young man muttered, "only I'd just like you all to know this: If Dave keeps a stiff upper lip after twenty-four hours, you can count me missing. I'm taking my bit to the other end of the world, and anyone who likes can have my share of the Blue Diamond."

Tottie Green held up his glass. They all rose to their feet.

"My lads," he concluded, "old members of the gang and new, Tottie Green doesn't often make a mistake. There'll be two thousand quid each for you before the next week's out, and then, take my advice, I'm through. Let the next lot have what's coming after. Empty your glasses, lads, and good luck to you tonight!"

Then the lamps went out, the trap door rolled open, and they groped their way back to the lighted world.

IT WAS a moment of great decisions for David. The clock had just struck ten. He stood alone in his library, waiting for those three cautious honks from outside which were to indicate that his chauffeur, and Jacob, his pugilistic footman, were already safe in the car, that the door was open, possible hiding places explored, and that he had only to cross those few feet of pavement.

He was wearing a dark lounge suit, with a flannel tennis shirt, rubber-soled shoes, and a béret-shaped cap of black silk, padded round the skull, much affected in those countries where the underworld finds it safer to strike from behind. In his hand he balanced doubtfully an automatic of the latest type, and in his heart there was a great longing. It was the fight he wanted—the man-to-man fight—but he had no faith in either of the antagonists to whom he desired to mete out punishment.

His sense of justice was curiously primitive. For many days he had been haunted by the memory of those two prostrate bodies lying in the office of Abbs' Gymnasium, foully done to death, as he shrewdly suspected, by those very members of the gang who had betrayed him. It was the life for a life he wanted, and by some curious kink of instinct the desire to take it himself was almost passionate. Nevertheless, he remembered his orders to his own men, and the automatic went back to its hiding place.

It was within a minute or two of the time for the signal. The telephone bell rang. For a moment he almost hesitated whether to answer it or not. Then, with a little shrug of the shoulders, he took off the receiver. He was conscious of a poignant thrill as he recognized the faint, throbbing voice.

"DAVE! Is that David Newberry? Answer quickly."

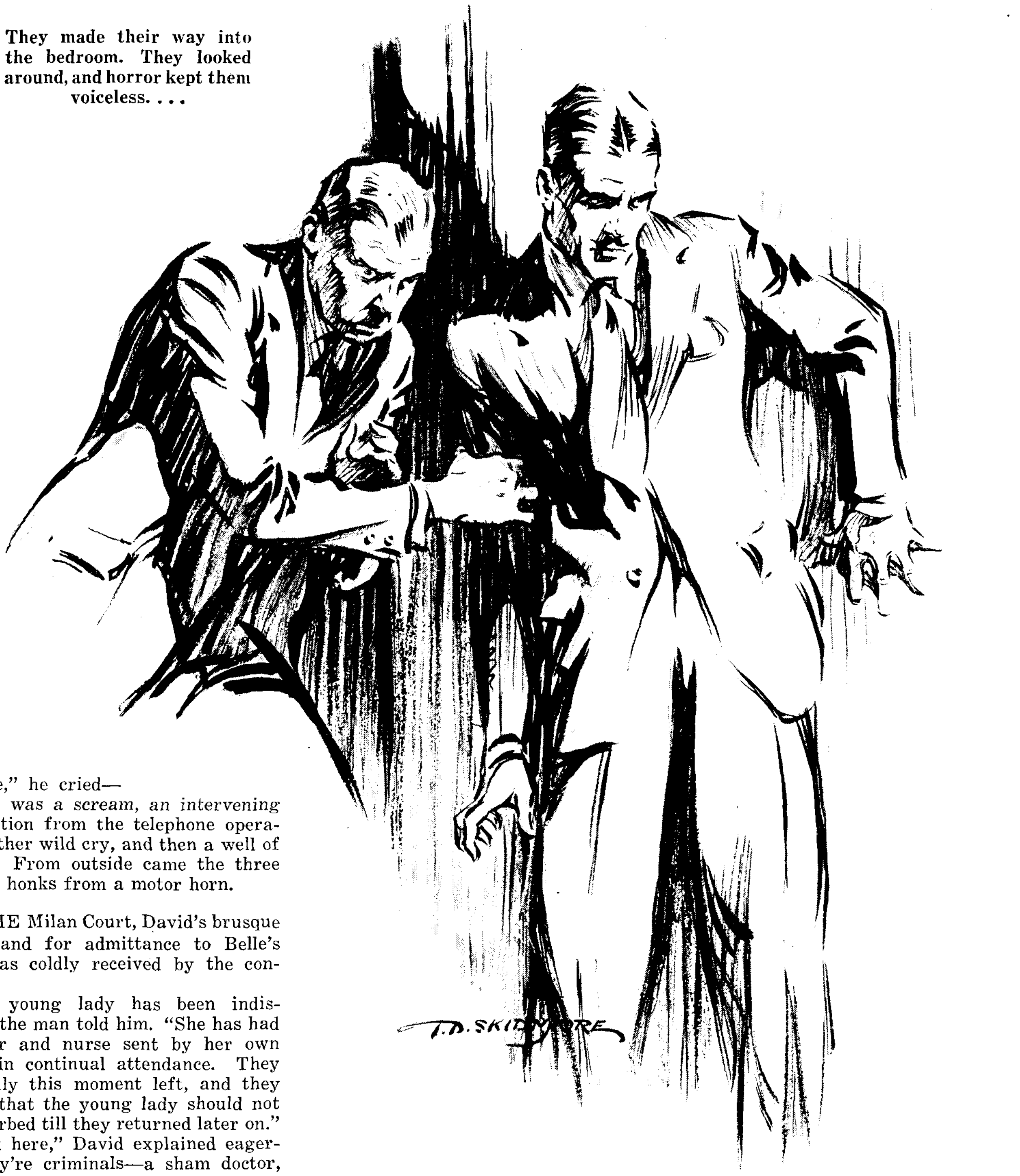
"I am David Newberry," he replied. "What is it, Belle?"

"I have dragged myself up from bed," she went on. "Reuben has been too clever for me. A sham nurse, bogus doctor from the Nursing Home. They got rid of the real man. Wait! Don't go, David. Wait till I get my breath."

He heard her gasping at the other end of the line, heard fragments of half-uttered words. Then she began again, more coherently.

"David, I cheated you," she moaned. "I lied about tonight. I came to you from—from Tottie Green, with a lie ready prepared. If you were kind, I meant to tell you the truth. I'm telling you now, if I die for it. The whole gang are going to Widows' Row—knives, guns, whole outfit. They mean to wipe your men out. And, David, they're going to get you. They think you have the Blue Diamond, and they think you're going to squeal. They're out to kill you, David!"

David gave one despairing look at the clock. Already his lads were well on their way to Widows' Row.



They made their way into the bedroom. They looked around, and horror kept them voiceless. . . .

"Belle," he cried—

There was a scream, an intervening exclamation from the telephone operator, another wild cry, and then a well of silence. From outside came the three stealthy honks from a motor horn.

AT THE Milan Court, David's brusque demand for admittance to Belle's room was coldly received by the concierge.

"The young lady has been indisposed," the man told him. "She has had a doctor and nurse sent by her own family in continual attendance. They have only this moment left, and they begged that the young lady should not be disturbed till they returned later on."

"Look here," David explained eagerly, "they're criminals—a sham doctor, and a sham nurse. I am Lord Newberry. I know what I'm talking about. The young lady was given something to drink last night in the restaurant, and they've been trying to keep her unconscious. Come up with me, if you like. Send someone from the management with me, but for heaven's sake don't delay a moment. I tell you that poor young woman is in danger of her life."

The concierge was a man of wide experience, and he fancied that he recognized sincerity when he heard it. He called to an attendant, whom he bade to take his place, and rang the bell for the lift. There was a brief delay, during which David almost moaned with impatience.

"How did you get to know of this, sir?" the concierge inquired, looking at him curiously.

"The young lady telephoned me. She was in the midst of telling me something very urgent when there was a scream, and a crash in the room. I am perfectly certain that the doctor and the nurse or someone else who was there got hold of her then. I know what I'm talking about, concierge. That doctor and nurse had nothing to do with the hotel, now, had they?"

"You're quite right there, sir," the man agreed. "They came together about a couple of hours after the lady was taken ill in the restaurant the other night. The doctor brought a letter from the young lady's guardian, saying that he was her regular practitioner, and the hotel physician was asked to leave. Naturally we thought that they had been sent by her own relatives."

The lift arrived at last. The concierge was beginning to be impressed by the seriousness of the situation.

"Never mind the bells, Richard," he directed the man. "Shoot straight up to the seventh floor."

The lift attendant obeyed. The two men made their way swiftly along the corridor until they arrived outside Number 68. The concierge inserted his pass-key, and they stepped into the little hall. He knocked at the inner door, leading to the salon. There was no reply. He used his pass-key once more. The door was secured by a bolt on the inside.

"We must try the bedroom," he suggested. "There, on the right."

THE key turned readily enough, but the door, apparently obstructed by some object in the room, refused to open more than about an inch. David, leaning forward to help his companion, suddenly slipped. He turned on the electric light switch. Both men looked down upon the ground, and a groan of horror escaped David. From underneath the door, a thin stream of blood into which he had stepped had stained the carpet.

"Don't push any more, sir," the concierge begged, in a shaking tone. "My God, this is horrible! We can get into the room from Number 66. Come this way, sir."

They staggered out into the corridor. This time, there were no difficulties ahead of them. The door of the next room opened easily, and they made their way at once into the bedroom. The stumpy fingers of the concierge were trembling as he turned on the switch. They looked around, and horror kept them voiceless. . . .

The curtains were drawn, but in the flood of shaded light, streaming down now from a ceiling lamp, the whole contents of the room were visible. The apartment was a scene of wild disorder. The cloth had apparently been dragged from the table at the side of the bed, and the bottles upon it had been scattered in all directions.

Belle, who might have been trying to escape from the room, was lying against the door, almost at full length, one hand, with the fingers clenched, stretched out as though in agony, the other still clutching the receiver of the telephone which she had pulled on to the floor. Her face was drained of color, and upon her bare arm, just below her shoulder, there was a red mark as though from a hypodermic needle. Most appalling sight of all, though, from her side protruded the handle of a wicked-looking knife. The front of her skirt—she was still wearing a portion of her toilette of the evening before—was stained and splashed with blood.

"Touch nothing," David ordered, dully impressed by the sound of his own voice, which seemed to come to him from a long way off. "Send for the manager, or someone from the office. Pull yourself together, man. There's the telephone in the next room."

The concierge turned unsteadily to do his bidding, but the rumor that there was something wrong had already spread through the place, and the manager himself was knocking at the door. David drew him for a moment out into the corridor.

"YOU remember the young lady who was occupying this room?" he asked. "I found someone tampering with her Evian water in the restaurant last night, and she was brought up here afterward, ill."

"I remember perfectly well, my lord," the man replied. "Her own nurse and doctor arrived, sent by her people from somewhere, and our hotel physician was asked to give up the case. The nurse and doctor have been with her most of the day. They have only just left, and begged that she should not be disturbed."

"Well, between them, they've committed a murder," David confided.

The man stared at him, speechless.

"I mean what I say. A quarter of an hour ago, my telephone bell rang. The young lady tried to speak to me. She said a few words. Then someone who was in the room dragged her away from the instrument, and I heard a scream. I came round here at once. The concierge brought me up."

"I had better look inside," the manager decided.

David stood back, and followed him into the bedroom. The concierge was sitting on the edge of the bed, his face buried in his hands, sobbing.

"I am sorry, sir, but I can't bear it, I can't bear it," he groaned. "Such a beautiful young lady, too!"

The manager looked down at the prostrate figure, and the color slowly left his cheeks. He gripped at the wall with the palm of his hand. He was obviously on the point of swooning.

"Mr. Helder," David begged, "this is a terrible shock, but try to pull yourself together. Send for the hotel doctor, and the police. I am sorry to say that I must hurry away to stop further mischief, but I will come back again as soon as I can."

THE man glanced at David's unusual costume with glazed and uncomprehending eyes. He felt sick and ill, and without strength to resist.

"You ought to stay until the police arrive," he faltered. "You appear to know more about the affair than we do."

"Whatever I know," David rejoined, "I shall probably know more when I return. I am going to look for the man who I think is responsible for this, before he can get away. You know my address, and where I am to be found. If I am alive, I shall be there before morning, if I have not returned here."

Helder, the imperturbable, the suave dean of hotel managers, kept on telling himself that such men as he never gave way, that they should be prepared to meet every eventuality of life. The room was swaying around him, though, and a terrible sense of nausea was fast overcoming him. David took him by the arm, and led him to the lift. They descended together. With a last effort, Helder staggered toward the concierge's desk.

"Send Doctor Milton up to Number

(*Continued on page 48*)

Woman from Paris

When your youngster becomes stage-minded and then leg-conscious, you may as well give up. Claudette Colbert's family did. Her stage career has been full of surprises, among them a devastating pair of red silk pajamas

By John B. Kennedy

DISCONCERTING, to a degree that is discouraging, when you have lived for weeks in anticipation of your first fat part; when your manager, the astute Al Woods, roars "Glorious, sweetheart!" at rehearsal; when you do your darnedest to emotionalize and the audience responds with five curtain calls—disconcerting it is to have your maid lay the morning papers on your bed, turn to the column of a critic you respect and read:

"The lady has legs—the most beautiful legs on the American stage."

After that you are not much consoled by the abrupt postscript: "She can also act."

Claudette Colbert wasn't. She knew her legs were handsome; any girl in her twenties knows that nowadays without being told, and most of them are told. What Claudette wanted to know was how far she had progressed in the three years since her début as a semi-articulate super. She didn't find out the morning after her first big hit. But a week or two later, when other managers than her own began to ask about the length of her contract, Claudette knew.

Businesslike, she listed hints and offers in alphabetical order and went into family conference with her mother and brother. There ensued less decision than reminiscence. For Madame Colbert, a charming French matron, wept quietly at the exciting evidence of her daughter's success.

Her mind flew back to mild turmoil in a villa on a quiet street in a Paris suburb, beyond the Bois de Boulogne. Little six-year-old Claudette had been missing since early morning. The day was Corpus Christi—a feast day of street shows and frolics. Children made their first communions and romped through the sunshine, utterly free. That was the custom. Not, however, for six-year-olds; especially six-year olds reared in so precise a suburb.

There was alarm and stir: visions of tragic happenings in packed streets and parks. As nothing tragic really happened, we might as well briefly record what did.

A gendarme, strolling by an open space where the Bois de Boulogne rolls off to the Versailles road, beheld a group before a Punch-and-Judy show. It was twilight. The officer drew close and observed a tot, wide-eyed, open-mouthed, feeding herself from a bag of bonbons as she gaped at the ugly dolls and thrilled to the harsh voice of their manipulator. The gendarme tugged at his mustache, frowned and passed on.

When he returned, the show had folded up. The little girl remained, asleep on the grass beneath a bench, her bonbon bag empty.

He awakened her and took her to the nearest police station, where an exceedingly fierce magistrate glowered from a high desk. There were volumes of conversation, enormous quantities of shrugs. The tiny captive was solemnly examined for her name and address. She piped "Claudette" and nothing more. Gravely, the magistrate ordered a guard set over the child. So frantic parents and relatives found her, asleep on cushions in the charge room, with tremendously impressive giants on duty without.

The Yearly Treat

The incident may explain why Claudette grew to girlhood without ever being permitted to see another show. Father Colbert, a dignified banker with a vast respect for bourgeois custom, ruled theaters from the life of his daughter. Strange, because if there is anything in prenatal influence, much is owing to Sarah Bernhardt in the career of Claudette Colbert. Her mother adored the divine Sarah. Wooden leg or no, the greatest tragédienne of her day was a magnet irresistible to the women of Paris. Claudette's mother had one desire more urgent than any other: to behold Bernhardt as the Lady of the Camellias.

One night she had her heart's wish. Early the following morning little Claudette of the graceful legs came kicking into the world.

At the time of the episode and for many years after, coming events did not cast their shadow before. They don't, as a rule. The family left France for America when Claudette was eight. She found herself in a New York public school, surprised and a trifle hurt at the amusement caused by her childish efforts to master the h's in a tongue so radically different from her own.

By the time she graduated from grammar grades and entered Washington Irving High School traces of accent had disappeared, save in bursts of temper—which have not yet disappeared.

She received no encouragement whatever in histrionics. You will find her name nowhere in the archives of student dramatics that are an earnest and bootless portion of scholastic social routine. The Colbert household imported its Parisian polish and a little of its Parisian prejudice to New York. And in Paris the families of the polite regard feminine prospects in the theater with misgiving. Feminine talent too often needs "protection," too often receives a masculine "protector" whether it needs him or not.

Not for a moment let the idea be conveyed that this resolute family proscription of stage entertainment suppressed young Claudette. She had a sanctioned outlet for whatever histrionic impulse was in her. Once yearly she was the beneficiary of a blow-out at the New York Hippodrome when it was the headquarters of spectacles that always comprised a water scene because the Hippodrome had a tank and Hippodrome dramatists were always aquatically inspired.

The Focus of Attention

Claudette by this time was in art school, with the achievements of Neysa McMein, Rose O'Neill and other women producers of what editors want, as her ideal. An ideal modified by sensible commercial ambition. Claudette had learned that there is money in painting girls in exquisite millinery, but more money in emphasizing the millinery rather than the girl. She aimed to be a prodigiously paid designer of advertisements.

About this time she became leg-conscious. Fellow artists sketched Claudette's legs, for civilization by that stage of her career had discovered that

(*Continued on page 60*)

White Studio

Above—Claudette Colbert as she appeared in See Naples and Die

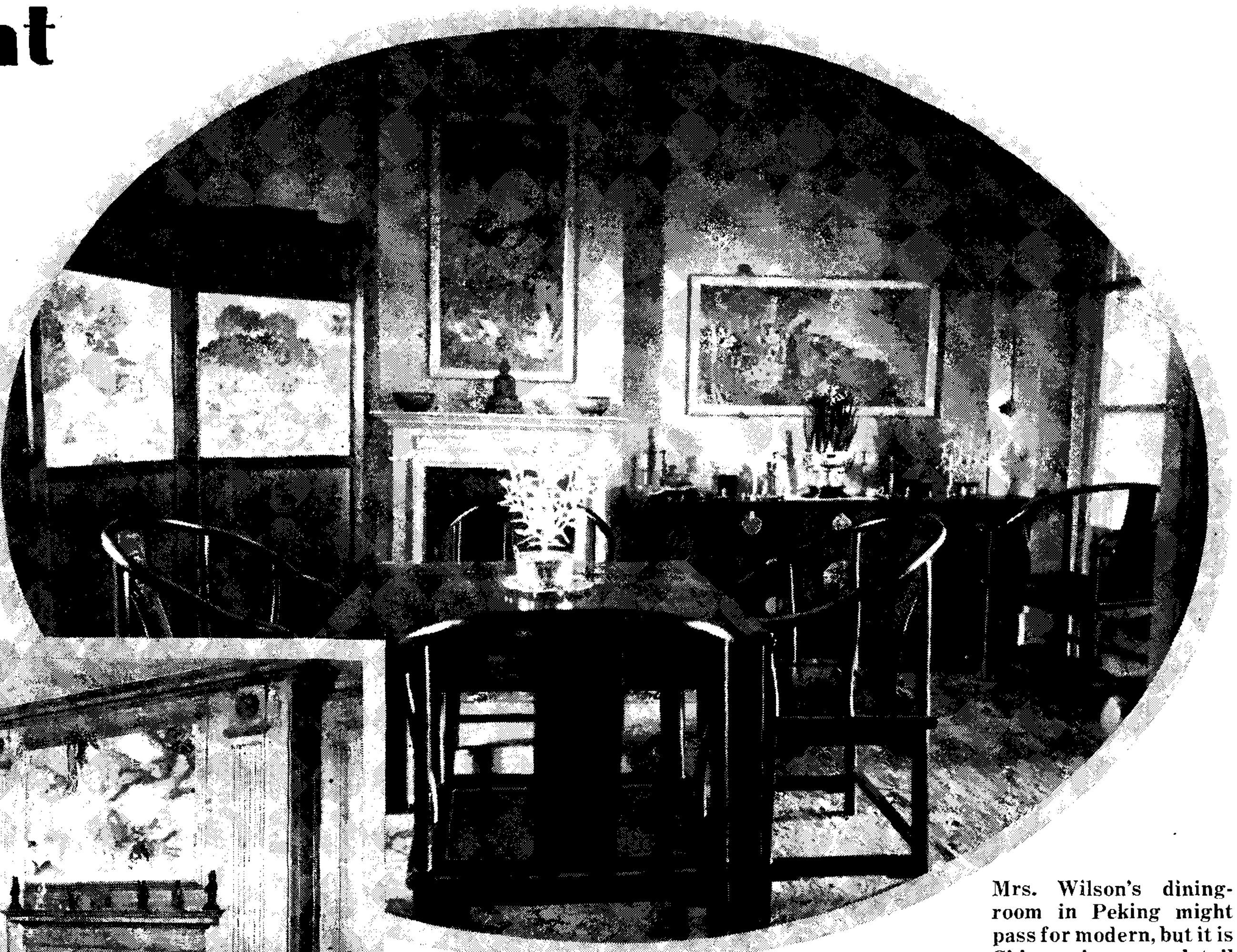
At the right—Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster, her husband, in a scene from The Barker

Courtesy Charles L. Wagner

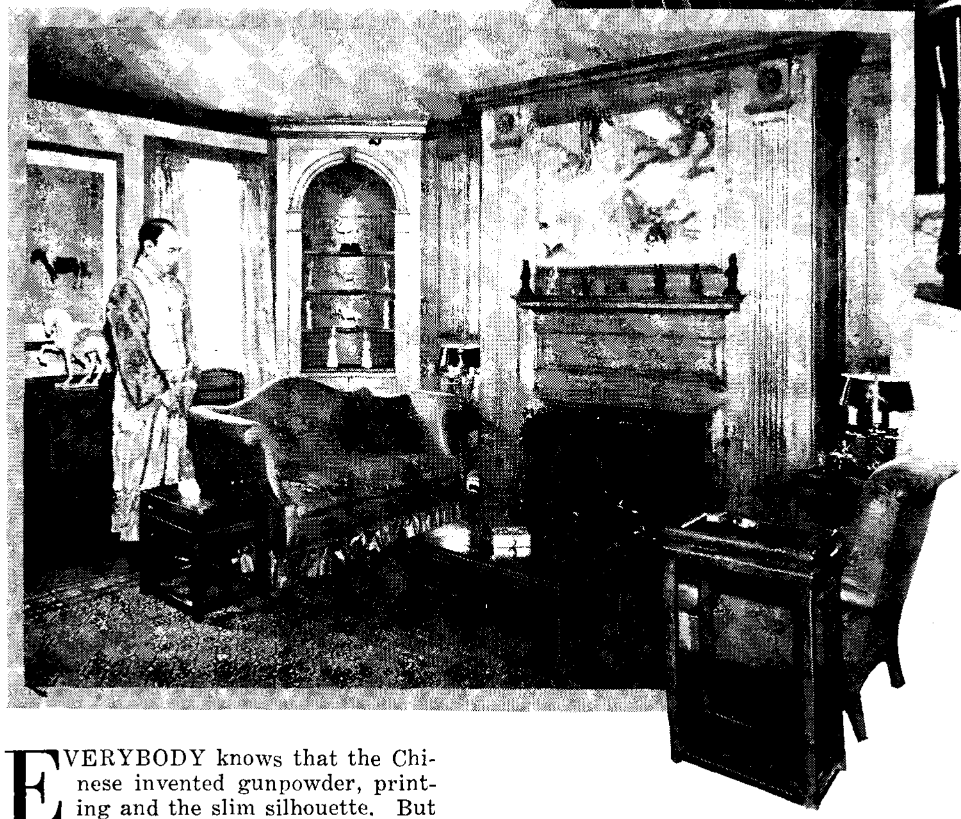
The Ancient Modernist

We think we've created a new decoration to express our new age. But we're not so smart and unique. Our so-called modern feeling is an old, old story in China

By Elsie Cobb Wilson



Mrs. Wilson's dining-room in Peking might pass for modern, but it is Chinese in every detail



In the pine library of her Washington house Mrs. Wilson successfully combines Colonial and Chinese decoration

EVERYBODY knows that the Chinese invented gunpowder, printing and the slim silhouette. But these things have been so long taken for granted on our side of the world that we seldom consider the identity of their discoverers. Our ancestors borrowed them, with or without credit. Or, following the same train of thought, they worked them out for themselves by the time Western civilization demanded them. The onus of not being the original patentee doesn't fall on us, but on our forbears. And nowadays it's quite the fashion to think they didn't know much anyhow.

But in my own particular field of decoration there is one thing that most of us thought was ours beyond dispute —and that is modernism. Yet I assert it as my belief that if Columbus had really sailed around the world to China as he started out to do, instead of bumping into America quite to his disappointment, he would have found modernism in 1492, not only in its essence but in a surprising number of its very lines and colors. Whether this is simply another case of borrowing on the part of the Europeans, who started us going modern only yesterday, I'm not prepared to state.

Restful Simplicity

I missed the introduction of modernism in America, because I was then living in Peking. For four years I moved in and out of houses where the whole idea of decoration was radically different from the one handed down to us. The orderly placing and spacing of essential things took the rôle of our more crowded and intimate groupings of furniture, much of which could well be cleared out if we lived more simply. Bare surfaces on table tops, or, at the most, one or two ornaments and these superlatively good, were substituted for the multitude of trifles that we had learned to scatter about. A single magnificent panel would be chosen to hang on a wall, though the family owned dozens, perhaps scores or hundreds stored away in cabinets to take their turn when the eye no longer registered the first one vividly.

The furniture forms were all simpler than ours. The proportions were perfect, and the ornament was slight and highly stylized. The colors, time-faded as our European colors are when they come down to us from the past, were more primitive in their origins—clearer and fresher to begin with, less sultry after years had softened them. My life as a decorator had been spent in doing eighteenth-century interiors in which I had combined things from France, England and Italy. This was a new world.

My own first steps toward modernism were taken under the shadow of the Temple of Heaven while I was unaware that such a thing as modernism existed, except from vague reports. When I did my own house, I was faced with the problem of utilizing the beautiful things at hand, since I had no time to wait for others to come halfway across the world. When, later, I decorated the American Embassy and helped with houses for my Chinese friends of the official circle, I became filled with the idea that some of these beautiful things in the land of my sojourn possessed an aloof distinction, perhaps even a degree of civilization, that made them more exciting as well as more exacting to use than my beloved eighteenth-century pieces.

The tables had a strength of line, a free sweep, clean of elaboration, that seemed to me refreshing after the curves and carving of the West—and how many different kinds of tables there turned out to be! The long low chests that could be used as sideboards, the double chests that took the place of our commodes, were so useful, so varied in size, so true in their proportions that no room could do without one. There was intricate beauty in the drawer pulls and the door fastenings, but the things themselves had been fined down in detail to the last fraction, simplified to the point where people fresh from the West thought them bare of interest—unless they happened to be people with trained eyes. To me, at first, the severe structural lines appeared clumsy and I preferred the lovely curves we know as Louis XV, found in many Chien Lung pieces. But gradually the restful simplicity of the straight line appealed, the same restfulness of the built-up structure used in these modern pieces in this country.

Where, for comfort's sake, I introduced European chairs in which one could lounge—for Chinese never lounge and never will—I covered them in Chinese materials, in those clear, softly blended, complex shades that I had learned to love. I remember particularly a marvelous aubergine of which one could never tire. It looked as though it were made for the Lawson sofa that I later installed in Madame Wellington Koo's living-room.

As for Chinese rugs at their best—no one has ever bettered them, and I doubt if anyone will, time being money as it is today and modern dyes being what commerce has made them.

Chinese Papers

When it came to backgrounds, there were so many things of Chinese inspiration to be done that one could hardly choose. Paper on walls has been used for centuries, the cream-colored plain paper first, later the paper with design. Walls painted in all-over patterns were seen in the East as long ago as the sixth century, and landscape walls are so hoary with age that no one knows when they were first used. The Chinese may foreshorten a horse when they draw him, but they give you the very soul of speed if they catch him in motion. If he's at rest, no horse that ever rested on a European canvas is quite as immobile as he. The old Chinese papers with floral designs I had used for years via Europe, and in my Peking hall I had painted the same designs but in black and white.

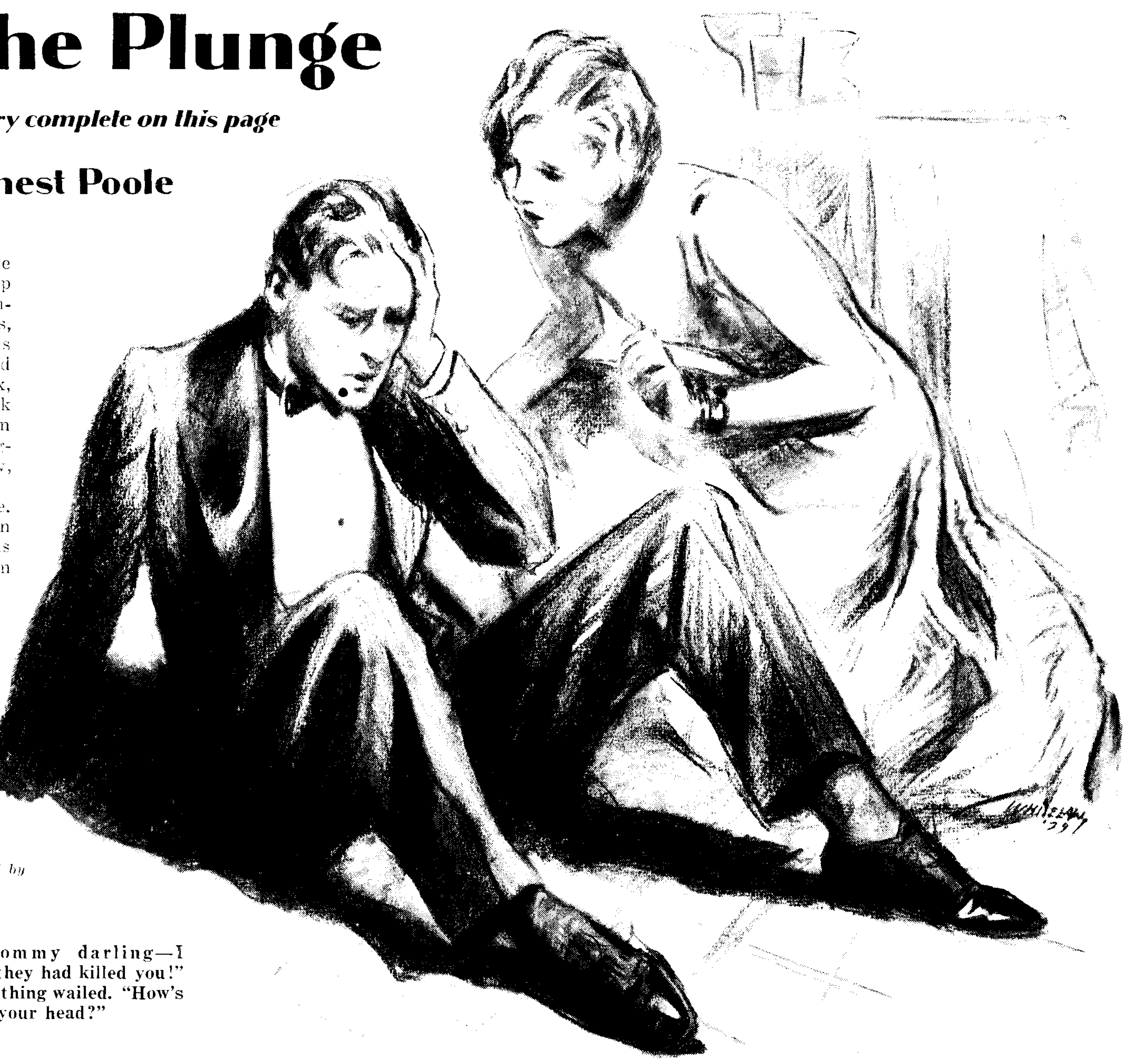
In my first steps toward modernism I did instinctively what so many have done since—I took Chinese gold tea-chest paper, cut in squares and applied to a wall to which I gave lacquer-red woodwork and doors. And I hung curtains of jade-green taffeta at the windows. Then I came back from my four

(*Continued on page 34*)

Before the Plunge

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Ernest Poole



Illustrated by John [illegible]

"Oh, Tommy darling—I thought they had killed you!" the little thing wailed. "How's your head?"

TOMMY BAIRD was about to take the plunge. And although deep down within him was an old-fashioned caution about such things, tonight as he held little Claire in his arms, jazzing slowly 'round and 'round in a small night club up in the Bronx, the excitement of his decision to ask this girl to be his wife might have been seen in the tension of his neat, trim figure, the set of his small, narrow jaw, the anxious gleam in his brown eyes.

But he wanted a few minutes more. . . . It was not that he hadn't been ready to marry. At twenty-six he was doing so well with a fire insurance firm downtown that again they had raised his salary. He was sick of his lonely room at night, and he wanted a home and a wife.

Yes, but which one should he ask? He'd had the devil of a time! For, before Claire came along, he had almost settled on Alice Grant, who looked like his own mother and appealed to his old-fashioned side. "Sweet Alice," he had called her in his sentimental moods. A steady, quiet, practical soul, by day she ran the switchboard for a stockbroker's firm downtown.

She had speed in her work, she needed it. And though, like the tired business man, she liked to be amused at night, the movies or a couple of hours of dancing once a week was enough: for she loved to be quiet, she wanted a home. So did Tommy, but not too quiet a home; nor one with babies squalling at night. . . . And so, weighing Alice's many good points anxiously for several weeks, he had decided against her at last in favor of the soft little blonde who was nestled so close to him now. No yowling infants in her life; there would be gay little parties instead . . .

"I got a raise at the office today," he announced as they jazzed slowly on.

"Oh, Tommy!" she cooed. "Another? I think you're wonderful!"

"And last month I took all my money out of the bank and cleaned up big in stocks." Claire nestled closer.

"O-o-o! How nice! What you gonna do with it all?"

"I don't know exactly," he answered in a husky tone. "Though maybe I'd get your advice."

"Why, Tommy darling!" Claire replied. "I'll do what I can. I'd do anything in the world for you, Tommy!"

"Yeh? Then how about this?" he asked. But he stopped. He felt his pulse's beat. Unconsciously his feet and hers did a little trick step they had invented.

"What?" she whispered in his ear.

"Why—it seems kind of footless just jazzing around and spending your life at it, night after night. Seems as if—when you love a girl—life ought to be more than that!"

"Absolutely!" murmured Claire. He pressed her closer, felt her tremble, felt his heart come up in his throat.

"Don't you ever get sick of that room of yours?"

"Absolutely!"

"So do I—of mine, I mean. And I've often thought that a little apartment—"

"Oh, Tommy darling—so have I! I've lain awake dreaming about it at night, planning how I'd fix it up nice and artistic!" Claire replied. He held her tight and anxiously asked:

"Don't you think it's a mistake to have a lot of babies 'round?"

"Absolutely!" she agreed. "You know me, Tommy—I like to be gay!"

"Yeh? But not too gay," he replied. "I mean to say, with a crowd around. Narrow down. Give *love* a chance."

"Absolutely!" she breathed in his ear. And that settled it. "Let's go!" he thought. He threw a last glance at Alice Grant, at a table near the entrance, eating spaghetti with a friend. Brunette, strong, quiet, capable, nice. He wished her a good quiet home, but he had decided on Claire for a wife!

BUT suddenly she clutched his arm, and he saw her looking toward the door. The next moment, little screams were heard. The jazz band stopped. Excited voices asked: "What's wrong?" Then all grew sharply still as death. And five masked men, each with a gun, began herding the crowd of dancers into a long line against the wall. Scared faces! Hands held over heads!

"Holy Christmas!" Tommy thought. He was scared at first, then began to get angry, then saw that wouldn't do any good. For he was an insurance man—he had preached caution all his life. "Be sensible," he warned himself. "I don't want to die and all they can get is my wrist watch and a ten-dollar bill!"

So he stood cold and rigid there, as the men moved quickly down the line, snatching cash and jewelry. With a desperately sensible smile, he kept both hands high over his head.

But a swift cuddling movement and a sharp whimper at his side made him turn his eyes to Claire, and the sight of her sent an icy chill racing down his spinal column! For never, even on the screen, had he seen such an exhibition of fright. Her pretty features were all distorted, baby eyes wild with terror, face a chalky, ghastly white. Abruptly she burst into sobs and flung herself on him and clung to him tight, dragged down his arms from where they belonged and tried to press her diamond ring into one of his cold, nervous hands!

"Stick 'em up!" the nearest gunman snarled. And as he spoke, the butt of his gun crashed down on Tommy's innocent head! Tommy went down but not quite out. From the floor in a daze he looked up at the face of the sweet little clinging vine whom he had chosen for a wife.

"You're a fine little helpmate!" Tommy thought. Painfully he turned his head and caught sight of Alice near the door—motionless, her hands held high, but with a steady vigilant gleam in her smart and capable eyes that gave him in one revealing flash the certainty that there was a girl a fellow could depend upon!

Working quickly, four of the gunmen finished and started out of the place; and the fifth one, at the far end of the line, having stopped to tear a necklace from a scared and speechless dame, looked up and found himself deserted. Panic showing in his face, swiftly he moved toward the door, his threatening gun still on the line. But Tommy then saw Alice Grant, eyes glazing with an awful rage, seize something from her table close by. And an instant later, a bowl of spaghetti hurtled through the atmosphere and struck with a crash on the gunman's head!

A dozen men jumped on him then and bore him down. And through the commotion that ensued, till a couple of bulls rushed into the room and took charge of the prisoner, Tommy sitting on the floor, with both hands to his aching head, warm and sticky now with blood, dimly but sternly made up his mind on this little question of taking a wife.

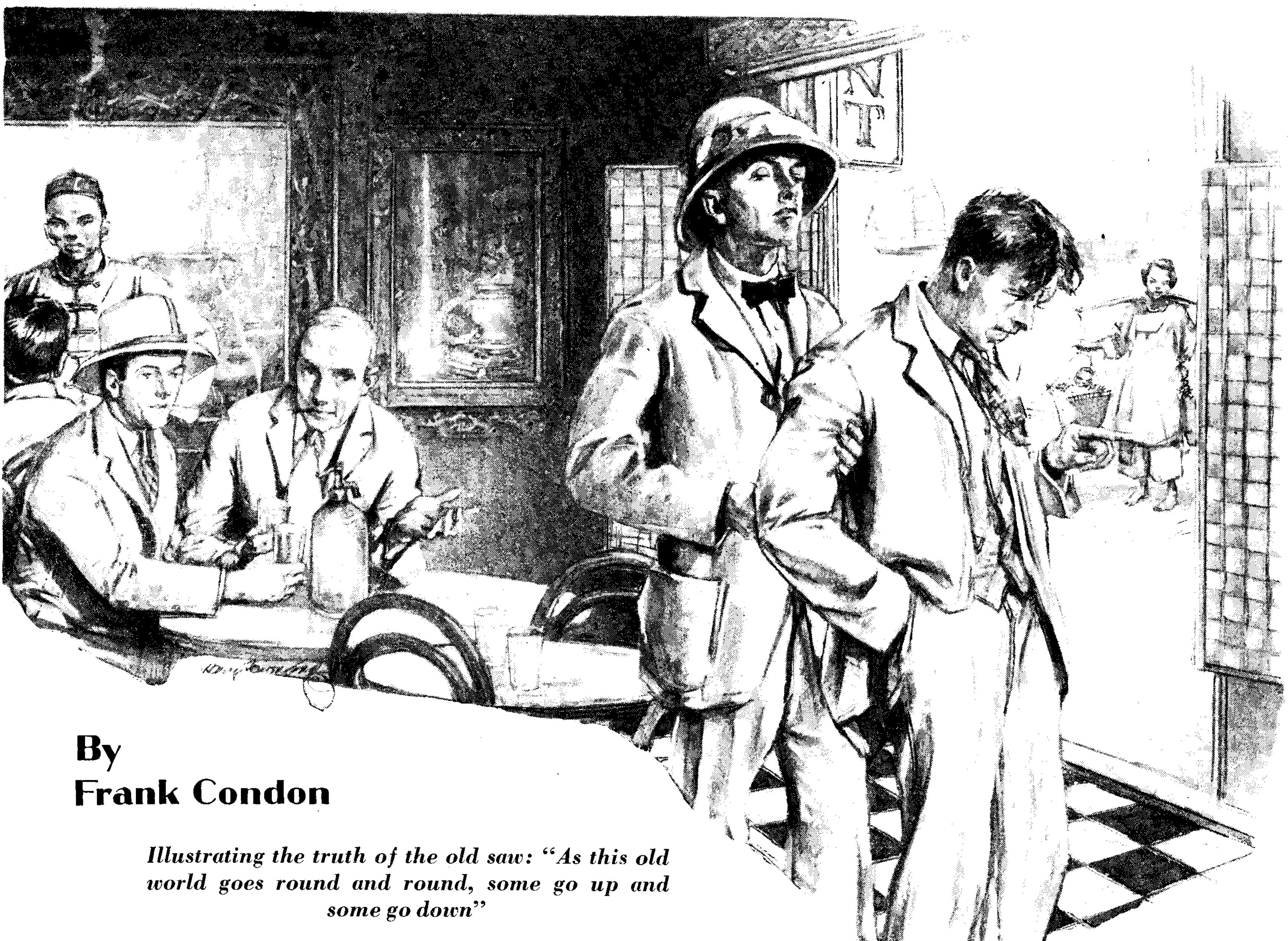
SOBBING wildly, Claire came and knelt by his side.

"Oh, Tommy darling—I thought they had killed you!" the little thing wailed. "How's your head?"

"Rotten, thank you," Tommy said. And with a cold look he turned from her to the ambulance surgeon who had come in. Soon he was bandaged and ready to leave. Painfully he rose to his feet and with the young doctor's aid started out to the ambulance. He took a look at Alice Grant. Surrounded by admirers, she was the heroine of the night. But Tommy remembered the rage in her eyes and the perfectly amazing force with which her missile had been hurled!

"Sweet Alice," he thought grimly. Suppose she lost her temper again, after he had married her? A vivid picture came to him. Babies yowling, bowls of spaghetti hurling from the kitchen stove! And feebly but firmly he shook his head.

"Not for me!" he told himself. "I'm going to go back to the Y. M. C. A. and play handball—all the rest of my life!"



Presently there emerged from the bar two of Shanghai's citizens. I perceived one of them was doing nicely with his day's drinking

By
Frank Condon

Illustrating the truth of the old saw: "As this old world goes round and round, some go up and some go down"

In Charge at Shanghai

IN THE colorful main foyer of the Orient Hotel, Mr. Henry McCarthy was purchasing a Scotch-and-soda for a very dry American who had just arrived in town. I was the very dry American, and all about us were other dry Americans, tapping anxiously upon mahogany tables. Henry is the expatriate who runs the attractive jade shop in the Orient lobby, where he reluctantly sells rich women tourists jade elephants for one hundred dollars, the same elephants they sell for twelve dollars in New York.

Whenever I arrive in Shanghai, Henry greets me like a long-lost brother, escorts me to a table near the main entrance where we can observe the passing throngs, and orders the best in the house. Henry knows everybody in Shanghai. The bar at the Orient is to the left as one enters from the Bund, and the pleasing noises of a mannerly barroom float out and cheer one as one sits, chats and sips.

"Henry," I said, raising my glass, in which sparkled a lovely amber liquid, "here's to you. May your sons have whiskers."

"How," said Henry. "Here's to prohibition. Keep it where I can't see it."

Beautiful ladies passed to and fro, casting upon us a friendly and casual eye. Faint perfume ascended like incense heavenward as we sat in spirituous contemplation of Shanghai and its cosmopolitan people, for the hour was five in the afternoon and virtually everybody in Shanghai saunters into the Orient lobby between four and six. Henry regaled me with bits of news, and presently there emerged from the bar two of Shanghai's citizens. They came slowly through the swinging doors and as they passed I perceived one of them was doing nicely with his drinking for the day. He wobbled. There was a foolish grin on his face. He lurched past, guided by his companion, who held him firmly by the arm. They went directly toward the elevators and waited, the sober one ringing the bell and holding up his friend.

"PEOPLE still get boiled in Shanghai, don't they, Henry?"

"They do. And there stands one lad who gets boiled every day. He never misses."

We glanced over and saw the two disappear into the elevator.

"Good thing one of them stays sober," I commented. "Who are they?"

"The pickled one," said Henry, "is Jimmy Davis—Mr. James Arthur Davis. The taller one, the sober fellow, is an Englishman named Hardy. Davis is an American. Quaint situation. . . . Are you in any hurry?"

"Hurry?" I said. "I am in no hurry. I have just stepped off a mail steamer. I have plenty of cigarettes and the China boy will bring me nice drinks at pleasing intervals. Why would I be in a hurry?"

"I know both of those men," Henry continued. "I hope to say I do." He made a wry face, as though thinking of something. "You've heard of the Atlantic Fountain Pen Company of New York?"

I nodded.

"About the largest company in the fountain pen business and for four years they've had offices here in Shanghai, with a shipping department. The tall one of those two, the one called Hardy, came out here from New York about four years ago and opened up the Shanghai branch. He had been in the New York offices for several years; smart fellow, fine salesman, nice personality and, boy, how he made things hum! He had Chinks buying fountain pens for their dead ancestors. Started his offices over in the Hongkong building on Bubbling Well Road, hired a Chinese secretary and a coolie to unpack the shipping cases. Pretty soon fountain pens began coming in from New York.

"Now the Chinese are a people that appreciate good fountain pens and the Atlantic Pen Company got the jump on their rivals by sending out a good man. Hardy attended strictly to business and his income rose rapidly from commissions. Soon there were four coolies in the shipping department and Hardy hired a bright little Chinese girl to help him with the correspondence. . . . He made more money here in China than he had ever dreamed of making in New York and for two years he sawed wood, sold fountain pens all over China and got monthly cables from the home office assuring him he was the world's champion."

Henry paused, refreshed the inner man, and tinkled the little bell.

"Then Shanghai began to get Mr. Hardy. There's something about China that always puzzled me. Shanghai is a town that gets a lot of people if they stay here long enough. You take a young and unmarried fellow with nobody to tell him to look out, and you dump him down into this city and maybe he will lead a respectable and ordered life, but the chances are the other way. Hardy, who never drifted into the Orient Bar, because he never drank, began so drifting. He started to loaf around here, leaving the China girls to sell pens for the Atlantic Company. His office was in there among the clinking glasses and if you think a sober, steady-going man can't slide downhill like lightning, you should have seen Hardy."

"WAIT a minute, Henry," I put in. "You have got me confused. Isn't Hardy the tall, sober one, who was holding up his pickled friend by the elbow?"

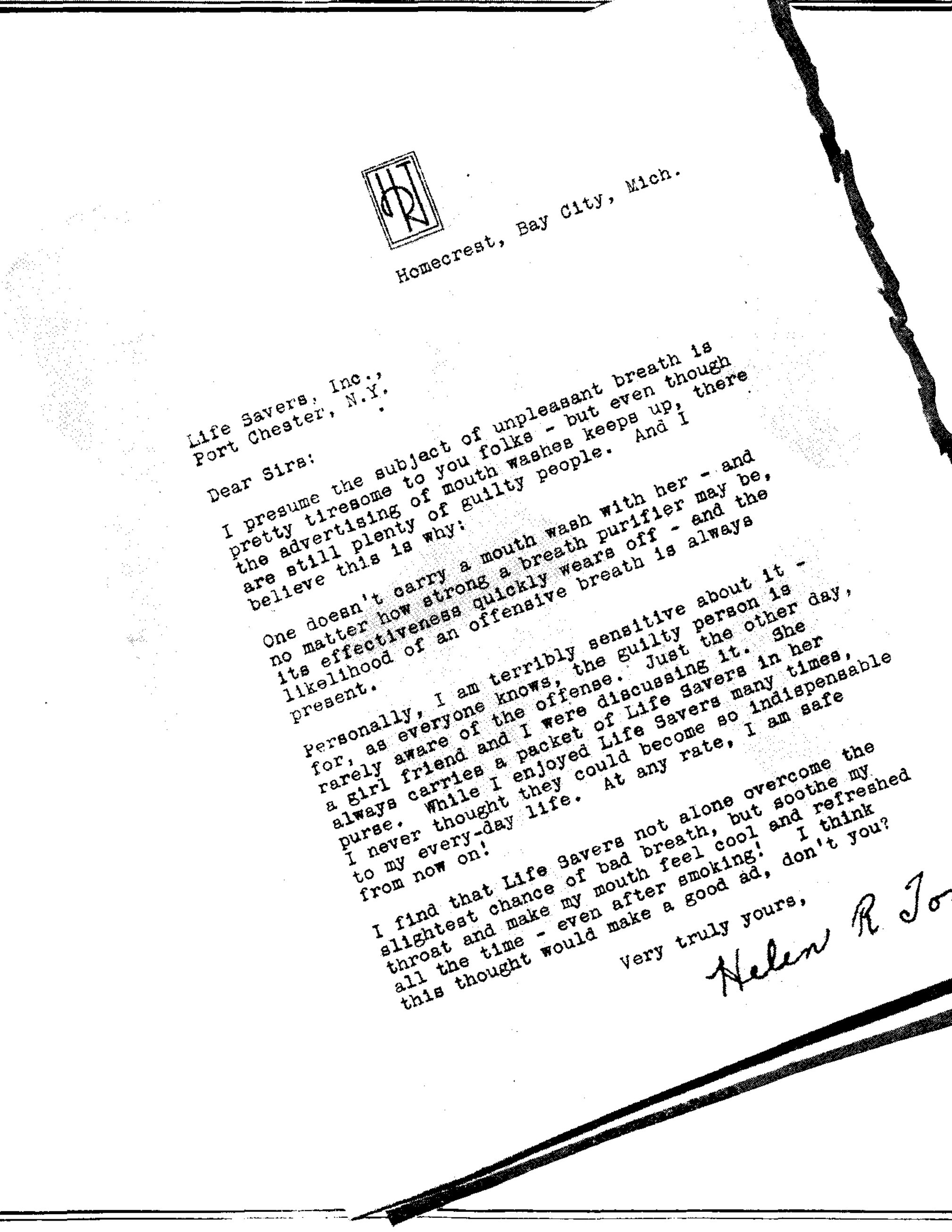
"He is."

"Well," I said, slightly puzzled, "he wasn't drunk, Henry. He was sober."

"Listen. Do you want me to tell you this slice of history, or would you rather be the one that tells me, seeing you know nothing whatever about it?"

(*Continued on page 68*)

Does This Modern Girl's Reasoning Appeal to You?★



Homecrest, Bay City, Mich.

Life Savers, Inc.,
Port Chester, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

I presume the subject of unpleasant breath is pretty tiresome to you folks - but even though the advertising of mouth washes keeps up, there are still plenty of guilty people. And I believe this is why:

One doesn't carry a mouth wash with her - and no matter how strong a breath purifier may be, its effectiveness quickly wears off - and the likelihood of an offensive breath is always present.

Personally, I am terribly sensitive about it - for, as everyone knows, the guilty person is rarely aware of the offense. Just the other day, a girl friend and I were discussing it. She always carries a packet of Life Savers in her purse. While I enjoyed Life Savers many times, I never thought they could become so indispensable to my every-day life. At any rate, I am safe from now on!

I find that Life Savers not alone overcome the slightest chance of bad breath, but soothe my throat and make my mouth feel cool and refreshed all the time - even after smoking! I think this thought would make a good ad, don't you?

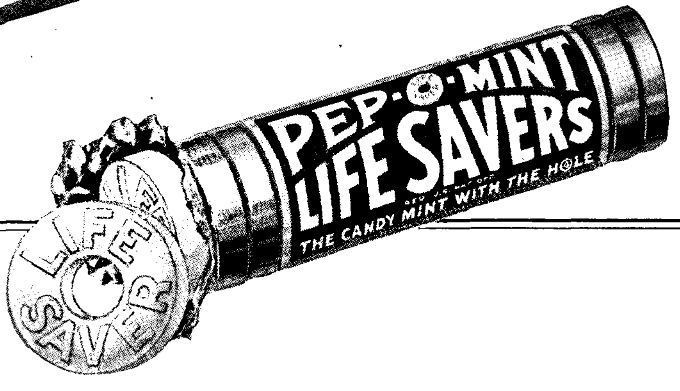
Very truly yours,

Helen R Tomlin

FREE★

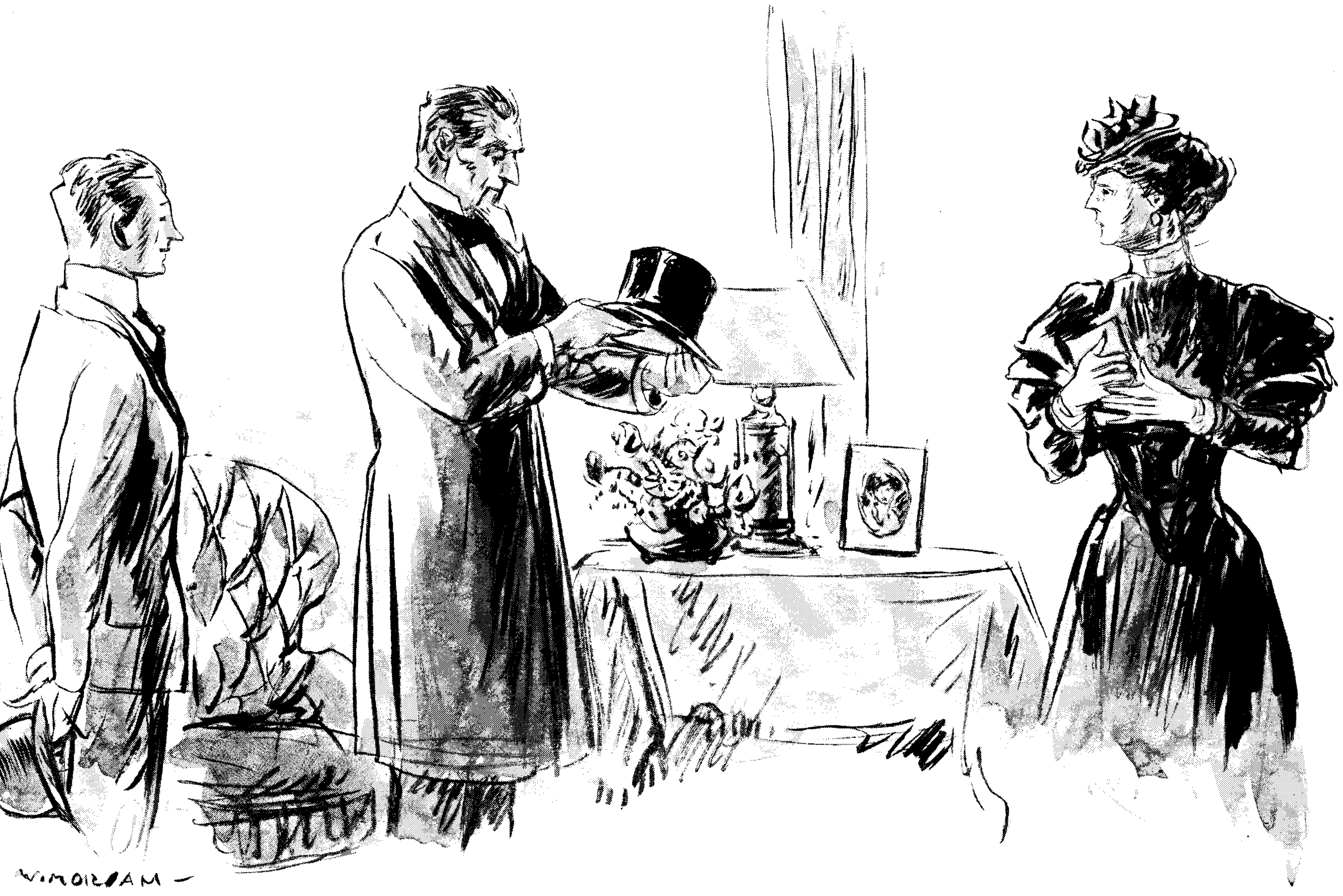
THIS interesting letter is similar to many which Life Savers, Inc., receives. For accepted letters such as this, Life Savers, Inc., Port Chester, N.Y., will send to the writers FREE a box of assorted Life Savers.

So many people have had unique experiences with Life Savers that we are very interested to know about them. What have you discovered about Life Savers? When do you and your children enjoy them most? Don't you find that they help digestion, sweeten the breath, soothe the throat and are very delightful after smoking?



EACH dainty, delicious Life Savers [illegible] 100% pure candy—a marvel of quality, purity and taste-tingling flavor. Life Savers soothe the throat, sweeten the breath, aid digestion and actually stimulate the appetite in a natural, beneficial way.

Six delicious flavors—each pure, healthful and refreshing.



When Sam got out his tall hat and announced that he was moved to say his prayers, Priscilla felt uneasy

Uncle Sam

By John Erskine

The Story Thus Far:

HOPELESSLY in love with pretty Mary Stewart, Sam—the boy who later comes to be known as "Uncle Sam"—receives a rude shock. He discovers that Mary, while leading him on, is having a clandestine affair with Orlando, one of his older brothers!

Several years afterward Sam has another, and quite different, experience with Mary. His country-school days ended, he has (despite the protests of his horrified brothers, John, Frederick and Orlando, and his adoring sister, Antoinette) begun life as a peddler. The road having proved unprofitable, however, he has tried schoolteaching—and failed. After which he has married Priscilla, one of his former schoolmates, and become a farmer near Bellevue, a small and provincial town.

It is in Bellevue that Mary again enters his life. In the local foundling asylum there is a lovely little girl—Irene Gordon—whom Sam and Priscilla wish to adopt. Sam goes to the asylum to discuss the matter with "Mrs. Gordon"—who, he knows, is not married, and who has resolutely refused to reveal the child's paternity. The woman enters. She is Mary Stewart!

Mary exacts a promise from Sam not to tell Priscilla anything regarding her or her past. After which she confesses that Irene's father is Sam's brother Orlando, who has recently married another woman.

Irene is not adopted. But from that time on she makes her home with Priscilla and Sam, and Sam keeps his promise to Mary. Then, quite by chance, Priscilla learns who "Mrs. Gordon" really is. Knowing that Sam and Mary were once sweethearts, she suspects the worst. Sam, she thinks, is the father of Irene!

Sam prospers. Presently he and Mr. Whitcomb, a prominent business man, decide to start a bank. Their plans are made, when Richard Marlet, a cousin of the minister's wife—Mrs. Ralph Stockton—arrives on the scene. Sam knows Marlet. He doesn't like him and doesn't trust him. *Whitcomb insists on taking Marlet into the* bank. Whereupon Sam threatens to start a bank of his own. Then oil is struck on his property. He sells the farm and moves into Bellevue. . . . Ten years pass. Sam has become a most astute business man. He is strong, courageous and, on occasion, hard. He dreams of broadening his activities—starting a hardware factory. He discusses his plans with an associate, Tom Wiggins.

VI

WIGGINS' face revealed his amazement.

"Your brother won't like it," he said.

"Naturally not. But if the world moves, he'll have to come along or get left. I'll find out what he thinks, but I'll do it anyway."

He saw the trouble on Tom's face. "Don't worry about it—I know I'm right. You fellows are all timid. If you care to look back these ten years, I haven't made many mistakes, have I?"

"I don't want you to begin now, Sam. You'll put money in this laboratory, which of course is more than agreeable to me, but then you'll put a fortune in this factory, and then heaven knows what next!"

Sam took his hand affectionately.

"My regards to your wife, Tom. Keep up your spirits! I'll be careful. Quite a number of things I wouldn't put a plugged cent in."

He followed him to the door and beckoned to his secretary.

"Whitcomb here yet?"

"Yes, sir, he's been waiting."

"Show him in."

When Whitcomb crossed the threshold, *Sam was once more gazing out of* the window, with his hands in his pockets. He turned around but did not move from the window, nor take out his hands.

"Hello, Jim. How are you?"

"Can't complain."

"Have a chair."

Whitcomb sat down by the desk, uncomfortable at the distance between him and Sam.

"What can I do for you, Jim?"

Whitcomb cleared his throat. "It's a long story. I'll begin at the beginning."

Sam interrupted: "If it embarrasses you at all, you can spare yourself. I know what it is. Mr. Richard Marlet's advice is convincing but not profitable. The investments are not turning out well. At the moment you're a bit against the wall. Isn't that it?"

WHITCOMB took out a copious handkerchief and wiped his brow.

"I've a good deal of confidence in Marlet—"

"Any at all would be a good deal."

"I wouldn't say that! These investments are all sound—they need a little more time, that's all."

"Well," said Sam, "there'll be plenty of time."

The two men glared across the room, as though measuring the distance to each other's throats. Whitcomb began again in his softest tone:

"You came to me, when I had the *money and you hadn't, and proposed a* bank. Then as soon as you had enough to start alone, you threw me out. Now I'm broke. You and I know who's responsible."

"For your being broke? You are! I told you I wouldn't have Marlet in my business. The rest of what you said is true, but I didn't throw you out—I insisted on having control."

"Same thing."

"It isn't! After I spoke to you first, I learned your judgment was no good. If you'd had control, we'd all be now where you are."

Whitcomb got up, as though to end the interview, then sat down again.

"It's no use arguing now. When a man's had luck, he thinks he knows it all!"

"It wasn't luck. The principle's sim*ple enough for a child to grasp.* You could have done what I did—hope you will still."

Whitcomb glanced up, encouraged.

"What's your principle? I suppose you won't give it away."

Sam smiled. "I didn't invent it. I always invest in the things that are building up, never in the ones that are standing still. If a business needs money, it's because it's growing or because it's dying. You went in for what Marlet calls the well-established lines—he didn't notice they had come to a standstill. You've been doing a pawnbroker's business, Jim. What you call investments are only loans on worn-out property."

"It's easy to talk that way when your luck is good. It *is* luck, Sam! How can you tell whether a concern is building up, as you call it?"

Sam came over and sat at his desk.

"I didn't know you were such a child. Study the country, man! If a business supplies a growing need, it's likely to be a growing business."

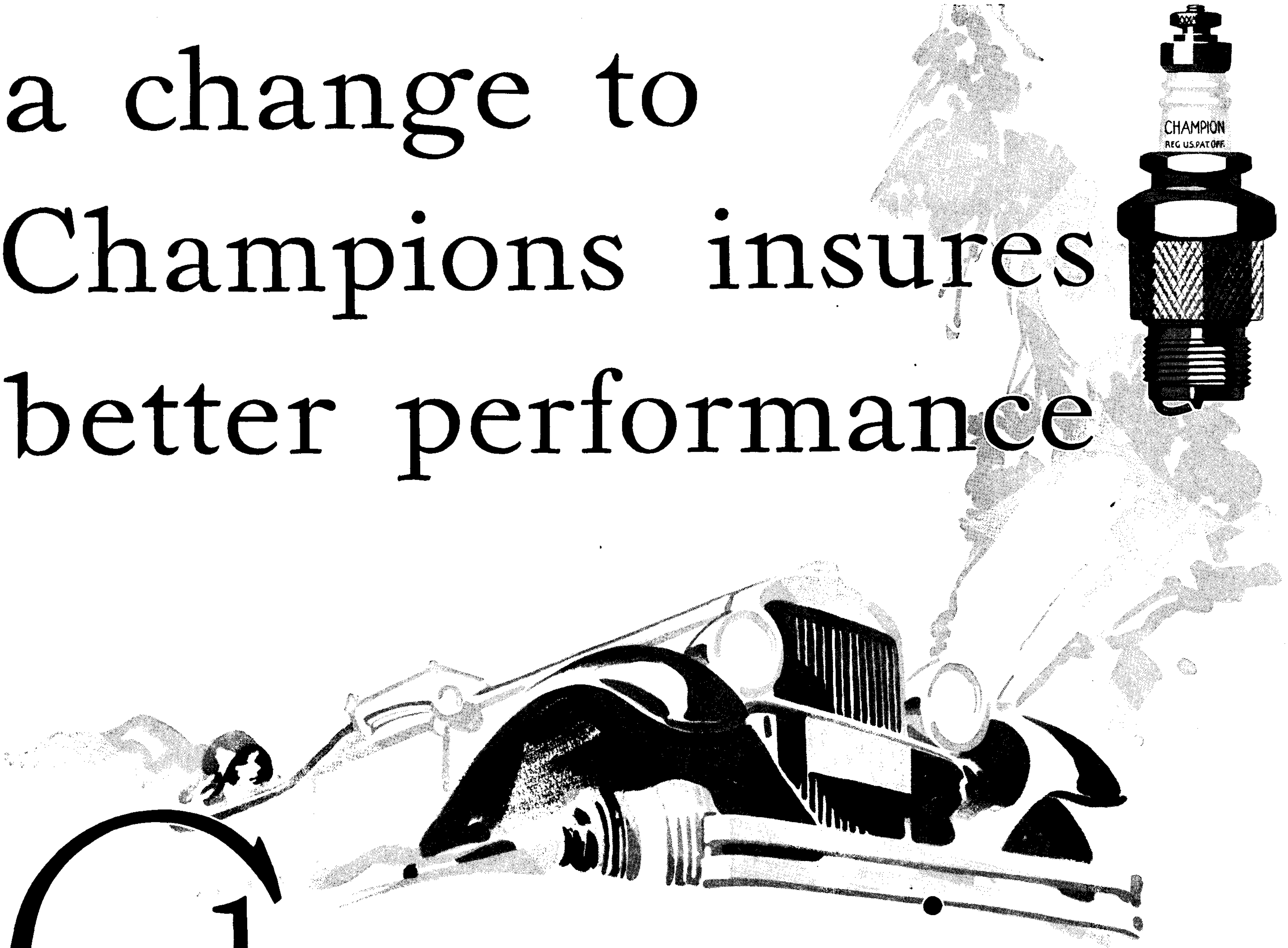
Apparently Whitcomb found this advice disappointing. He said nothing.

"How much do you need, Jim?"

Jim brightened up.

"I've over eight hundred thousand in first-rate securities. All I want is about a hundred thousand—say, a hundred and

a change to Champions insures better performance



Champion

the better spark plug

It is a scientific fact that Champions do outperform all other spark plugs. Tests conducted by disinterested organizations and persons under every known operating condition have established this beyond doubt.

The vast majority of motorists the world over know that the use of Champions in their engines does improve their performance. That is why Champions have outsold everywhere for years, and have increased their leadership steadily with each succeeding year.

Millions have come to learn this simply by changing to Champions. They know that by so doing they are enjoying the performance of the better spark plugs.

Year after year it has been a noteworthy fact that race drivers, who are experts in their knowledge of maximum engine performance, almost universally have insisted on Champions for their cars.

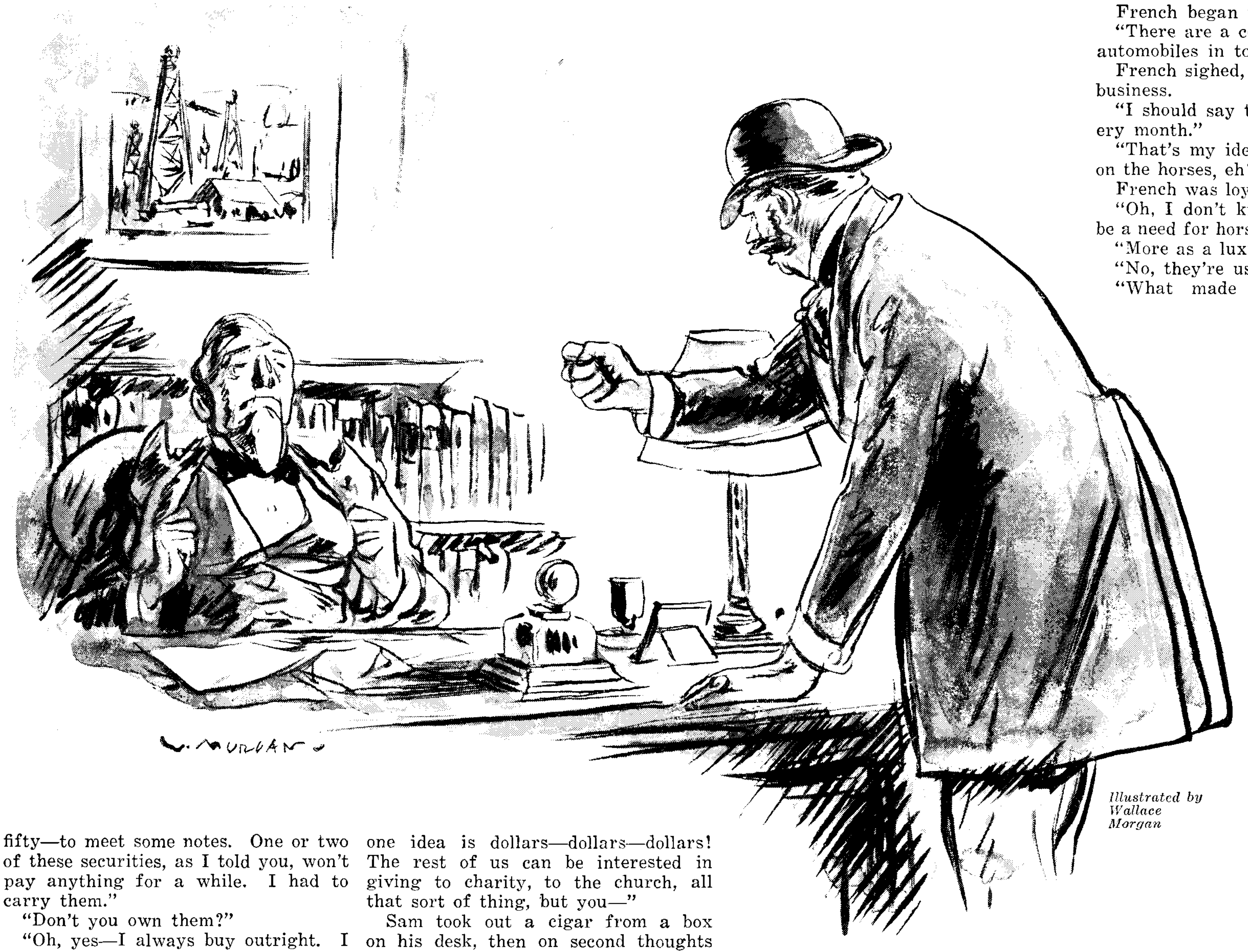
Installed in your car, Champions give tangible evidence of improved performance. Judge this for yourself. For this is the judgment of a majority of the world's motorists like yourself.

Should you be using other than Champions in your own car, changing to Champions will establish conclusively to your satisfaction that they are by every standard the better spark plugs.

Once you have put in Champions you can maintain your engine's greater efficiency constantly by installing a complete new set every 10,000 miles. For all spark plugs, even Champions—the better spark plugs—ultimately lose much of their efficiency in continued service.

This better performance from your engine is no further from you than the nearest of Champion's 100,000 dealers. His up-to-date Champion chart, plus his expert spark plug knowledge, enables him to determine the *one* type of Champion that will release the utmost performance from your engine.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO; WINDSOR, ONTARIO



Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

He stood up and shook his fist at Sam across the desk. "You'll be put in your place some day—see if you won't!"

fifty—to meet some notes. One or two of these securities, as I told you, won't pay anything for a while. I had to carry them."

"Don't you own them?"

"Oh, yes—I always buy outright. I haven't speculated."

Sam looked at him.

"Jim, your notes amount to more than a hundred and fifty."

"Perhaps a little more—in that neighborhood."

"Two seventy-five would be about right, wouldn't it?"

WHITCOMB started from his chair. "How did you know?"

"Well—those things get around. Especially when it's such a large sum. Still, with eight hundred thousand in securities, you could easily renew the notes—unless the value of your collateral is shrinking."

Whitcomb settled back in his chair, rather limp. Sam took a pencil from his desk and began making random marks on a pad.

"Tell me this, Jim—do you still lend money out, as you used to?"

"Oh, from time to time—nothing to speak of."

There was an embarrassing silence. Sam had covered the pad with geometrical designs.

"Or, to put it another way, Jim, you've been lending a lot of it, at lower interest than we do. Marlet and you thought you could cripple us. You must have wanted pretty badly to hurt me, before you'd ruin yourself in the effort."

Whitcomb's patience came to a sudden end. He stood up and shook his fist at Sam across the desk.

"My opinion of you's the same as every decent man's in this town! You'll be put in your place some day—see if you won't! You think you were born to own the universe. If you had your way, not one of us could make a cent, unless we accepted it from your pay roll! I was doing well in this town till you came along."

"You mean Marlet."

"I mean you! If you don't see it, there's plenty of others who do! Your one idea is dollars—dollars—dollars! The rest of us can be interested in giving to charity, to the church, all that sort of thing, but you—"

Sam took out a cigar from a box on his desk, then on second thoughts another cigar.

"Have one, Jim. It'll help you stick to the subject. You're getting a little excited, aren't you?"

Whitcomb's indignation had lost its stride, but it got under way again:

"I *am* excited, and I don't want your cigar! I just want you to see yourself as you are! It would be good for your soul, if you've got any left. I'm a ruined man, I tell you, and I'm sitting in the office of the rascal who did it!"

Sam was listening attentively, holding a cigar in one hand, a lighted match in the other.

"Jim, I suppose the notes are still a little more than covered by your securities?"

"More? I should say they were."

"Well, bring me a list of what you hold, and if it's as you say, I'll pay off the notes, sell the securities for you, pay you the balance, and—"

"You will, will you? If those securities were sacrificed now, there wouldn't be a balance, over the notes!"

"That's about what I thought. And if you try to hold them, there won't be enough to break even."

"You want the pleasure of wiping me out, do you?"

"I was going to say, I'll hand over to you the balance, and give you a job."

Whitcomb thought a moment.

"In the bank?"

"Probably not. Not just now, anyway. I'm interested in hardware, on the side."

"Assistant to Luke, eh? Well, you can understand now, once for all—"

"I'm going to build a factory. There ought to be a good berth for you there, somewhere. You won't be the first to take a fresh start and reach the top."

Whitcomb couldn't, in self-respect, exhibit relief at the offer.

"How long have I to decide?"

"About that part of it, as long as you like. But if I'm to do anything with your securities, you must decide at once. They'll be worth less every day, I guess. And there's a condition attached to this —you'll do no more money-lending."

Whitcomb got up slowly and buttoned his coat.

"This must be what you call one of your generous mornings! My God, Sam!"

His emotions overcame him, and he started to go. With his hand on the doorknob he turned back.

"When did you say I have to decide?"

Sam was already busy with some papers on his desk. The cigar stuck up from one side of his mouth.

"Tomorrow morning at ten o'clock. And not one minute later!"

Whitcomb slammed the door. Sam strode over, opened it, and called him back. His voice was quiet—in fact, confidential:

"There's one other point, Jim: If you take my offer, make up your mind to take me too, for just what I am. And in case you ever want to come into my office again, don't slam the door."

THEY parted so amicably that not even Berton, who was looking on, guessed what they had said to each other.

"Mr. French is waiting, sir."

"Hello, French! Come right in."

French was as moderate in size as his wife was voluminous—a keen little man who knew horses and enough about human nature to make himself comfortable in this world. The summons to the bank had impressed him. He had on the clothes he usually wore to church.

"Awfully good of you to come over. I wanted some advice—and perhaps I've a little business to propose to you."

French began to look cautious.

"There are a considerable number of automobiles in town, aren't there?"

French sighed, thinking of the livery business.

"I should say there were! More every month."

"That's my idea of it. Rather hard on the horses, eh?"

French was loyal to his profession.

"Oh, I don't know. There'll always be a need for horses."

"More as a luxury, don't you think?"

"No, they're useful, horses are."

"What made me think about it, French, was the other day when I was at the station and I saw a car down there, taking people to the hotel. A kind of livery."

"Yes, that's Bill Hatch."

"Well, he's got an awful car. Have you heard about the railroad?"

"No. What?"

"They're going to give us a new station."

He smoked on as though these isolated facts pointed to a conclusion. French wondered what it was all about.

"See here, French, why don't you buy a whole fleet of automobiles, and run a livery—get all the station trade, and serve the whole town? Others besides Bill Hatch will think of it, but the way to make it pay would be to do it wholesale, with the right kind of car. Plenty of boys would be glad to drive for you. Take Bill in on it."

"I don't know that I like the idea—I'm well satisfied as I am. Besides, it would cost more than I'd care to put in."

"That's all right. My idea was to put up the money, and we'd do it together."

The liveryman looked dazed.

"How many cars were you thinking of? You know how much they cost?"

"I'd say about ten, to begin with—perhaps more. We ought to seize the whole field, so that no one else would try to come in. Yes, they'd cost a couple of thousand apiece, and we'd need a garage and a repair shop, and the drivers would have to be paid till we got well going. I'll look after that part. This is a private scheme of mine, French —it's not the bank."

"And where would I come in?"

"We'd divide profits fifty-fifty."

"But what would I do for the money?"

"Why, you'd run the thing! I don't want to give it another thought after it gets going. And your name's worth a lot around here. It will still be French's livery."

French wasn't enjoying the call.

"If you don't mind, Sam, I guess I'll keep on as I am. My business suits me, and it'll last my time."

"Well, suit yourself. I thought I'd speak to you first, because I'm going to organize an automobile livery, anyway, and I was afraid it might compete with you. I'd hate to do that. But since you're sure it will make no difference, I suppose you won't mind if I go ahead by myself?"

If French hadn't been wearing his

(Continued on page 42)

Would you like to discover a new thrill in candy?

Then get a "Milky Way". With your first taste of it you'll know that you have found a new kind of candy that is more satisfying than any you have ever known—a candy with a flavory freshness that fairly melts in your mouth.

In great sunlit kitchens, Mars, Inc., The Community of Candy Makers, makes "Milky Way" so well that the delicate-flavored goodness will give you a new candy enjoyment.

Perhaps you are hungry for candy this very minute. Get your first "Milky Way". It's sold everywhere and it's always fresh because more people hunger every day for "Milky Way" than any other candy bar.

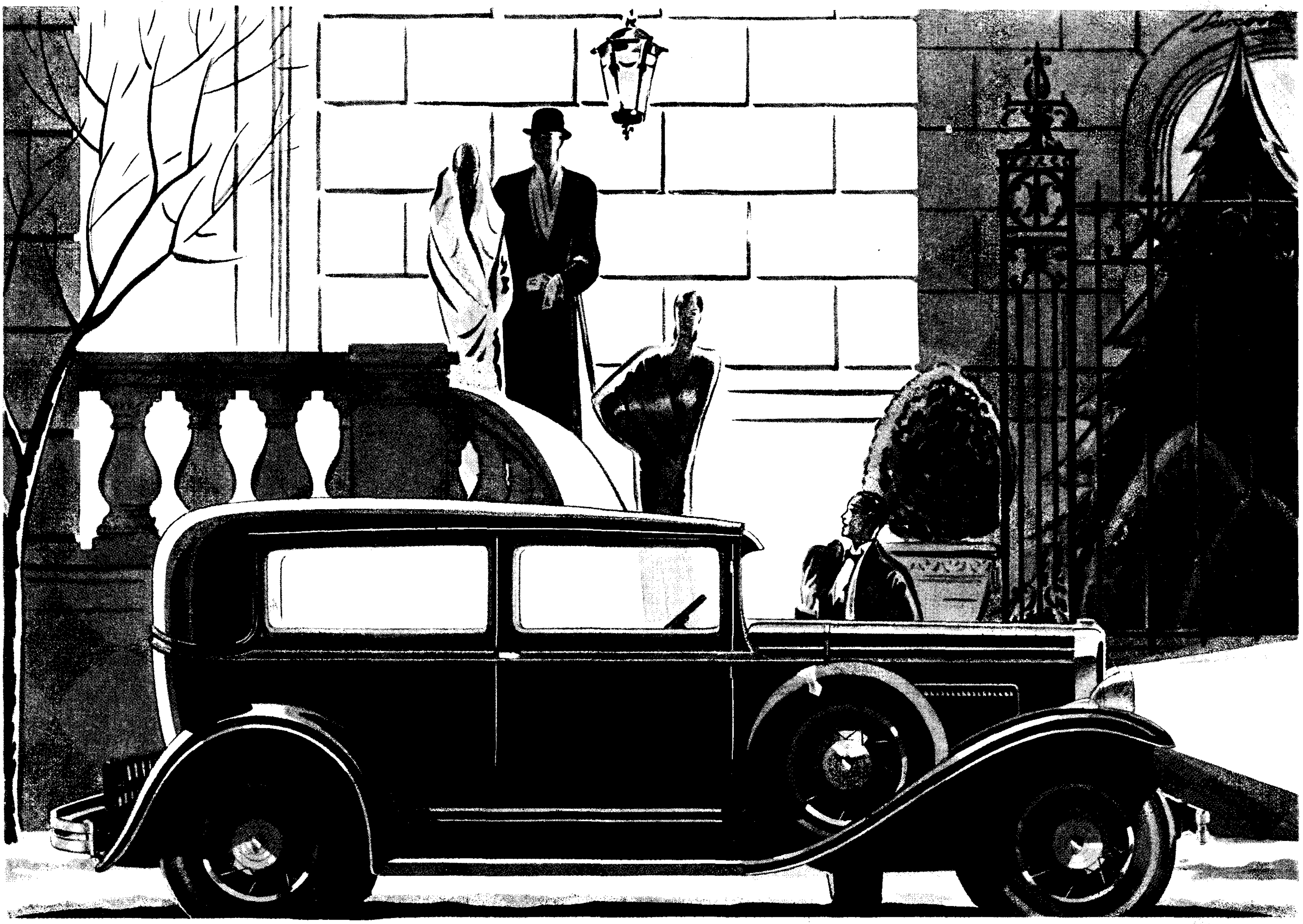
MARS, Inc., 2019-2059 North Oak Park Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Milky Way 5¢
CHOCOLATE

Milky Way

The New OAKLAND EIGHT

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS



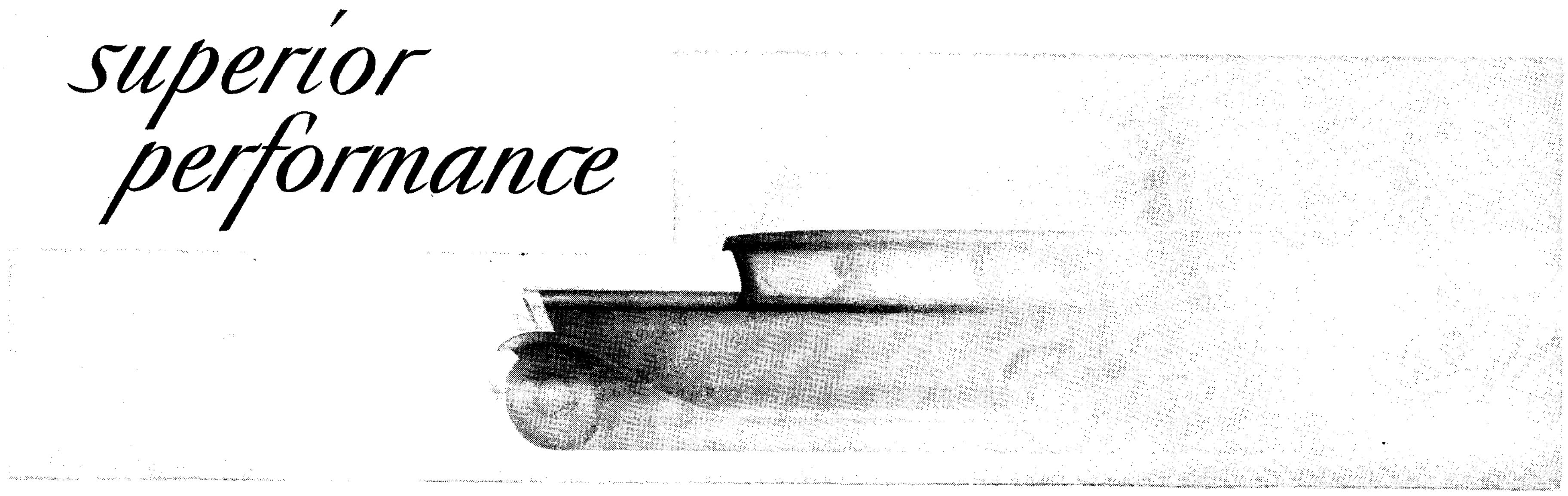
The 2-Door Sedan • Body by Fisher

General Motors' Lowest-Priced Eight
New . . . *Yet Sixteen Years Old*

A new eight-cylinder motor car is now being displayed throughout America. It is the newest General Motors eight and the lowest in price by several hundreds of dollars. It was created by engineers with sixteen years' experience in designing fine eight-cylinder cars. It introduces a new series of bodies by Fisher. It is the New Oakland Eight, the car with superior performance. ¶ Oakland's 85-horsepower engine is the most powerful ever used in any automobile of similar size and weight, with the exception of racing cars. It develops one horsepower for every 37 pounds of car weight. This, largely, is the reason why few cars are as fast as Oakland. This explains why few, if any, will pass it on hills—why it accelerates so rapidly in traffic. ¶ The New Oakland is also unusually smooth and flexible. It affords the smoothness of eight overlapping power impulses. And this inherent smoothness has been intensified by exclusive mechanical advantages, such as a complete down-draft carburetion system, new-type cylinder heads which assure uniform combustion, patented laminated steel spring and rubber engine mountings and a short, exceptionally rigid crankshaft. ¶ With all its new features, however, the New Oakland Eight is a car remarkably sound in basic design. The engineers responsible for its development participated in creating General Motors' first eight-cylinder car back in 1914. Thus their knowledge of eight-cylinder engines is exceptionally wide and deep. For three years they have concentrated on the New Oakland power plant. And it is only reasonable to expect that it is a finer eight because of this fact. ¶ We believe you will find the New Oakland Eight a most interesting car to examine. We believe its appeal will be all the more forcible when you consider its moderate price. And we are confident that a demonstration will reveal how well it merits the description, "the car with superior performance."

$1045

and up, f. o. b. Pontiac, Mich., plus delivery charges. Oakland Motor Car Co., Pontiac, Mich.



Write for an interesting booklet which illustrates and describes the design of the New Oakland Eight

Gene Buck, his wife (the former Helen Falconer) and George and Gene, Jr.

Buck Up

By Walter Davenport

The next time there's murder in your heart for the Pollyanna philosophers who preach there's no such word as failure have a thought for Gene Buck, who PROVED it. To him failure merely means postponement. Thus thinking, he has swaggered from obscurity, through blindness, to a front seat in Broadway's hall of fame

THE dreamer in him he got from his father, who dreamed much, and beautifully too, even if little material came of it. His father was an inventor, if you demand a name for his dreaming, but few of the visions he lived with came down to wood and iron before he died.

And at that time Gene Buck was two years old.

The wife of this wistful man who succumbed so early was the doer of the family, and it was from her that Gene got his terrific energy, his rule-of-thumb philosophy (which he has boiled down to three steel-jacketed words—"Don't Kid Yourself"), his unconquerable faith in himself and the laughing courage which fetched him through poverty, blindness and rebuffs to many successes and many honors.

She has lived to see the lad come through a thousand and one adventures and misadventures, to write a hundred best-selling songs, to produce from his wonderful hat the major part of seventeen editions of Ziegfeld's Follies, to become the comrade of Victor Herbert and to discover and develop for the Follies such life-savers as Ed Wynn, Frisco, Will Rogers, Eddie Cantor, John Steele, Gilda Grey, Ukulele Ike Edwards, Will Mahoney, Bee Palmer, W. C. Fields, Mae Murray, Olive Thomas and so many Follies girls that his conscience tingles.

Gene Buck was born in Detroit forty-four years ago and has never got over it, which is to say that neither hardship nor success seems to have made the slightest change in his nature. He's just a little older, that's all.

When the father died, leaving to the resolute mother many tender memories and two stout children (the latter frequently ruining hours set aside for indulgence in the former), Mother Buck set about rearranging her life. Her chief concern had to do with how little she could sustain herself on and still have the strength to raise the children in a manner warranted not to skimp her Irish estimate of duty.

She was asked, at least once, by the neighbor for whom she loved best to brew a cup of tea, why she was so zealous in giving the children everything and herself little or nothing.

"You're a young woman yet," said the protesting lady, "and a good-looking one that many a fine man would look twice at."

"When you're contented," replied Mother Buck, "you're happy or else there's more than a trifle the matter with you. With what I'm doing I'm contented. I'll give them schooling as long as they'll take it. Maybe they'll turn out to be somebody, or at least one of them. I'd have little to do to give them less than a start at least."

Very early in life Gene gave ample evidence of being the child headed for fame. He was forever producing ideas at times when nothing else was needed so much. Some of the ideas contributed to the general stock of happiness, some of them produced sprightly disaster. But there was no fault to be found with their originality or applicability.

An Amateur Prodigy

Was the school dramatic society sorely tried with selecting a suitable play for its quarterly go at acting? Perhaps; but not after Gene became aware of its dilemma. Snatching a few hours from those studies which interested him least, he'd dash off a play and deliver it, prologue, three acts and epilogue, to the badgered committee with a few selected words of advice which invariably amounted to a disavowal of any further responsibility in the matter were they to be so foolish as to look further for reasons for immediate rehearsal.

Were they aweary of conventional drama and hankering for extravaganza studded with incidental music, including arias, duets, quartets, sextets and choral numbers? What ho! Gene would be missing from Dearborn Street for an afternoon, only to appear in the morning with news for the chairman of the entertainment committee. Good news too, unless, of course, the chairman was a misfit.

Plays with music came harder for Gene because, unhappily, he was not a manufacturing musician—that is, a composer. Not that he was not ready to la-la a theme or two to fit his lyrics or tum-tee-tum an idea for the tenor's solo. All that he required was the service of an alive musical amanuensis whose pencil could set down faithfully Gene's theory of a tune worthy of his lyrics. And when Gene was so engaged he withheld nothing of himself.

Behold him whistling through his teeth, his right foot tap-dancing and his arms held close to his body in tense right angles, beating the measures!

"John Smith's coming down the river in his canoe, see? It's June, see, and he's singing a tune under the moon. Get it? La, ta-ta-taaa; Tum, te, ta-taaa—'neath the moon dear, meetcha soon, dear, tum-tum-tum. Waltz time, see? What a girlie, teeth so pearly, la-la-la. The audience will be bughouse over that one, see?

A Versatile Artist

"Pocahontas is taking a walk in the woods with her old man, see? She don't see John, and he don't see her. She's whistling to the birds, showing she loves nature, which goes like this, see? Toot, toot, tootle, la-la-la, see. Get it? Two-step. Well, pretty soon the old man is rubbering around in the bushes looking for bears and telling Pocahontas to shut up for fear of scaring them away and suddenly she says: 'What's that?'

"That's where John Smith comes on in his canoe singing—listen a minute: Daaaa ta-daaa ta da daaaa dee ta-daaaa tee daa-daa. See? My heart, dear, is crooning, and roses are blooming, and—"

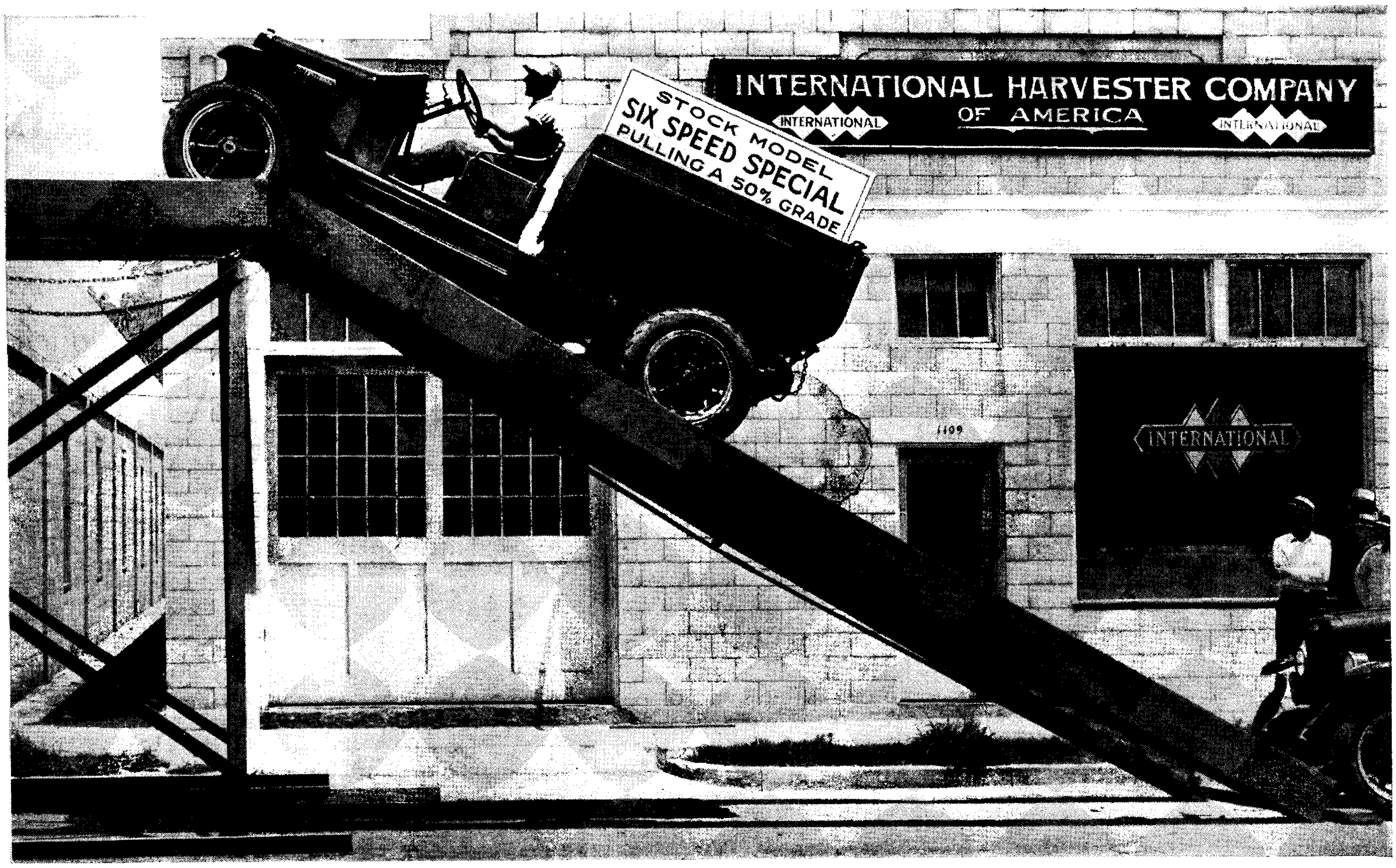
But it was not as the irrepressible dasher-off of "John's Myth—Pretty Pocahontas" (by Gene Buck, words by Gene Buck, lyrics by Gene Buck, music by Gene Buck, copyright by Gene Buck), or "Bing, Bang, Boom—Dewey Did It!" (by Gene Buck, etc., etc., all rights reserved by Gene Buck), that he marched into the limelight. Success perched proudly on none of his early goes at the stage—not that the young master was even slightly discouraged. No matter how dismal its fate, a Gene Buck product was never a failure. It merely happened that it was something to be tucked away for a more discerning future.

So it was as an artist with pencils and pastels that he next offered himself to a world which could be as reluctant as it chose, but could not dissuade him from his burning purpose to make it a more joyous place to live in.

Charles Dana Gibson was then in the throes of glorifying the American girl, who was taking his efforts so seriously that for the average artist to attempt any other style of illustrating was a scandalous waste of time. Gene, not wishing willfully to handicap himself in his fresh bid for recognition, proceeded to draw Gibson girls but could not wholly eliminate the Gene Buck influence. It would be quite impossible for

(*Continued on page 61*)

Showing the World...



Something New in Performance

From a standing start at the foot of this 50 per cent grade, the Six-Speed Special takes a capacity load to the top, backs half-way down, and then goes up again.

The celebrated Six-Speed Special has shown the world something new. It has become a remarkable best-seller among trucks through its outstanding performance. The better a man knows trucks the more enthusiastic he is when this sturdy International does its stuff before him. The fifty per cent grade shown in the picture above is easy for the Six-Speed Special. We want an opportunity to translate this performance into your toughest going under heavy loads.

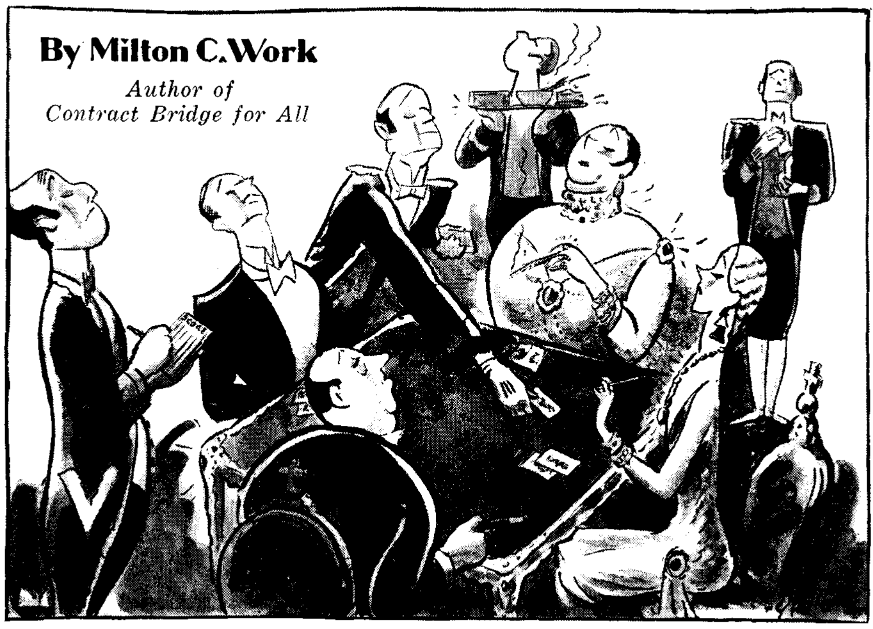
The Six-Speed Special is the original heavy-duty speed truck with two complete power ranges. It has a low range for the most difficult roads, for plowed fields, sticky gumbo, and steep hills, and a high range for speed on the highway. It has sturdy members throughout, good looks, and 4-wheel brakes. It runs and steers and stops to just about perfection. There are bodies for all types of loads. Ask us to give you a demonstration.

In addition to the Six-Speed Special the International line includes the Special Delivery for loads up to ¾-ton; 4 and 6-cylinder Speed Trucks of 1¼, 1½ and 2-ton sizes; Heavy-Duty Trucks ranging from 2½-ton to 5-ton sizes; Motor Coaches, and McCormick-Deering Industrial Tractors. Sold and Serviced by 176 Company-owned Branches in the United States and Canada, and dealers everywhere.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
OF AMERICA
(INCORPORATED)
606 So. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Illinois

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

By Milton C. Work
Author of
Contract Bridge for All



Mr. and Mrs. Newrich enjoy an evening of bridge

How would you play it?

North
S. A-Q-J-10-3
H. J
D. A-5-3-2
C. 9-8-2

West
S. K-6-5-2
H. 10-7-5-4-3
D. K-J-6
C. 4

East
S. 7
H. K-Q-9-8-6-2
D. Q-10-7
C. Q-J-10

South
S. 9-8-4
H. A
D. 9-8-4
C. A-K-7-6-5-3

THE above hand, which was given in last week's Collier's, was played in a game of Auction Bridge. South started by bidding one Club. West properly passed; to bid a five-card Ten-high suit with only two King's on the side would be unsound. North, with normal support for Clubs, and with a five-card major suit containing four honors, naturally and soundly bid one Spade; and East, in spite of his partner's pass, considered that his six Hearts headed by King-Queen and his strength in the minors warranted a bid of two Hearts. South, with abundant help for his partner's Spades, bid two; and West, as much surprised as delighted to know that his partner could bid Hearts, raised that bid to three. North, having much better than a minimum one Spade, called three Spades; and East passed. South of course passed; but West, with five cards of his partner's suit, felt that he had a second raise and bid four Hearts. North, with a doubtful third bid, determined in favor of it—possibly induced somewhat by his honors—and his four Spades held the contract.

Had the hand been played at Contract, South would have started by bidding two Clubs, West would have passed, and North would have bid three Spades, over which East would not have dared to show his Hearts. South would have bid four Spades; he might have entertained a longing thought for a bid of five, but his three losing Diamonds made the suggestion of a slam too venturesome. So the hand would be played in both games with the same Declarer and the same contract.

The Play

East opened by leading his King of Hearts, which South won with the Ace; and trump leading being desired and the lead being in the South hand so that the finesse could be taken, South (to trick 2) led the Eight of Spades. West played the Deuce, North the Trey, and East the Seven. To trick 3, South led the Four of Spades, West played the Five, North the Queen, and East discarded a small Heart.

As the West hand was marked with two more Spades, another Spade lead from South was needed; consequently one Club lead had to be risked in order to put South in. It was possible that East held four Clubs, in which case West would ruff; but if so he would not take any more trumps than he would if the Ace were led to trick 4, and the chances of the 4—0 Club distribution were remote. So North led the Nine of Clubs and dummy (South) won with the King. A third trump lead to trick 5 was the obvious play; and after winning it North led the Ace and dropped the adverse King. North led the Eight of Clubs to trick 7; East, with intent to deceive, false-carded, playing the Queen, and then Declarer was in some doubt. The adverse Clubs were all played except the Jack and it was probable that West had it and that dummy's Clubs could be established and a Grand Slam made, closed hand's three losing Diamonds being discarded on dummy's long Clubs. But if East held the Jack of Clubs and dummy should play the Ace, that would be the last trick won in the dummy hand and Declarer would have to lose one Club and three Diamonds. As it happened, the adverse Diamonds would fail in three rounds; but Declarer did not know that and, furthermore, North had only one more trump and would not be able to get in to cash his thirteenth Diamond. So with the adverse Clubs unevenly divided, trying for the Grand Slam would cost the game; but by playing conservatively a Small Slam was assured. Consequently Declarer passed up the tempting play of covering East's Queen of Clubs and played small from dummy. After that all was over; Declarer was able to discard his losing Diamonds and to make every remaining trick.

In Contract this hand doubtless would be another of the many cases in which, due to fortunate breaks, a Declarer makes a Small Slam although he and his partner did not bid for it.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North
S. J-10-7
H. J-6-5-3-2
D. A-K-9
C. A-Q

East
S. 9-6-3-2
H. Q-10-9
D. J-4
C. J-10-8-4

West
S. 8-5-4
H. None
D. Q-10-8-7-5
C. 9-7-5-3-2

South
S. A-K-Q
H. A-K-8-7-4
D. 6-3-2
C. K-6

The Ancient Modernist

Continued from page 22

Marco Polo years to find modernism just introduced in America.

My first breath-taking feeling was that I'd seen it all before—the simplification that underlay the whole idea, the clear colors, the straight lines, the sense of space in new rooms. My second was that these Frenchmen and their American confrères were in a transition period—something, perhaps, that China had passed through during the Middle Ages.

These new colors were played on a calliope, not on a stringed lute. These lines were defiantly rectangular, even where a curve would have been the shortest distance allowable for comfort. These blocked-out overstuffed chairs were lumpy in their proportions. In their frenzy to break with the past and create something new, these people seemed to have rushed ahead without giving their ideas time to mellow. Yet, even then, I could see the new things being used with those of strictly Chinese feeling, but I couldn't possibly imagine them in combination with anything ever before produced in Europe (although at the time of Louis XIV the eighteenth-century chinoiserie was the craze).

When Black is Brown

In the years since my return from the East, modernism has taken great strides. The crudeness of line has been subdued, the harshness of color has been softened. But, to my delighted eyes at least, every move has carried us farther toward the Orient.

The modern armchairs surely take their lines from those you see in the photograph of my own Peking dining-room. True, ours are upholstered, since we love our comfort as they reverence the exquisite decorum that keeps them sitting beautifully straight without touching the back, but the silhouette of the modern chair is the same in Paris as it is in Peking. The table in the picture might pass for modern, crystal tree and all, though its form was doubtless stabilized to the last detail when Columbus thought Cathay was just around the corner from the West Indies. The chest in the background has the long low lines of the modern sideboard, though it was designed at a time before the old European silver on top of it was even thought of. The plain frames of the panels look modern, too, though they were ancient as Confucius when European pictures were bordered in carved gilt.

The low tables that the moderns place in front of their couches for cigarettes, ash trays, flowers and so on have their age-old counterparts in China, made so similarly that there ought to be no doubt about where ours came from—just as the new couches themselves have much in common with the divan-like dais that has been known in China forever and ever under the name of *k'ang*. Some of these couch-side tables and some of the taller ones that stand against modern walls do not finish in a right-angled top; they curve over, in a line more typically Chinese than anything else in furniture.

The moderns consider the combination of three metals very smart and new. But China combined a silvery-colored alloy with brass and copper in vases and braziers time out of mind. The moderns like tortoise-shell shades. But China knew the charm of the same warm light through lanterns of horn before kerosene was thought of, let alone gas or electricity. And how about the Venetian blind that has had so strong a revival under the modernist régime? Did it ever occur to anyone to connect the name Venetian with the great Marco Polo, who saw the light in the temple softened to the shade of a cloudless sky because it came through a curtain made of thin blue glass rods, placed horizontally and strung on cords?

You remember, perhaps, the widespread use of black in the first modern work, and, if you've followed current practice closely, you've noticed that the darkest kind of brown has taken its place in much of the advanced work. Chinese blacks, you might be interested to know, are generally brownish, except in the case of the overcarved Cantonese blackwood which doesn't take high rank with Eastern connoisseurs. This commercial furniture is always ornate and is made up only for the cheaper foreign market. With the new deep browns, a great deal of beige is used—just the shades of beige that might have floated upward from a Chinese rug. As for the modern widespread use of lacquer—what is that but a revival of one of the oldest of Chinese arts?

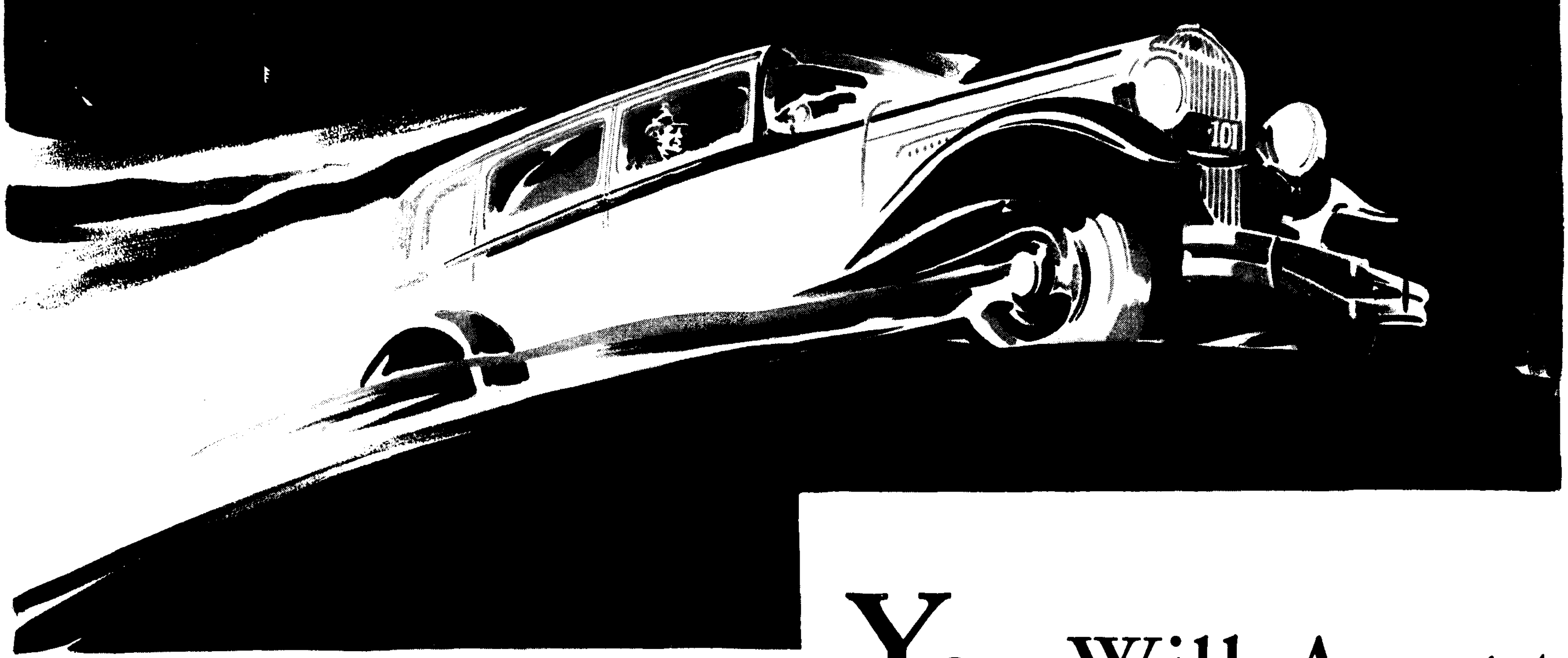
I have been greatly pleased to notice the increasing vogue for out-and-out Chinese pieces in America since modernism has caught the attention of smart people. An apartment recently given great publicity in all our decorating magazines—where it was described as modern—is full of Chinese furniture, Chinese forms and Chinese feeling that extends even to the use of bamboo in the sun room! Other decorators are introducing such details as Chinese portraits, so marvelous in their use of grays, blacks and ethereal neutral tones; Chinese painting on glass in vivid colors; Chinese screens.

One wonders, perhaps, why two such different civilizations should have produced schools of decoration that have so much in common. The Chinese gentleman lived a life of contemplation, cloistered in his home surrounded with its spreading gardens, every vista of which was marvelously calculated to induce a mood. The restless modern lives a life of activity, rushing about from place to place and stopping in his house only to prepare for still another plunge into something else to do, something new, something exciting. The Chinese gentleman became critical to a point perhaps never attained in the West. Every detail of a scene to which he was so acutely accustomed had to be perfect, but the stage must be so set in its broader effects that the whole could be varied from time to time by putting away some of his treasures and displaying others. Simplicity in the frame, variety in the picture, perfection at all times.

Grandchildren?

The modern is also critical, though perhaps rather by reason of his nerves than because of any true cultural depth. He can't stand the sight of crowded interiors—he wants to push them back and get out. He, too, needs a room that is a broad and simple frame, fitted to contain the essential things he needs and the trifles he is always picking up. These trifles he is apt to sweep away when he tires of them; he has no time for the leisured joy of taking those not in use from their cabinets, appreciating them with his eyes and fingertips and putting them away for his pious grandchildren. Grandchildren? He never looks so far into the future. . . . But, perhaps, that, too, will come as he journeys toward the East.

The NEW ESSEX *Challenger*



You Will Accept This Challenge

. . It Affects Your Pocket-book . . . .

You will accept this challenge because all concede this the greatest Essex ever built. You hear it everywhere. You hear good judges pronounce its great value. Nowhere else is there such beauty—such performance—such completeness at anything like its price.

It is newer than the newest. In appearance it is impressively distinctive. A different car whether viewed from front, side or rear. A different car in detail inside and out.

It is spacious because it is larger. The wheel base is longer. The head room greater. The seats wider. In detail of finish it carries the very latest note of modern art. Body contours and mouldings, the new radiator and sweeping fenders reflect it. The interior fittings in upholstering, hardware, instrument board, steering wheel and controls are in complete harmony. Such is its challenge in attractiveness.

Equally important is its challenge in mechanical excellence. Greater power is developed by a lower speed motor. There is more speed—faster get-away and outstanding hill climbing ability. It challenges all in smoothness.

Throughout the chassis has been made stronger and better in every way. By rolling the lower frame flange—an entirely new design—30% is added to rigidity and strength. New is the axle construction to overcome braking stresses and tendencies to shimmy. New also is the synchro-silenced rear axle.

It is an easier riding car and an easier car to drive. It gives you a relaxed ride.

The challenge is to all. It seeks comparison on every count. And it holds distinct advantage when price is considered. For it sells at a price all can afford.

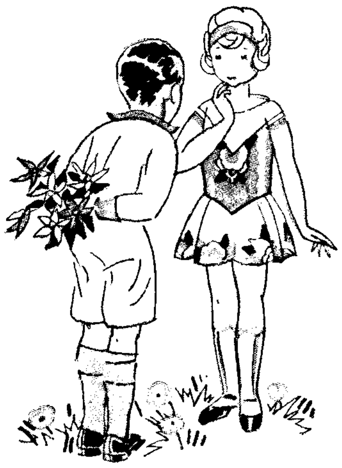
FEATURES THAT CHALLENGE

Larger Bodies; Greater power;—Faster Speed—Added economy. Wide Choice of Colors to Suit Your Own Taste. New Art Body Designs. Four Two-way Shock Absorbers. Radiator Shutters, Electro-lock, Starter on Dash, Electric Fuel and Oil Gauge.

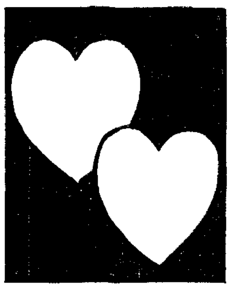
HUDSON MOTOR CAR CO., DETROIT, MICH.

ST. VALENTINE'

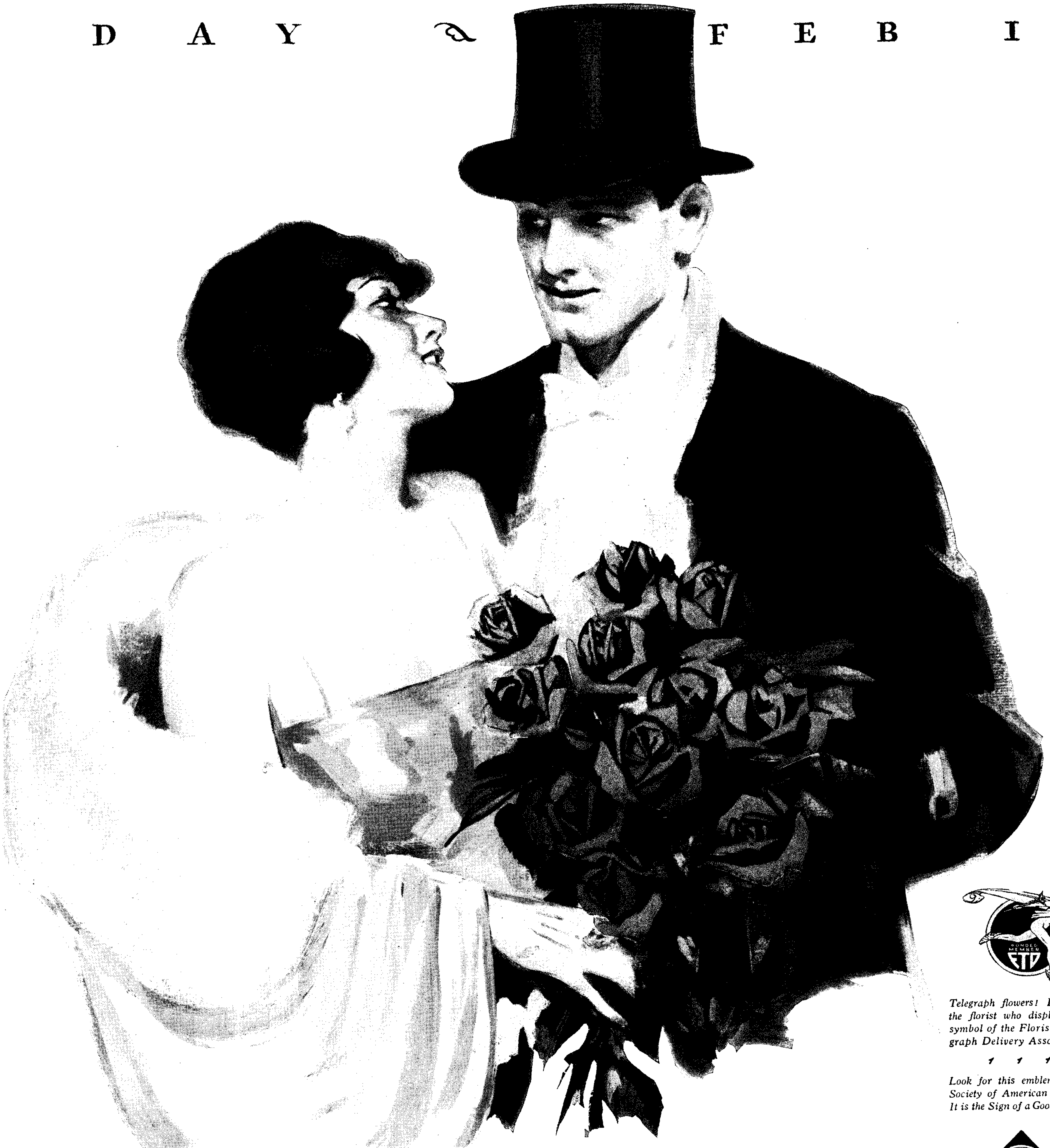
Roses are red
Violets are blue
she is expecting flowers *from you*



She hasn't said a word—hasn't dropped a hint—but just the same you know that February fourteenth and *flowers* naturally belong together. And what fun it is to see the sparkle in her eyes when they behold your gracious gift. Remember that date! You know she isn't going to forget!



DAY ~ FEB 14



Telegraph flowers! Patronize the florist who displays this symbol of the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association.

Look for this emblem of the Society of American Florists. It is the Sign of a Good Florist.

Say it with

FLOWERS

NATIONAL FLOWER SHOW—MINNEAPOLIS—MARCH 29 to APRIL 6

YOU LEFT HANDED BUYERS OF IPANA

Men are creatures of habit, and the habits often are their wives'.

To make a strong story short, women buy about 84% of all the tooth paste there is! They control the dental destinies of more than half the males.

Quite right, too. But if you're not getting Ipana, show these few simple statements to your wife!

1 Ipana does more than clean the teeth. It tones and stimulates the gums.

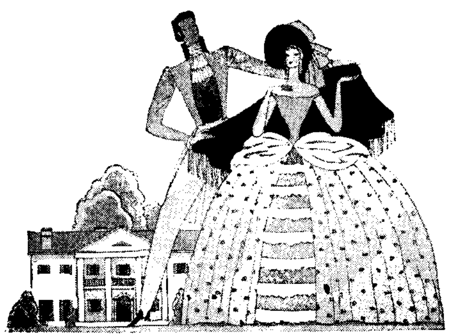
2 If your tooth brush ever "shows pink," massage and Ipana will remedy the condition, for Ipana contains ziratol, a hemostatic and antiseptic used by dentists in treating gum disorders.

3 Ipana has a splendid taste. It gives an instant and lasting feeling of cleanliness.

●

Ipana's double protection is common sense. Modern in conception, scientific in formula, its success in the past few years is a tribute to its good effects.

Give this marvelous tooth paste a trial. Hand the coupon below to her who exercises your purchasing proxy.



Madame, my wife . . .

With all respect and devotion may I ask that the next time you exercise your prerogative as the purchasing agent of this household, you include, upon my behalf, a tube of

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

Signed------------------

Stepdaughters of War

Continued from page 9

open yard, through the snow, into the bedroom. The Bug decides after all not to change into fresh underwear, her old ones are warm and there is no sense in changing into clean, cold things until she washes her body thoroughly. We all agree. The Bug is grateful for our approval. She will show her gratitude in the usual manner, by pointing out the danger of bathing on some cold night when *we* feel slack.

Tosh puts on her underskirt, a second pair of woolen stockings, thick shoes and gaiters, and rolls her body, cocoonwise, in a khaki scarf of extraordinary length before donning her uniform. She tries on her cap. It is several sizes too large now, owing to her depleted hair. We all lazily proffer advice. A safety-pin and a reef in the back of the cap is easily the most popular and workable. The B. F. produces the safety-pin. Tosh pins her cap and tries it on. The safety-pin is not strong enough: it flies apart and jabs her in the back of the neck.

It's Hard to Say

"St. Peter's Holy Trousers!" ejaculates Tosh.

We roar with laughter.

"Tosh!" reproves The B. F. "Your blasphemy!"

"What? You don't call that blasphemous?" Tosh is genuinely surprised. "If you really want to hear some blasphemy—"

The very last thing The B. F. wants. She interrupts hastily: "You can say what you like, Tosh, but it is blasphemous to talk about St. Peter having trousers—"

"Holy ones," says Tosh. "I did make them holy, B. F."

"*Any* kind," insists The B. F. "It's blasphemous to say he's got any kind at all."

"B. F.! Don't tell me there are no trousers in heaven. Don't tell me the men go trotting about—"

"Tosh!" The B. F. turns crimson and the rest of us fall about. Then, the joke over, we as suddenly grow quiet again waiting for the whistle. The only sound in the room is the crackle-crackle of the newspaper Tosh is stuffing into her cap. In the silence the guns grow audible and ominous. More ominous than when last we listened to their eternal rumble-rumble. They are always louder at night when the day noises have ceased. There has never been a lull in their muffled thunder night or day for the past fortnight. It is seldom they worry us; we are too dead beat as a rule to notice them. Usually we fit them into the backs of our subconscious minds and forget them. They are like the pianoforte accompaniment to a phonograph record of Melba or Caruso—there, but never listened to until the voice ceases.

Booma-boom-booma-boom-boommm!

"I've lost a hairpin," says Etta Potato. "No, false alarm."

She smiles. Placid Etta Potato. Her chief worry in life is the fear of losing her hairpins. They are many and large, stout iron affairs with the black enamel worn completely away, and Etta Potato can be traced by them as effectively as the hare in a paper chase. During a recent air-raid when her ambulance—fortunately empty—was knocked into a ditch by the impact of a bomb which fell in the next field, Etta Potato was found under the hood hunting for one of the lost hairpins.

Booma-boom-booma-boom-boommm!

"God, I hate those bloody guns," mutters Tosh, and this time The B. F. is silent. We stare ahead. We hate and dread the days following on the guns when they boom without interval. Trainloads of broken human beings—half-mad men pleading to be put out of their misery—torn and bleeding and crazed men pitifully obeying orders like a herd of senseless cattle, dumbly, pitifully straggling in the wrong direction as senseless as a flock of senseless sheep obeying a senseless leader, herded back into line by the orderly, the kind sheep dog with a "Now then, boys, this way. That's the ticket, boys," instead of a bark—men with faces bleeding through their hasty bandages—men with vacant eyes and mouths hanging foolishly apart—men with minds mercifully gone—men only too sane, eyes horror-filled with blood and pain—

My last letter home opens before me, photograph-clear, sent in response to innumerable complaints concerning the brevity of my crossed-out field postcards: "*It is such fun out here, and of course I'm loving every minute of it, it's so splendid to be really in it*—"

The only kind of letter home they expect, the only kind they want, the only kind they will have. Tell them that you hate it, tell them that you fear it, that you are as terror-stricken as you were when they left you alone in the dark in that big, quiet house on Wimbledon Common, you who had been accustomed to the cheery trams and rumbling motor busses of Shepherd's Bush—tell them that all the ideals and beliefs you ever had have crashed about your gun-deafened ears—that you don't believe in God or them or the infallibility of England or anything but bloody war and wounds and foul smells and smutty stories and smoke and bombs and lice and filth and noise, noise, noise—that you live in a world of cold, sick fear, a dirty world of darkness and despair—that you want to crawl ignominiously home away from these painful writhing things that once were men, these shattered, tortured faces that dumbly demand what it's all about in Christ's name—that you want to find somewhere where life is quiet and beautiful and lovely as it was before the world turned khaki and blood-colored—that you want to creep into a refuge where there is love instead of hate—

"Do Your Bit for England!"

Tell them these things—and they will reply on pale mauve deckle-edged paper calling you a silly, hysterical little girl—"you always were inclined to exaggerate, darling"—and enclose a patent carbolized body belt—"the very latest thing for active service, dear, in case you encounter a stray 'bitey' "—(that's what you called a louse yourself, hundreds of years ago; refined, weren't you?)—an iron tonic, some more aspirin tablets—"stick it, darling, go on doing your bit because England is proud of her brave daughters, so very proud—"

England is proud of her brave daughters!

And Mother, head of more committees than anyone else on Wimbledon Common, fiercely competing with Mrs. Evans-Mawnington in recruiting work. Mrs. Evans-Mawnington and Mother, like the angles at the base of an isosceles triangle, maddeningly equal to one another. Mrs. Evans-Mawnington has a son, so has Mother. The angles are equal. Mrs. Evans-Mawnington is head of the same number of committees as Mother. The angles are equal again. But Mrs. Evans-Mawnington has no daughters, which is where Mother scores. Her angle is two daughters up on Mrs. Evans-Mawnington's angle, oh! decidedly two daughters up. She expects soon to out-committee Mrs. Evans-Mawnington on the strength of her two daughters. She will make Mrs. Evans-Mawnington's angle so small Euclid himself would never recognize it. "So brave of you, Mrs. Smith, to have given your children, so noble—" Mother triumphantly smirking across the room at the disgruntled Mrs. Evans-Mawnington, who has no daughters—"We must all do our bit, mustn't we? Abnormal times. I had a letter today from my Nellie, so cheery, so full of spirit, not at all the kind of life she's been accustomed to—such a sheltered life she's always had—it's a trifle rough out there but she wouldn't come home for anything"—wiping away a tear—"when I think of her wee fair head walking along with the wee dark head of my little Trix—she's in a hospital in France—both of them doing their bit—we must all do our bit—I am wearing myself to a shadow, but they shall never say Mother didn't do her bit too—if they are in it, Mother shall be in it, too—"

One of England's Heroines

Mrs. Evans-Mawnington scowling, furious-mouthed, jealous—Mother smug, saccharine-sweet—shelves of mangled bodies—filthy smells of gangrenous wounds—shell-ragged, shell-shocked men—men shrieking like wild beasts inside the ambulance until they drown the sound of the engine—"*Nellie loves to be really in it*"—how shall I carry on?—"*Proud to do her bit for the old flag*"—I'm only twenty-one and nobody cares because I've been pitchforked into hell, nobody cares because I'm going mad, mad, mad, nobody cares because I'm afraid, I've no guts, I'm white-livered—"*We must all do our bit*"—they've made me a heroine, one of England's splendid women, and I'm shaking with fright, I can't hold the wheel—one of England's splendid heroines—how easy to drive the bus clean over the hill into the valley below—an accident—"she died for King and Country"—Mother in deep mourning, head of another committee, enrolling recruits at top speed—one daughter dead on active service equal to how many daughters alive Somewhere in France?—shrieks of torn bodies—old men safe in England snubbing slackers, "By gad, if I were a few years younger, by gad!"—flappers presenting white feathers to men who don't want to be maimed or killed—ever-knitting women safe from the blood and the mud, women who can still pray to their God, the God who is on our side, the God who hates the enemy because He is on our side—women who don't have to stare into the black night and hum a revue tune, "If you were the only girl in the world," to drown the wild-beast noises of men gone mad with pain—one of England's heroines—a failure, a failure—a coward, a weak suburban coward—screams of men growing louder and louder, maddened men, louder, louder, louder, shrieking down the song and the engine—

The whistle blows.

"Out of it, mes petites harlots," says Tosh.

We scramble from our flea-bags.

Three ack emma.

I am the last ambulance home—which means no hot cocoa. My luck has been dead out this convoy. The others struck

(*Continued on page 40*)

A BRAND-NEW TYPE OF TUBE FOR A BRAND-NEW TYPE OF RECEPTION . . .

EVEREADY RAYTHEON

EVERE
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EVEREADY
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ER 224

Eveready Raytheon Screen Grid Tube, ER224. The weight of the four large elements in this type of tube makes the exclusive Eveready Raytheon 4-pillar construction vitally important.

●

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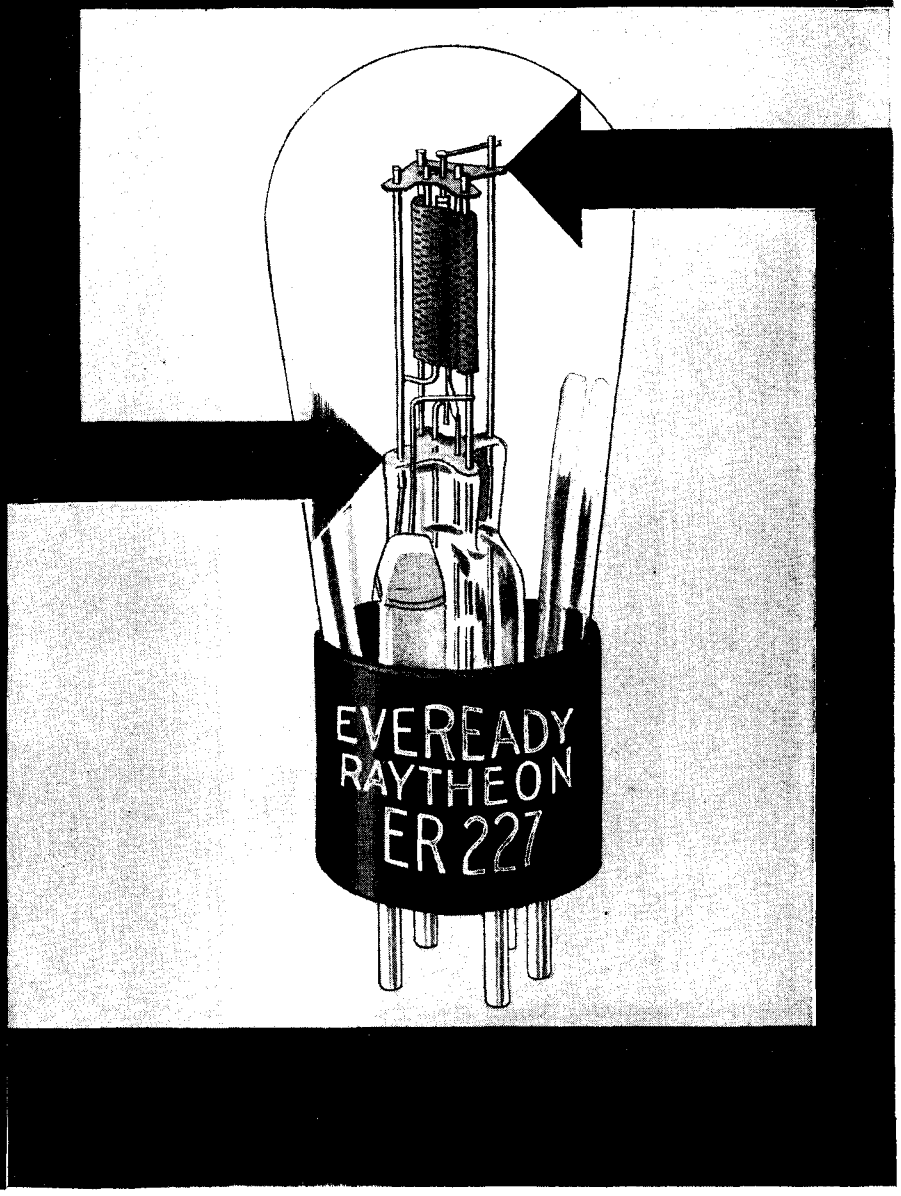
PATENTED 4-PILLAR CONSTRUCTION MAKES EVEREADY RAYTHEON UNLIKE ANY OTHER TUBE. NEW! REVOLUTIONARY!



NOW your radio can reach out into the ether and pull in those distant, fascinating call-letters. Now it can give you the full, round volume that sets feet in motion. For radio engineers have produced Eveready Raytheon 4-pillar Tubes . . . a new and finer medium of amplification. Eveready Raytheons make *any* radio a better set. Put one in every socket of *your* set and get all the performance it was built to give.

To see the reason, examine an Eveready Raytheon

Look at the solid, four-cornered glass stem inside. See how it anchors the four sturdy pillars supporting the elements. This 4-*pillar construction* holds the elements permanently in their most sensitive positions, and preserves, for your enjoyment, all the sparkling performance scientifically built into each Eveready Raytheon.

The 4-*pillar construction* is exclusive and patented. Because of its strength and rigidity, Eveready Raytheons are immune to the jolts of shipment and handling which endanger the reception-qualities of ordinary tubes. You can pay more and you can pay less for tubes, but you can't get Eveready Raytheon performance except in Eveready Raytheon 4-pillar Tubes.

Eveready Raytheon Tubes are built by the makers of the Eveready Layerbilt "B" Batteries, famous for their radically improved construction. These tubes come in all types and will fit every standard A. C. and battery-operated receiver now in use. Call your dealer today, and ask him to install Eveready Raytheon 4-pillar Tubes in your set. Then sit back and *listen* to the difference.

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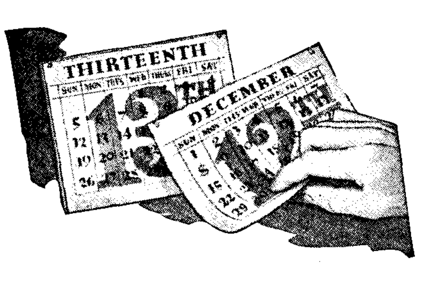
EVEREADY RAYTHEON

Trade-marks

EDISON:

Is it true that, with an Ediphone, our average dictator can gain a month a year?



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ORANGE, N. J.

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Ediphone
Edison's New Dictating Machine
World-Wide Service
in all Principal Cities

Stepdaughters of War

Continued from page 38

it fairly easy, but I started off badly. I got Number Thirteen Hospital at the station gate, not only the farthest one out of camp, but the one on top of the hill with a rough, detestable, badly winding road dotted with irregular heaps of snow-covered stones, hard enough to negotiate by daylight, but hell to drive up in the dark at the crawl, with a load of wounded on a pitch-black night in a hurricane of wind, when the slightest jar may mean death to a man inside. We all loathe drawing Number Thirteen.

It would be my luck to get it on a night when the roads are so ice-polished the wheels seem to be skating—no grip at all—and the wind is blowing a gale. It nearly turned the old bus turtle as we unexpectedly caught the full force at the summit on my first trip. Next journey I was too fed up to care. This was not my lucky night with a vengeance. I was carrying a spotted fever case, which meant that after I had been unloaded in the front entrance of Number Thirteen I had to have the ambulance disinfected and myself sprayed until I smelt like a newly scrubbed public lavatory.

Disinfecting over, I dimmed headlights and drove downhill at a terrific pace to make up lost time, but my luck was again out. Commandant saw me drive in the yard. Where had I been? What did I mean slacking in this disgraceful manner? Spotted fever case? Oh. (Slightly disconcerted but by no means squashed.) No excuse. I should have been back a quarter of an hour ago. Get reloaded at once. Enough time has been wasted without wasting more in idle conversation. (A thing I had been longing to point out but lacked the necessary guts, like the wretched funk I am.) Freezing outwardly but inwardly boiling, I backed the bus to the train again, only to be reloaded with another spotted fever stretcher.

Crawl, crawl, crawl up the hill—the men are mercifully quiet, too exhausted to groan very audibly, poor wretches—Number Thirteen at last—unloaded—back to the disinfecting section—"Hullo, again? You seem to like us tonight"—in response to my pleas to be a little quicker this time, or not so thorough.

Down the hill, the old bus skidding and shaking, I shall be over the hill if I don't slow up—I don't care, I am past caring about my personal safety, once the ambulance is empty I can let her rip and to hell with the consequences—the station yard at last—have I escaped Commandant?

Mrs. B—— in Wait

Alas! I had not. She was waiting for me. Obviously on the warpath. Something had upset her applecart. She was out for victims and I am the victim she would rather nab than anyone in the convoy. It is a most extraordinary thing that whenever I do anything right there is no sign of Mrs. B——; but let me do the slightest thing wrong and she materializes like a jack-in-the-box from nowhere.

Not late again? Another spotted fever case? Number Thirteen very far out? She is allowing for all those things. I had better report for punishment in the morning at 10:30. I would be cleaning my ambulance at 10:30. Ten o'clock then. She could have done Number Thirteen in half the time. Less. How, unless she had flown there and back, one does not ask. Nothing is impossible to a superwoman. Tosh says Mrs. B—— must give God the inferiority complex twice daily. He took six days to make the world, according to Genesis. Mrs. B—— could have done it in half the time. She can do anything in half the time it takes anyone else.

One of these days I will murder her slowly and reverently and very painfully. I will take lots of time over it.

Twice more to Number Thirteen. Again to the station to be told by the sergeant I could go home to headquarters, the train was unloaded. I was, he added unnecessarily, the last out by a good half hour.

Back at last. I pull into the ambulance line, switch my engine off, crawl down, stiff and creaking in every joint, bang my chilled hands together to restore the circulation, switch my lights off, and tramp into the messroom. The fire dead, of course. Everyone gone. Roll-call over. Clump, clump, clump. The door opens. Commandant pokes her head in. She gives me a baleful glare. The roll-book is in her hand. "H. Z. Smith," she barks.

Suspicious Beasts

"Present," I retort, springing smartly to attention. She bangs the door without saying good night. Clump, clump, clump. I wish she would drop dead in her tracks. I childishly poke out my tongue at the receding steps on the bare boards, and inspect the cocoa jugs, hoping someone has had the decency to leave a spoonful in one. No luck.

The bedroom is in darkness. Tosh and the others are already asleep. Where are the matches? I stumble over a shoe in the dark and Tosh mutters. I find the matches and light a candle, shielding the glare from the sleepers with a magazine. All dead to the world. Not a sign of a cigarette, either. Hidden them, knowing I'd run out. Suspicious beasts.

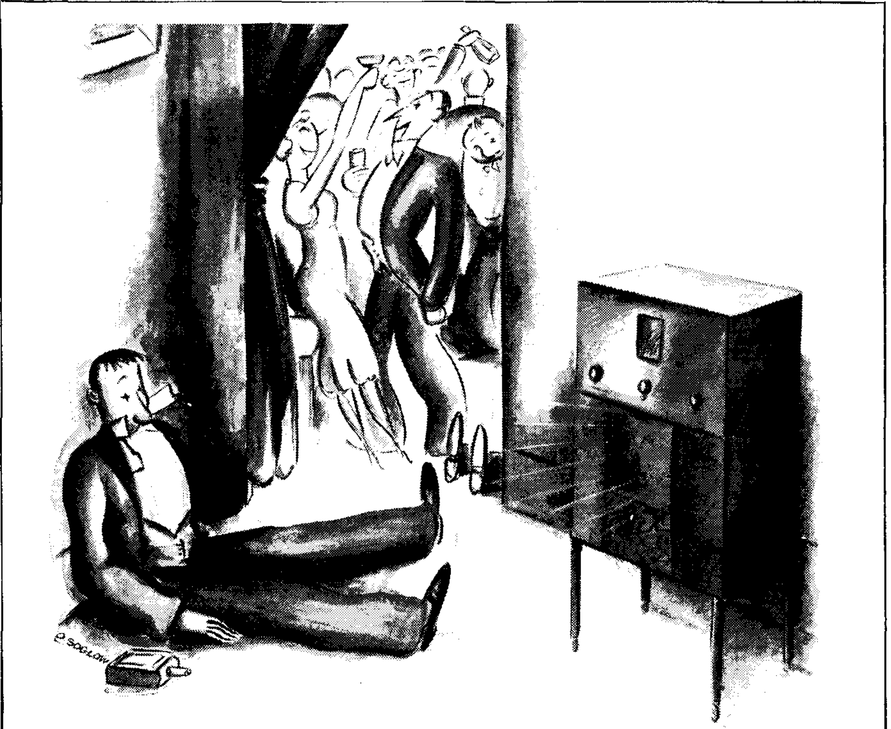
Go on, sleep, all of you. Snore away, blast you all. I wish to God I had a room of my own where I could have a little peace now and again without having to listen to you grunting and snoring like pigs. Sleep, sleep, sleep, that's all you think of. Never mind if I'm cold and hungry and without a smoke.

God! It is freezing in here. No water in the kettle. No hot bottle. Damn them for swiping all the water. How can I pluck up courage to undress in this icy room? Shall I strip to the skin or shall I dig into my flea-bag as I am, merely removing my uniform, shoes and gaiters? Etta Potato gives a grunt and turns over. Damn her for being asleep. Damn them all for being asleep. Damn them for drinking my cocoa. Damn them for swiping all the hot water. They might have left me enough for a bottle. They knew I was doing Number Thirteen. Selfish beasts, all of them. Snore, snore, snore. A sudden rage takes possession of me. My lips tremble. Tears burn the back of my throat.

I will not undress fully. Supposing another convoy is signaled, supposing that hellish whistle blows just as I have stripped to the pajamas. No, I will remove my uniform and keep the rest on. My teeth are chattering. My fingers are blue. A chilblain has burst on a knuckle. And no water for a hot bottle. I stare. What is that under Tosh's pillow? A half-smoked cigarette? It is. I commandeer it stealthily with an unholy joy. Saving it for the morning, was she? I smirk malevolently. I light it at the candle. Drink my cocoa and snore, warm and snug, while I am freezing, will they? Use up all the water and leave me none for a hot bottle, will they?

The cigarette is finished, the butt carefully secreted. Tomorrow I shall deny all knowledge of it. The luminous hands of my watch say 3:15. I worm my body into the flea-bag. It is surprisingly warm. My feet touch something. Something hot. A hot-water bottle. They have made a hot-water bottle for me! My friends! They have not forgotten me. This touch of kindness finishes me completely. The tears roll down my cheeks. I feel a rotter, a beast. I have been calling them everything vile and all the time they had done this for me. Cold, miserable, worn-out themselves, they thought of me doing Number Thirteen and I repaid them by cursing them and swiping Tosh's last cigarette. Her last. What a cad I am. Tomorrow I shall present her with every single one Mother sends if there is a mail. Comforted, I dry my tears. I am beginning to thaw. Soon I shall doze off. God bless the man who invented hot-water bottles.

(*To be continued next week*)



"This is the WJZ Slumber Hour of Music"

"I would like to stress the need for more intensive effort in selling"

CONCENTRATE YOUR ADVERTISING WHERE A PROFIT CAN BE MADE FROM THE SALES

THE recent stock market crash did not *create* the necessity for more direct, and less wasteful, merchandising . . . It simply illuminated and emphasized that necessity.

Economists have been hammering at distribution waste for years. Business leaders have deplored it in others, and eliminated it from their own concerns. The Secretary of Commerce in the Administration of 1924-1928, an internationally known economist, said: "I would like to stress the need for more intensive effort in selling . . . A great many manufacturers would undoubtedly find that by limiting their efforts to more circumscribed areas they would not only reduce their selling costs, but would probably produce a larger volume of business."

In this changed and changing era of business, eliminate every type of circulation that interferes with a profit . . . And concentrate your advertising in markets where your consumers are thickest, and easiest to reach . . . in the *city* markets covered by the 25 SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspapers.

Scripps-Howard offers the advertiser two distinct advantages that help to make impressive reductions in the cost of distribution.

FIRST: The counsel of trained merchandising men, who *know* local conditions, and who cover local retail and jobber outlets daily. They make possible the intensive cultivation of easily accessible dealers.

SECOND: 25 newspapers, standing high in their communities, meriting and receiving the faith of their readers . . . Circulation secured without tricks, free prizes, or other hypodermics . . . Natural, *wanted* circulation . . . More than 2,000,000 high-type readers *directly* accessible to the advertiser . . . Concentrated in trading areas where selling costs are lower, and where a profit can be made from the sales.

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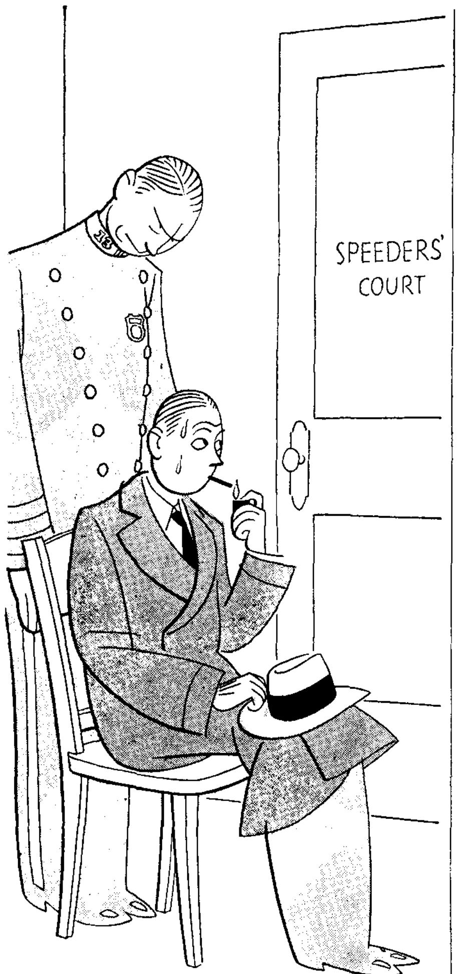


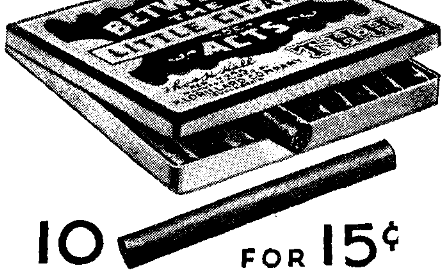
When time's too short for a long cigar . . .

. . . . it's time for

BETWEEN THE ACTS

LITTLE CIGARS

Two-minute "breathing spells" every hour or so in the day . . . when you'd like a cigar but haven't time for a 20-minute "session" with an over-size perfecto. Light a "B. T. A." . . . a tenth of a 15¢ cigar. All the flavor, all the fragrance. But with 10 "stop over privileges" to multiply your smoking pleasures and save the waste of half-smoked cigars.


BETWEEN THE ACTS LITTLE CIGARS

10 FOR 15¢

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If dealer can't supply you, send 15¢ for sample tin to P. Lorillard Company, 119 West 40th Street, New York.

Uncle Sam

Continued from page 28

usual weatherbeaten coat of tan, he would have turned pale.

"To be frank, I wouldn't like that, Sam."

Sam put his hand on French's knee. "It would ruin you, French. I'd hate to take your business away from you, but the town needs this convenience. Go home and talk to your wife. Bring her here and we'll go over it together."

French felt a little happier.

"You won't do anything at once, I suppose?"

"Not till you agree to join me—but the sooner the better. Don't think I'm trying to force your hand, French—I just want you to do what's best for you."

The liveryman went off, not very cheerful. He wasn't sure, apparently, that his hand wasn't being forced.

Sam went back to his desk and began again on the papers lying there. Berton came in.

"A lady wishes to see you, sir—Mrs. Martha Gordon."

"All right. Show her in."

He wondered what Mary Stewart could want with him. To take Irene away? The idea gave him a pang. If Irene left him, he would have nothing, no companion, no one who believed in him completely—nothing but the bank, and Jim's problems, and Cora's. He wished Mary had stayed hidden, wherever it was she passed her life.

The moment she entered the office, he saw that she must be prosperous. She was well dressed now, well groomed, and she carried herself with something of that dash he remembered from school days.

"I should have told you I was coming, Sam, but till the last minute I wasn't sure I could get away. You're busy, I suppose. How splendid you've become!"

Her voice had that deep kindness in it he had heard when she recited the poem, long ago. It stirred him unexpectedly.

"You're looking well, Mary. It's quite a while since you were here. I've often wondered what had become of you."

SHE took off her gloves and rubbed her hands. He thought she might be calling attention to a wedding ring, but there was no ring.

"I knew Irene must be all right, or I'd hear from the asylum—and it seemed fair not to interfere with what you were doing for her, Sam. When we talked before, I was too unhappy to thank you as I should have done. You've been very good to her—and to me."

Her thanks surprised and embarrassed him.

"I'm fond of her, Mary—she's a lovely girl. I suppose you've come back this time to see her?"

"No, Sam. If I see Irene now, it may hurt her. She doesn't know about me, does she?"

"No."

"Sam, does Priscilla know who Irene's father is?"

"She *thinks* she does."

"How did she find out?"

"She thinks—I'm the father."

Mary started. They looked at each other.

"Sam—I wish you were!"

It was pleasant to hear, but it did recall that bold afternoon when she had frightened him off. Clearly she had reverted to her youth. He became cautious.

"I won't discuss the matter with her, and I must say she has behaved well, in the circumstances. She has brought Irene up—carefully. She's been a good wife to me. She has lots of friends here."

On Mary's lips there was the suspicion of a smile, and her eyes glowed under the shade of her hat.

"Sam, I came to consult you about Irene's future. You have some rights in her now—I like to think you have. And I'm not poor any longer. We can talk on equal terms."

"What have you been doing? I've watched for your name on the stage."

"Oh, I gave up the stage. I'm in business—I'm a colleague of yours. Nothing important, but it has given me enough. Millinery. I found a place in an importing house, and now I'm managing a branch of it. I can support Irene at last. The question is, whether I ought to leave her with you."

SHE was deeply serious. When he grasped the meaning, that she wouldn't necessarily take the child from him, he loved her.

"Mary, I've tried to give Irene everything I could—she'll have all I've got, except what Priscilla needs. But perhaps her own mother could do more. I don't know."

"Doesn't she ever ask about me—about who her mother was?"

"She did at one time. The fact is, Mary, she's got the idea that her parents are dead."

Mary turned white, and it was a long moment before she spoke.

"That more or less settles my problem. I couldn't see how to explain to her where I had been, all these years. You see, Sam, I've really been trying to think out the best way for her. I was afraid I hadn't the right to make her share now in my—embarrassment."

He had expected her to say, in her shame. There were tears in her eyes—or he was just thinking so, when her manner suddenly hardened.

"I suppose Priscilla told her I was dead!"

He tried not to give his wife away.

"I don't know exactly—the child got the idea, and it would have been hard to contradict, without telling too much."

"I wish I could see what she looks like."

From an inner compartment of his desk Sam took a photograph and showed it to her.

"That was a year ago—she's about the same now."

Mary gazed at the picture, then put it down on the top of the desk.

"I can see her father in her."

Sam hid the photograph quickly, as though it were dangerous to leave around.

"In my opinion, she looks like you."

"No, like her father. Has she any talents?"

"Crazy about dancing. I'm no judge, but I'd say she had a real gift. If she has, I'll see that she gets her chance—no matter what it costs."

Mary got up and took his hand.

"If there ever was a good man, Sam, it's you."

"You'll leave me your address, won't you? I could write about her, from time to time."

She shook her head.

"Priscilla wouldn't like it."

Then she waved her hand, and disappeared through the door.

AT SUPPER, that evening, Sam surprised Irene by asking her a question:

"What do *you* want to do when you grow up, Irene? I might as well know, so's not to suggest the wrong thing."

She waited some time before answering:

"If I could—if you and Aunt Priscilla thought it was proper—I'd like to be a dancer."

She couldn't tell whether the idea pleased him, nor even whether it was a surprise.

"If dancing's what you're fitted for, then that's what you ought to be. I've understood it's a dangerous sort of life for a nice woman."

She looked up.

"I might as well say it plainly—you're old enough. The kind of men who hang around theaters think stage women are fair game—get them in trouble if they can."

Irene's smile was a mixture of affection and amusement.

"Uncle Sam, you're deliciously old-fashioned. The women who used to get into trouble didn't know how to take care of themselves."

Sam was startled out of his usual control.

"Good Lord, child, you don't think you'd know how to take care of yourself, do you?"

"Of course I would! Only this afternoon I had to slap Bert Evans' face."

"You what?"

"He got fresh."

"He wanted to kiss you, I suppose."

"Well—that's the way it began."

Maggie came in with some more vegetables, and the conversation lapsed. When she had left the room, Sam leaned across the table.

"Didn't I see Bert come down the front steps?"

"Yes—he stopped a moment."

"After you slapped his face? To apologize?"

She laughed.

"Why should he apologize? I just didn't want him to—to treat me that way, so I stopped him, but he's an awfully nice boy. We have no quarrel."

SAM gave up. His silence troubled Irene.

"You really want to be a dancer?"

"I do, Uncle Sam—really."

"Then you can."

She threw her arm around his neck.

"You old dear!"

"I suppose it means that you'll leave me. You can't learn to dance in Bellevue."

"No—sometime later I ought to go East, to one of the large cities."

He stared at the fire.

"Irene, you'll go now."

He said it almost as though he were putting her out. She was astonished.

"*Now*, Uncle Sam?"

"If you're to do it, you can't begin too soon. And you'd better go before Aunt Priscilla returns."

"If Aunt Priscilla disapproves, of course I'd—"

"Your aunt has nothing to do with it. You will go. Do you know where the best teachers are?"

"I could find out."

"We'll both inquire a little."

"Uncle Sam, you're not angry with me, are you?"

"Why should I be? See here, child—I'm glad you want to follow an art. All I ask is for you to be first-rate in it. I'm getting a little tired of folks who think only of money. I've some reason to guess they think I'm interested in nothing else. You go ahead and dance."

"If you were worried about me with Bert, and you think the stage is dangerous, why do you tell me to go?"

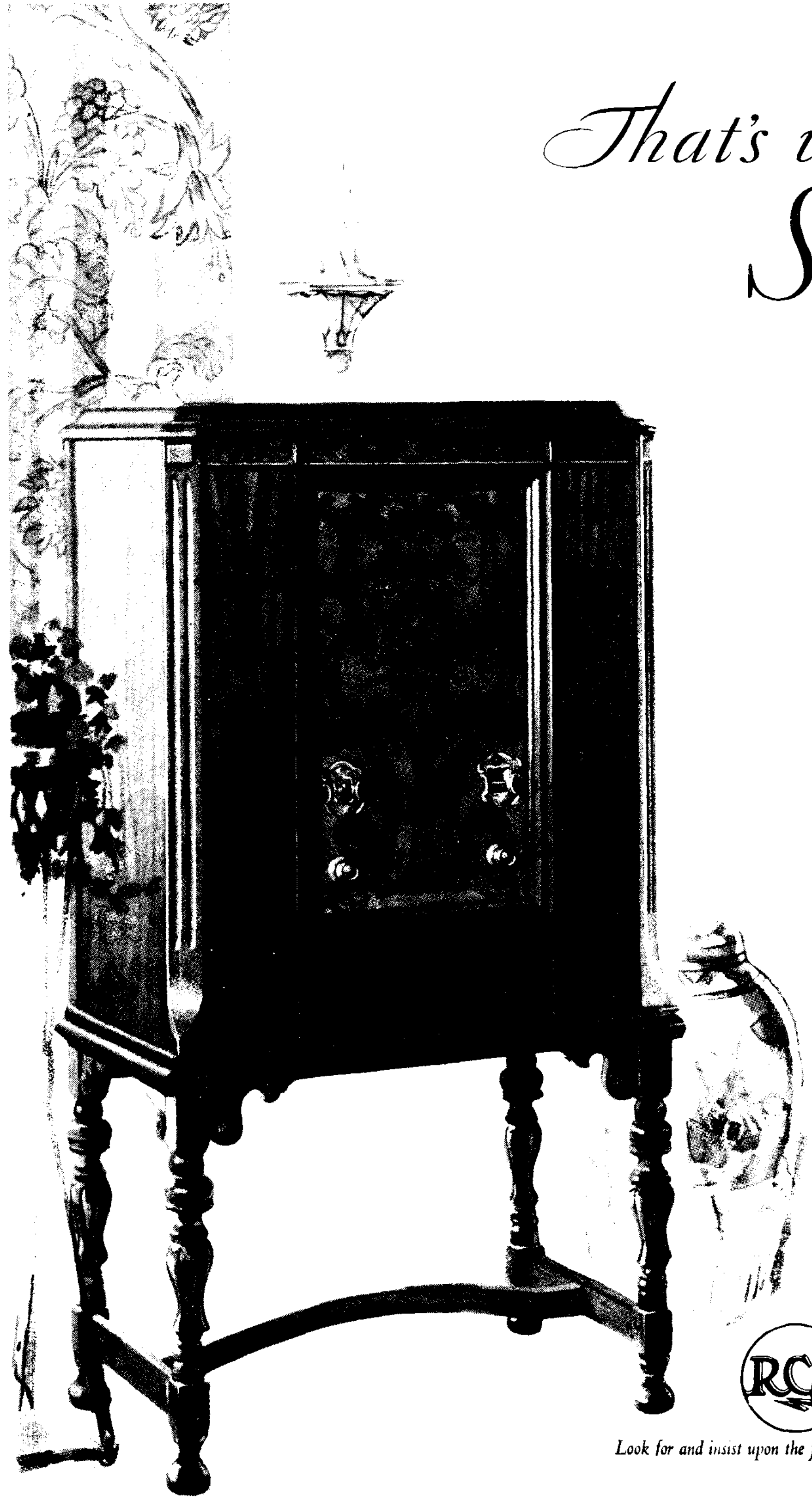
(*Continued on page 45*)

SUPER-SENSITIVE

SUPER-SELECTIVE

SUPER-TONE FIDELITY

That's why the engineers named it *Super*-HETERODYNE



The three essentials of fine quality radio reception—sensitivity, selectivity and tone fidelity—are balanced in the Radiola Super-Heterodyne as in no other radio instrument.

The remarkable performance of this famous Radiola is the goal of every radio manufacturer. When you compare it in action with other high-quality radio sets your ears immediately tell you why the Super-Heterodyne is the accepted measure of perfection in radio design.

And any impartial dealer, if you ask for his honest opinion, will tell you that there's nothing to equal a Super-Heterodyne.

The Radiola Super-Heterodyne is no longer a luxury to be enjoyed by a few fortunate homes. It is an expensive instrument to build, but the cost of manufacture has been so reduced that this incomparable instrument can now be had for little more than the cost of an ordinary radio set.

Radiola Super-Heterodynes are offered in three models:

RCA RADIOLA 60—Super-Heterodyne table model $98.

* * *

RCA RADIOLA 66—Super-Heterodyne with Electro-Dynamic Reproducer in cabinet (shown in illustration) $225.

* * *

RCA RADIOLA 67—Special combination of the Radiola Super-Heterodyne, Electro-Dynamic Reproducer and phonograph for electrical reproduction of records $690.

(Above prices less Radiotrons)

TUNE IN—*The RCA Victor Hour, every Thursday night, over a coast-to-coast network of the N.B.C.*

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Look for and insist upon the famous RCA trade-mark

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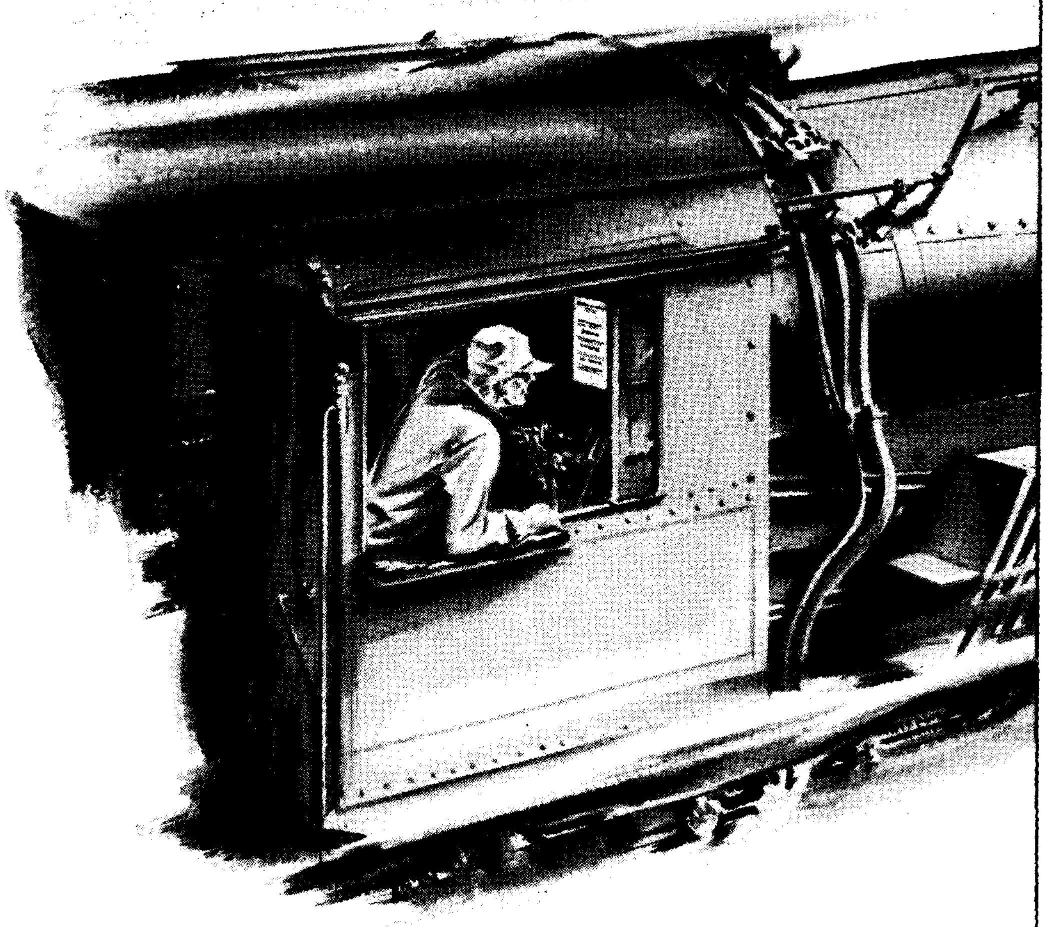
The *three* COMMANDMENTS *that Guide our Engineers*



The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company

Office of Vice-President
Operation and Maintenance

Baltimore, Md., July 1, 1929

FOR THE GUIDANCE OF ENGINEERS HANDLING PASSENGER TRAINS

SAFETY

1. **The safety of the train and passengers should have first consideration at all times and in all places. Everything should be subordinated thereto.**

COMFORT

2. **The train should be handled at all times, and particularly when starting and stopping, so as to promote the comfort of the passengers.**

ON TIME

3. **Every practicable effort should be made to reduce delays and keep the train on time, but even this should be subordinated always to the safety of the train and comfort of the passengers.**

C. W. Galloway
Vice-President

EVERY mile of our railroad has been scientifically studied, and we know the maximum speed at which a train can be run safely and with comfort around every curve.

But B & O engineers have instructions not to exceed certain fixed speeds.

Posted in every engine cab is this general order. The engineer must first deliver his passengers in safety. He must deliver them in comfort. Speed must always be subordinate to safety and to comfort.

A recording device is connected with the engine wheels—locked at the start of each run, and examined at headquarters when the run is over. It shows exactly how fast the train has traveled at every point. If the engineer breaks the commandments, even for a single mile, the record shows it and he is asked to explain.

Our running time compares favorably with that of other roads. But you have the feeling always—at least we try to have you have it—that you are moving smoothly, quietly, seemingly without haste and with a little extra attention all the way.

This is the purpose of our engineers and of the rest of the 70,000 men and women who operate the B & O.

Forty per cent of our passengers are women

They like the Southern cooking in our diners. They like the smooth, quiet movement of the trains, which enables them to read comfortably in the day, and sleep soundly at night. We appreciate the loyalty of our women patrons and we try to show that we appreciate it.

The B&O

BALTIMORE & OHIO

Uncle Sam

Continued from page 12

"Perhaps because it *is* dangerous I don't know exactly. I guess because I know you have a good heart. Perhaps because, dangerous or not, it's your life. I'd rather see someone be what was intended."

WHEN Priscilla returned to Bellevue, she brought George, John's boy, with her. It was understood that he was to return to his parents after a few weeks, but Sam and Priscilla both liked him, and he seemed content to stay. At first the other children at school were puzzled by his way of speaking, an intonation which suggested aloofness, even criticism. But they got used to it, and found him steady and reliable, sure to stand high in his work, and complete master of himself unless suddenly confronted with a new idea. That upset him. Sam said it was John's character in a less virulent form.

He was a fine-looking boy, clean-cut, clear-eyed. He would have been a great success with the girls if he had not preserved far into his youth that contempt for the feminine which belongs to the lords of creation in their early teens.

From time to time he heard Sam and Priscilla talk of Irene, who had gone away just before he arrived. From what they said, she must have been interesting. Several times he expressed a wish that he might have seen her.

One evening Sam brought home news of the girl. George came in late, only a short while before dinner, and found his uncle and aunt talking earnestly in the library.

"I'd like to see her, Priscilla, and she certainly has earned a vacation. After this success, her career's assured."

George saw that his uncle was holding a lengthy newspaper criticism.

"Is it Irene, Uncle Sam?"

"Hello, George—you back? Yes, she's made a fine beginning. Read that."

Sam's voice almost trembled with pride. The emotion surprised George. He took the clipping and glanced over it hurriedly. The critic said Irene was a genius—that came in the first lines, and was easy to understand. Then there was a long description of the dances, which went rather over George's head. Apparently she danced certain famous pieces of music. They weren't famous with George, and he didn't know how you danced music. But he caught the incidental references to Irene's appearance—she must be extremely beautiful, and in one or two cases her costume evidently was simple, almost nothing at all. Those dances, it seemed, were the ones the critic liked best.

AUNT PRISCILLA must have read the clipping before he came in.

"If you want her here for a short visit, Sam, I suppose there's no harm in it. It wasn't I who sent her away in the first place, you know. But if she's committed to this kind of life"—she pointed to the criticism—"then she doesn't belong with us. She will create talk, and people will think you and I approve of her."

"I do."

"Well, I don't. But she's welcome to visit us, if you think best."

The tone of this last remark wasn't so cordial as the words. George guessed that she might have said something else if he hadn't come in.

"People won't have time to talk of her, Aunt Priscilla—they're too busy with Lena Welch."

Priscilla looked puzzled.

"Haven't you heard? You know Lena Welch, don't you?"

"She was one of Irene's friends. What's happened to her?"

"She ran away last night with Perry Hill."

"They've got married!"

George looked amused, as usual.

"One of the teachers said she hoped so."

"Poor Mrs. Welch! Her only daughter!"

Sam had been listening, unstartled.

"Marriage isn't the same as death," he said. "She isn't bereaved."

Priscilla tossed her head.

"They may not be married, either!"

"Yes, they are. Hill told me himself, this afternoon. Married last night at Norwood. They're off now on their honeymoon."

"But they're entirely too young! He isn't of age, and he can't support her."

"My dear, they're probably in love—they're old enough for that."

"They just think they're in love!"

"That comes to the same thing."

She was sorry he spoke cynically before George. The boy was listening with his eyes and his ears.

"I never trusted that girl, not even when she and Irene were children. They were both overeager—two young idiots. Why, their relatives will have to support them."

"They don't have to, as a matter of fact. I told Hill, this afternoon, if he'd let the youngsters stay married, I'd give Perry a job, with enough to start housekeeping on."

Priscilla was glad that Sam had made the offer, secretly glad, though she said nothing more at the time. Perhaps the case wasn't so bad as she had hastily feared. Left to herself, she might have melted entirely, and sided with the young folks.

BUT when Mr. Stockton preached his series of sermons on the moral state of the town, she reverted to her first thoughts. She saw how dangerous it is to compromise with one's ideals, even though the heart would be lenient. If Lena and Perry were to be forgiven, were even to be rewarded by a special opportunity, as Sam wished, then all the young people would elope.

Mr. Stockton made it clear. In his first sermon he described the wildness of youth, and blamed the parents. She was amazed at the extent and the preciseness of his information. If she had come on such details in a book, she would have refused it a place on her shelves, but since Mr. Stockton was speaking for a noble purpose she admired his courage. The congregation was deeply stirred. When he said the parents were at fault, those who had children looked a bit reserved, but the others thought he had got to the heart of the matter. He concluded by saying that since it all came back to the home, in the next sermon he would tell them what was wrong with that institution.

Next Sunday the church was crowded. Several elderly ladies, whose infirmities usually kept them from public worship, rented French's cars and were assisted to front pews, where they could hear. Sam went. His comments on Priscilla's report of the first sermon had been unsympathetic. He had complained that the minister, if he weren't stopped, would educate George in the more subtle forms of evil. When he got out his tall hat and announced that he was moved to say his prayers, Priscilla felt uneasy.

This time Mr. Stockton's points were innocent, not to say obvious. Once

(*Continued on page 46*)

Summer in the California

that's centered by San Francisco!

California calls you... from mountain lakes and streams, and Redwood forests

Where thousands came once to visit and returned again to live as they had only dreamed of playing—there surely, you'll enjoy this summer . . .

California: where one day's lure is high-hilled San Francisco—the next your choice of half a hundred other fascinating places, down beside

the sea or thrust by mountains into philosophic skies!

California calls you to a freedom for the body and the mind... calls you from Yosemite and Lake Tahoe, from mountain lakes and streams, and Redwood forests; debonair Del Monte and the like, where golf is played above a yacht-flecked ocean; and from San Francisco, with its secret... of buoyant, joyous living.

San Francisco, America's coolest summer city, is right in the center of this great vacationland and part of it... a worldly, cultured, cosmopolitan part.

Here is headquarters city for the business of the whole Pacific Coast. And here a future that perhaps you'll want to make your own. *The coupon below will bring an illustrated book that is sure to quicken your imagination.*

Beginning May 15, low round-trip excursion rates will be in effect to San Francisco and the Pacific Coast on all railroads. The Victory and Lincoln Highways will be in good condition. Or come by air, or by steamship via Panama canal.

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(*Continued from page 45*)

more, it was his casual illustration which fascinated his hearers, the violent contrast he set up between the modern home, so called, which he said was only an accidental meeting place for relatives who preferred to be somewhere else, and the real home, which he portrayed as a magnetic center, to which all love gravitated, and in which parents earned and preserved the respectful obedience of their offspring. Discipline, he said—here he took a high tone—discipline should be a harmony from within, not a constraint from without. But, he went on—Sam chuckled so audibly that Priscilla was mortified—if the harmony wasn't effective, it was the duty of parents to impose it.

Most of the congregation stayed to congratulate him. Priscilla wanted to, but Sam walked out and took George with him. She felt obliged to follow.

The third and last sermon took on importance from the fact that during the intervening week the town elected French to be its mayor. His popularity had always been great, and at any other time he would have gone in on a landslide, but there was a whispering campaign against him, and when the votes were counted, he had barely missed defeat. It was one of his taxis which Perry Hill had rented.

The church was crowded next Sunday. French was there, in self-defense, as it were, and Sam felt he must take his share of the responsibility, having induced French to go into the taxi business. Stockton was rather vague in his proposals, at least for the first half of his discourse: he thought the town ought to pass various laws regulating the behavior of the young, but he must have known himself, what most of his congregation were thinking, that such statutes were a bit silly and not likely to be enforced.

Perhaps because he felt his sermon needed invigoration, he suddenly launched into a challenge to the new administration, which came into power, he said, without the confidence of the more serious citizens. Though he avoided the actual statement, he managed to imply that the new mayor was on trial, in more ways than one. Rather than embarrass him, he said, he would let the incoming servant of the people select his own program of reform, but he gave warning that it ought to include a set of laws to control the use of automobiles, and possibly a curfew law for the young.

NEXT morning French came to the bank. Sam gave him a cigar, and they looked at each other for a moment. French was nervous.

"What do you think of it, Sam?"

"Stockton means nothing personal. But he's drifted into this attitude since Lena and Perry eloped, and I guess he went farther than he intended. In any case, you'd better hand the responsibility back to him."

"Well, but how?"

"Simple enough. I thought it out during the closing prayer yesterday. Appoint a committee of the leading citizens to frame recommendations. Put Stockton on it, of course, and Father Hugh, to balance off. With him there, Ralph won't feel like painting his parish in such black tones. And be sure to put Whitcomb on."

"Why?"

"Oh, to share the blame with Stockton later. Nothing they do will come to anything—you can't change the world."

French was thoughtful a moment.

"The trouble is, I don't know but Stockton is right. I'm not sure but it was a mistake to introduce the cars. They do play the mischief. The old days with horses were better."

Sam shook his head.

"Locomotion has nothing to do with it. I've known people who thought a parlor sofa dangerous. What's wrong with us is that we're not keeping up with our opportunities. Stockton wants the young folks to behave the way he now thinks he did, but they have a wider choice now, and we ought to be thankful they have."

The mayor didn't look thankful.

"Sam, if you knew some of the things I've seen, and some my drivers have told me—"

"I worked in a lumber camp once, a perfectly safe lumber camp, where no one's morals were contaminated by automobiles. And even in my school days the youngsters sometimes got in trouble."

FRENCH looked at him rather keenly, as though some intelligence had been established between them, but he made no comment.

"You've heard about it yourself, I dare say?"

The mayor was embarrassed.

"Why—er—Whitcomb hinted at it, once."

"Whitcomb? Hinted at what?"

"Perhaps I didn't understand you, Sam. You asked me if I'd heard about something."

"About the way young people misbehaved even in our virtuous time. What did Whitcomb hint at?"

"I shouldn't have mentioned it—I thought you were speaking of the same thing."

French was obviously uncomfortable. He had no gift for wriggling out of a bad fix. Sam had no mercy on him:

"When did he hint at this—whatever it was?"

"About three years ago."

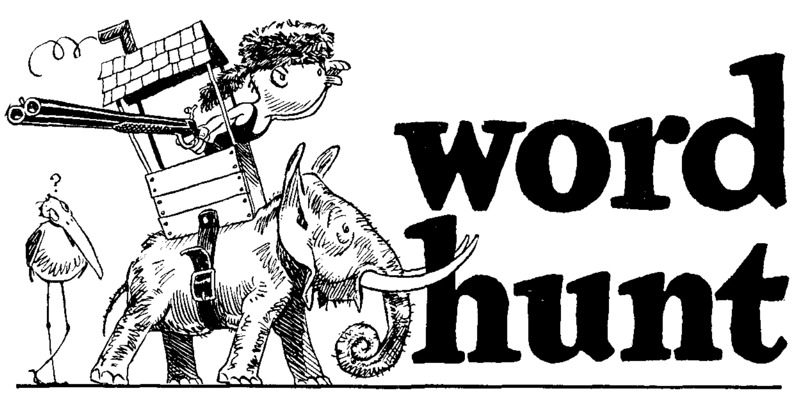
"Hm! When he went bankrupt. Did the hint by any chance refer to me?"

"I say, Sam, I'm darn sorry I brought the matter up—it was an unlucky slip!"

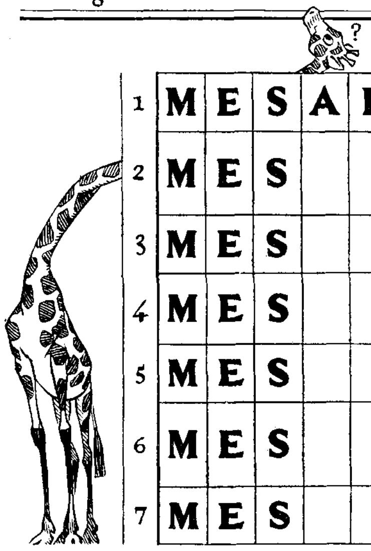
"Go ahead! Tell me! I shan't mind."

"Well—it was about you—and Irene."

(*To be continued next week*)



In the English language there are just seven words (each having just five letters) that begin with the letters M-E-S. One of them is MESAL. You supply the others.



1	M	E	S	A	L	(Zoölogy) Mesial; middle; median.
2	M	E	S			(Zoölogy) The mesial plane. Also (ancient Greek music), the middle string or note.
3	M	E	S			(In law) Middle; intervening.
4	M	E	S			Mesencephalon; the middle segment of the brain.
5	M	E	S			Netted; composed of meshes.
6	M	E	S			(Botany) A small genus of tropical Asiatic trees with large solitary flowers.
7	M	E	S			Disordered; untidy.

An unabridged dictionary has been used in compiling Word Hunts. All proper nouns, obsolete words, words that would offend good taste, plurals formed by the addition of s or es, and verbs in the present tense, singular number, third person, have been excluded

Here are the answers to the Word Hunt published in last week's Collier's

1. Exparte
2. Expanse
3. Exploit
4. Express
5. Expound
6. Explore
7. Expunge
8. Expense
9. Expiree
10. Explode
11. Exposer
12. Exposal
13. Expired
14. Exprest
15. Exposit
16. Exposed
17. Expirer
18. Expeded
19. Explain
20. Expiate

Collier's will send you free, on request, a booklet containing 27 "Word Hunts" with their answers. Send for a copy today. Address Word Hunts, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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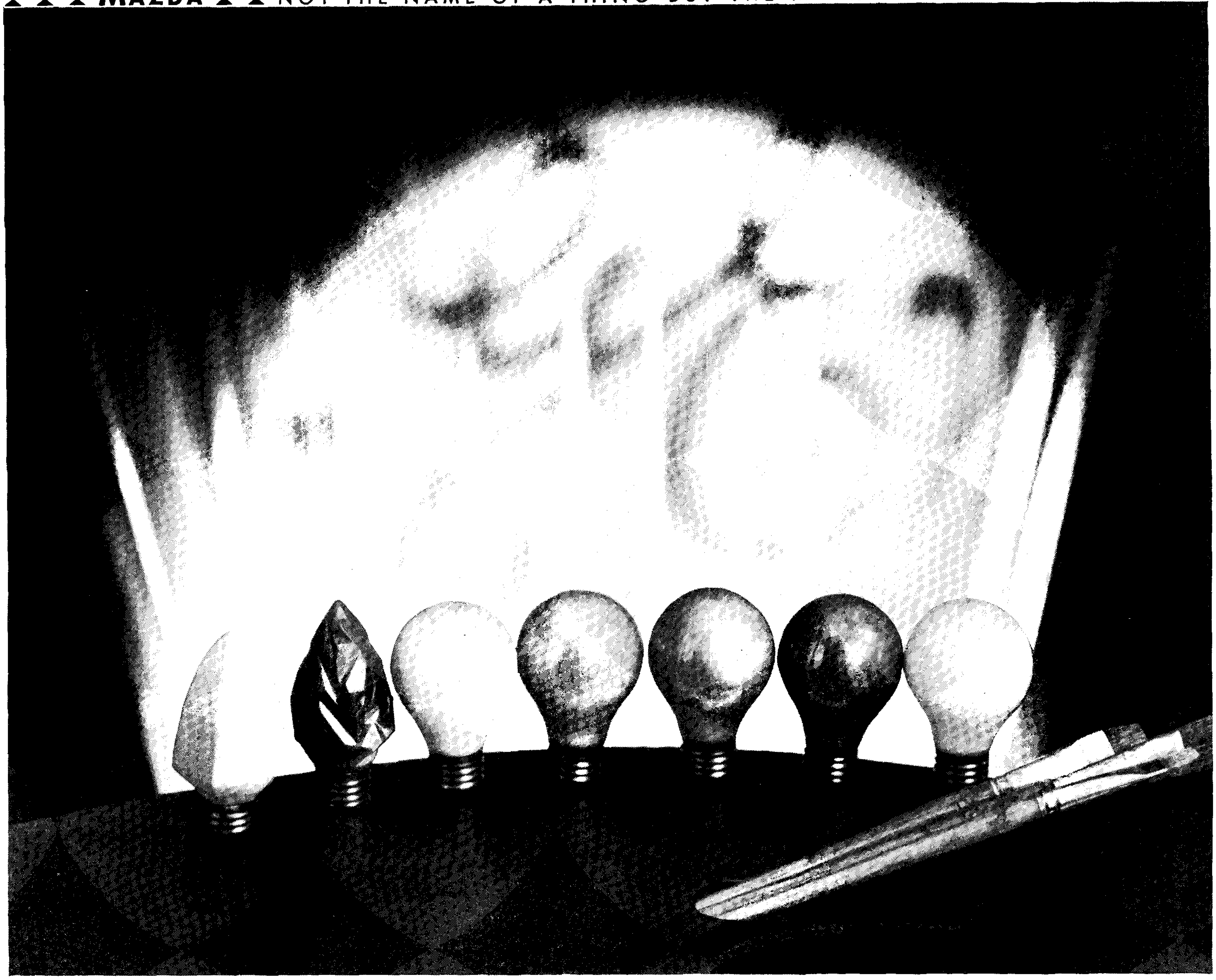
MAZDA NOT THE NAME OF A THING BUT THE MARK OF A RESEARCH SERVICE



USE GENERAL ELECTRIC FLAMETINT AND INSIDE COLORED MAZDA LAMPS TO

PAINT *with* LIGHT

THE magic brush of the theatre is light. Use it freely in your own home to achieve the softness and beauty which make the Land of Make-Believe so attractive from "out in front." Ask your dealer in General Electric colored and decorative MAZDA lamps to show you the following:

FLAMETINT lamps, whose mellow glow makes you think of candlelight and the ruddy warmth of an open fire. No living room really lives until its deep, easy chairs and cushion-piled couches are supplemented with the beckoning comfort of flametint. Paint with them for better living.

DECORATIVE LAMPS to give the final touch to modern decoration. Smart as Paris. New as tomorrow's sunshine. Unusual as an illustration by Erte. Every woman will think instantly of a dozen places to use them effectively because they are as beautiful unlighted as lighted.

COLORED LAMPS in a complete symphony of beauty—from the muted tone of pale ivory to the lusty notes of red and green suggestive of cheerfully painted breakfast rooms and gaily cretonned sun-rooms.

EXPENSIVE? Only a few cents more in most cases over the price you ordinarily pay for the famous standard line of inside-frosted MAZDA lamps which fill so many of your lighting needs. Inexpensive to burn as well. And remember, they come in the familiar blue carton. National Lamp Works of General Electric Co., Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

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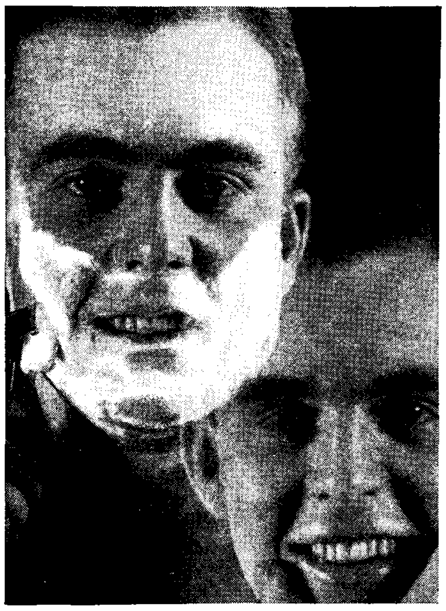


double action

solves your shaving problem

A SHAVE with Squibb's Shaving Cream is different. It's smoother — faster — more comfortable. Because a Squibb shave is a *double-action* shave.

Squibb's does double duty. First it shields your face with a coat of balm. Makes your razor glide swiftly, smoothly.

Then it replaces the delicate oils essential to the skin's comfort and health. Squibb's contains a special ingredient which keeps your face fine and fit — *naturally*. Gives you all-day-long comfort. The extra comfort of health!

You'll never know how spruced-up and pepped-up your face can feel till you try the double-action shave. Get a tube of Squibb's at your druggist's this evening.

RELIABILITY
PURITY
EFFICACY
SQUIBB'S
SHAVING
CREAM

The Lion and the Lamb

Continued from page 20

"68," he ordered. "Telephone to Scotland Yard at once to send an inspector round. Something has happened—oh, my God!"

He swayed on his feet, and fainted away. David laid him down on a divan. He himself passed through the revolving doors, and into his waiting car.

SUB-COMMISSIONER MARLOWE was a man who loved fresh air. The windows in his roomy office on the famous fourth floor of Scotland Yard were thrown wide open to let in the April sunshine, which on this particular morning, seemed possessed of peculiarly searching qualities. It brought out the wrinkles on the sub-commissioner's face. It showed patches of dust in various corners of the room, where no dust should have been. It disclosed the fact that the expectant shorthand writer, seated at his table with a pile of recently sharpened pencils before him, was wearing a tie a little more gaudy than was in keeping with his environment.

The sub-commissioner pushed aside a little mass of papers with a weary gesture.

"One gets tired of all these contrary reports," he said, "this mass of detail which seems to lead us nowhere. What the public demands, and what it is our bounden duty to discover, is, first of all, the murderer or murderers of that girl at the Milan Hotel; secondly, the headquarters and personnel of the gangsters in that Widows' Row affair, and, thirdly, some explanation of the complete disappearance of Lord Newberry. What's the time, Milsom?"

"Half past ten, sir."

"Very good. When is your visitor due this morning?"

"Eleven o'clock, sir. I thought you would like plenty of time to look through these papers concerning the people whom I have asked to call."

The sub-commissioner spread out a newspaper. The two men lit their pipes. They pored over it together.

"My eyesight is not so good as yours," Marlowe admitted, "although heaven knows the headlines are big enough. Read it aloud, Milsom, slowly and distinctly."

Detective Inspector Milsom cleared his throat and read:

"'DESPERATE GANGSTER FIGHT IN THE EAST END

WIDOWS' ROW THE SCENE OF THE MOST BLOODTHIRSTY AFFRAY EVER KNOWN IN LONDON

RIVAL BANDS OF MARAUDERS IN CONFLICT

BOMBS THROWN AND MANY KILLED AND INJURED

"'An extraordinary conflict, apparently between two rival bands of gangsters, took place last night in Widows' Row soon after eleven o'clock. Full and clear particulars are exceedingly hard to obtain as the whole of the inhabitants of the place seem paralyzed with fear, but the affair commenced with the throwing of a bomb, for some unexplained reason, at a private motor car which was just turning into the avenue. The motor car was wrecked, the chauffeur badly injured, and a man by his side killed outright. Bystanders declare that the car contained a single occupant, of whom, however, nothing has been heard.

"'The throwing of the bomb seems to have become the signal for a general attack upon the stall holders and shopkeepers of the neighborhood by an organized band of gangsters, whose methods were painfully reminiscent of several other recent exploits of the same description. Widows' Row is a broad thoroughfare situated between Talworth and Limehouse, in perhaps the most dangerous and lawless portion of the East End. It is near enough to the river to be inhabited by a number of nefarious characters, and the lodging houses in the district are well known to be the hiding places of criminals of all sorts and nationalities.

"'The most singular part of the whole affair has yet to be told. The gangsters, some of whom were gunmen, and many of whom carried knives, met from the first with very little resistance from the stall keepers. Suddenly, however, an attack was made upon them by what one can only conclude was another band of gangsters who were out upon the same errand. These lads seem to have been, for the most part at any rate, entirely unarmed, but they were none the less able to give a good account of themselves, and, although three appear to have been dangerously and several others slightly wounded, there were at least a dozen of the armed gang who were later on taken to the hospital unconscious, and suffering from various injuries.

"'Very few arrests, unfortunately, were made, and, with regard to the actual shootings, no competent witness has yet come forward. The whole affair was of brief duration, and was practically over by the time a sufficient body of police had arrived to deal with the disorder.' . . . You don't want the names of the wounded, I suppose, Chief?" Milsom observed, as he pushed the paper away. "That seems to be a very fair account of the proceedings in their initial stage."

"It doesn't lead us anywhere, does it?" Sub-Commissioner Marlowe pointed out glumly.

"It does not," his subordinate admitted. "I may have seemed very stupid and uncommunicative during the last week, Chief, but I am now going to add a great deal to your knowledge of the whole affair, and you will understand then, I think, why I have kept everyone possible out of court at the inquests and before the magistrates. There are two men, whose names I have marked on the charge sheet, who, although they don't know it, are practically under arrest. They haven't even been asked to give evidence. It isn't one man we want, or two, but a score, and, although it may seem that I have been rather slow about things, it's just possible that if we succeed on the lines I'm working on, we may bring in the whole of that gang who've been worrying us for so long, the Swan Alley murderers, and the murderer of the young woman in the Milan Court."

"GOOD fellow, Milsom!" his chief exclaimed, patting him on the shoulder. "You must confess that I have let you go your own way. I know you've been keeping a few things back, of course, but I haven't complained. I know you've done it with a motive."

A constable, in undress uniform, presented himself.

"A person named Talbot, sir," he announced. "Says he's come by appointment to see Inspector Milsom."

"Show him up," the sub-commissioner enjoined. "Sharpen your pencils, Joyce. This is where we all fancy that we're in New York."

The newcomer at the conference in Sub-Commissioner Marlowe's room disclosed himself as a somewhat sturdy individual, very nervous, with an honest but not particularly attractive expression. He carried his arm in a sling, and walked with a slight limp. There was also a wound upon his cheek which had apparently only just commenced to heal. Milsom greeted him in friendly fashion and signaled the constable who had shown him in to offer him a chair.

"Come and sit down with us, Talbot," he invited. "I hope you're feeling better?"

"I'm a little groggy on the legs still, sir," the young man replied, "but I came along directly I got your message. If there's anything I can do to help get the master back I shall be only too glad."

"You can help us best," Milsom confided, "by telling the sub-commissioner here, and myself, everything you know, however unimportant it may seem. You have been chauffeur to Lord Newberry, I understand, only a week or so?"

"That's all, sir."

"He took you from Abbs' Academy of Boxing down in Swan Alley where the murders were?"

"That's right. He didn't exactly sack the old chauffeur. He sent him down to the country on full pay. What he told me was that he needed a man with him all the time who was quick-witted and could use his fists."

Milsom nodded appreciatively.

"You've been a bit of a boxer, I should imagine?"

"I've held my own against most of my weight, sir," the man replied, trying to smooth back a very refractory head of hair. "I couldn't have stood up for five minutes with the governor, though. He was the quickest with his feet and hands at the weight I ever did see."

"Now, I don't want to bother you unnecessarily," Milsom went on. "Let's come at once to last Saturday night. You were ordered out with the car at ten o'clock. Did you know where you were going?"

THE man hesitated for a moment.

"I sort of had an idea there was going to be a scrap, sir," he admitted. "This here Lord Newberry warned me when I took on the job as he was planning for a fight with a gang who had done him dirt. I was ready enough. I left it for him to make the plans. Lord Newberry, he wouldn't let us carry guns or knives. I was there with my little duster, ready for anything."

"I see. But when half past ten came you didn't go straight down to Widows' Row."

"That's right, sir. We went to the Milan Court Hotel instead."

"Your master went in there, and you waited for him?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long was he gone?"

"About a quarter of an hour, I think. Jacob, he was one of the footmen at the house—he came from the academy, too—he was on the box with me, and we were both getting nervy. We were afraid we should be too late for the scrap."

"You know now," Milsom reflected, "that when your master went upstairs at the Milan Court Hotel he discovered that a terrible crime had been committed?"

"I read that in the newspapers, sir."

"Did he show any signs of it when he came down?"

"I never seen him look like he did before," the man replied. "He was

(*Continued on page 50*)

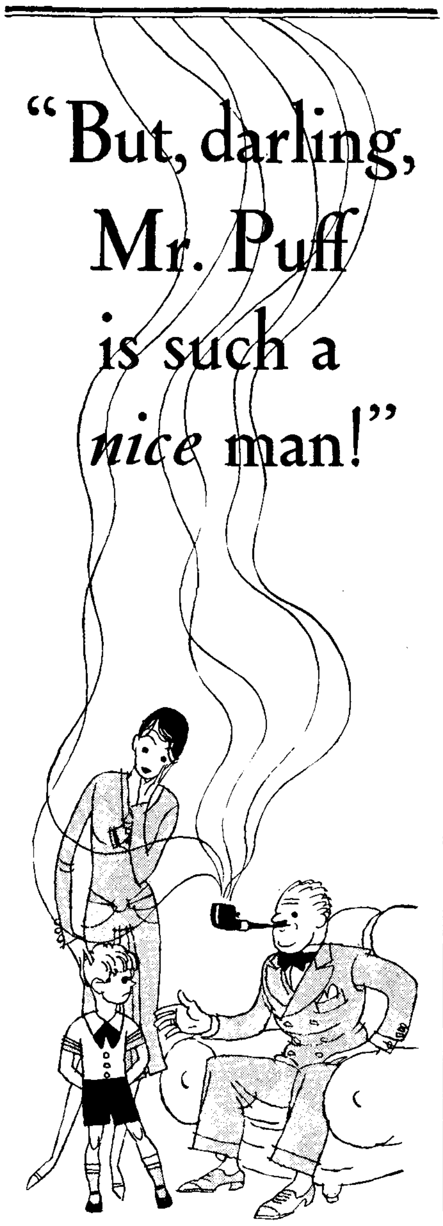
LIFE INSURAN
COMPANY
THE PRUDENTIAL HAS THE STRENGTH OF GIBRALTAR

"I am very sorry, but your husband
permitted this policy to lapse
two years ago"

THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY *of* AMERICA

EDWARD D. DUFFIELD, *President* © HOME OFFICE, *Newark, N.J.*

"But, darling, Mr. Puff is such a *nice* man!"



IT isn't the pipe that causes these embarrassing moments, Mr. Puff. It's the tobacco. Isn't it time you discovered Sir Walter Raleigh—patron saint of pipe smokers, who discovered how good a pipe can be? His favorite smoking mixture really *is* milder. It really *is* just about the richest, mellowest, mildest blend of choice Burleys you have ever smoked.

How to Take Care of Your Pipe

(*Hint No. 2*) When breaking in a new pipe, smoke your first few pipefuls slowly. Don't let your pipe get hot. Fast burning discolors and burns *the wood* and *bakes the oils in the to*bacco before the pipe is properly "seasoned." Send for our free booklet, "How to Take Care of Your Pipe." Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Ky. Dept. 15.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Smoking Tobacco

It's *milder*

The Lion and the Lamb

Continued from page 48

walking stiff and firm when he crossed the pavement, but there was a glint of red in his eyes, and he seemed to me, sir—I don't know how to express it—like a man on fire inside."

There was a momentary pause. Perhaps the sunshine had departed with the breeze which was flowing in through the window. The shorthand writer shivered as he changed his pencil.

"He told you where to go?"

"'Widows' Row,' he said. Then of course I knew that we were off for the scrap."

"And when you got there?"

"We pulled up at the corner of the street. We had scarcely stopped when I saw a young lad jump from behind a stall, and throw a kind of black ball at the car. The next thing I remember was, there seemed to be a thousand lightnings all round me, the car seemed to be splitting to pieces, and there was a great hole in the road."

"And after that?"

"I came to, with a glass of water in my hand, and my back against a wall. There was some scrapping going on, but I think it was nearly over. They were putting what was left of poor Jacob in an ambulance."

"And what about your master?"

"I never seen him again, sir. I reckon he must have been either spirited away or blown to bits."

"A very nasty experience for you, Talbot," he remarked sympathetically. "So you didn't get into the fight at all?"

"I did not, sir," the man admitted. "I couldn't keep my joints still, I was shaking so. I just stayed where I was until some policeman came along, and found that I wasn't hurt much, and sent me home."

"Tell us, Talbot," Detective Milsom spoke indifferently, "I know you want to help—have you any knowledge of this gang you went out to fight?"

Then for the first time the man's tongue was not so ready. As though to gain time, he glanced round the large and lofty room, and from one to the other of its remaining occupants. Perhaps he was thinking of the two murdered men in the gymnasium.

"I don't know nothing, sir, not actually," he declared.

"But you have some sort of an idea, I expect," Milsom suggested, goodhumoredly.

"Well, I'll tell you what I do know, sir," the man decided, after a moment's hesitation. "I know that the master, before he came into his money and all that, had been one of that gang for a time. They let him down bad, and he got copped. When he came out, he didn't want to squeal. There's something as goes against the grain with all men as are men in that, but he wanted to get his own back. That's what we were out after that night."

"AND you got the worst of it," the sub-commissioner commented.

"Not so much the worst of it, after all, except for losing his lordship," the man objected. "Jacob and me would have made a difference if we hadn't been knocked out in that dirty way."

"You say 'losing,'" Milsom remarked, leaning over. "You don't really believe that Lord Newberry was blown to pieces, then?"

Talbot twiddled his cap in his hand for a moment. Then he brought out his handkerchief, and wiped his forehead. The room seemed to have become warmer again, and the sunshine was streaming in upon his face.

"Well, I never could bring my mind to believe that they meant to kill the boss outright," he confided. "I couldn't get that into my head nohow."

"Why not?" the detective asked softly. "With all that he knew, your master had only to walk into this place, and that band of gangsters would have been smashed to pieces."

"Yes, but he wouldn't have done it, sir," the man insisted. "They knew him too well for that. It wasn't his squeal they were afraid of. What they had in their minds was that they didn't want to put him away until he'd handed over the Blue Diamond—some big jewel he'd got, that they fancied they had a share in."

THE shorthand writer's pencil slipped over the ruled sheets. Milsom stroked his chin.

"That's very interesting, Talbot," he observed. "What do you know about this jewel?"

"Not a single thing more, sir," Talbot affirmed earnestly. "That's just poor Jacob's tale, and he's gone to kingdom come, so it don't matter. He says to me: 'The governor's safe enough till they've got the Blue Diamond out of him.' I wish I could think that he's right."

"A good master, eh?"

"A man and a gentleman, sir. There ain't many like him."

"Talbot," the sub-commissioner asked, "are you sure that you know nothing about that other gang—the gang you were to fight with?"

"Not a thing, sir."

"Think this out carefully, Talbot. If Lord Newberry is still alive, he is probably in their hands. We want, naturally, to rescue him. Think, is there any way you can help us?"

"I'm afraid not, sir," was the reluctant admission.

"Your master never called at any odd places—places where he might have met some of them? He kept you round Bond Street and the clubs, eh?"

"There was once or twice we went in a contrary direction," the man acknowledged.

"As, for example?"

"Well," Talbot confided, with a curious air of unwillingness, "the only place we went to twice which seemed to me to be a bit out of the way was the Lion and the Lamb down in Bermondsey. Regular public house it is, fronting the street. I took the governor there twice, and he came out laughing each time."

The sub-commissioner and Milsom exchanged swift glances. The former bent a little closer over his desk to hide the gleam of triumph in his eyes.

"You didn't see anyone round the place that you knew by sight?" Milsom asked.

"I did not, sir," the man replied, "but, in for a penny in for a pound, I did see one thing which seemed to me somehow queer. The governor wasn't one to run about after the girls, but the second time he was there, I happened to glance up, and I saw at a window of a room on the first floor, right over the bar parlor, the most miraculous-looking woman I ever seed in my life, and when I read the description of the one as was done in at the Milan, where we drove to, the night of the raid, I couldn't help thinking of her. So that's that," he wound up, rising to his feet. "I've told you gentlemen everything I know, and a good deal that's only ideas like at the back of my mind, and if it's agreeable to you both, I'll be going."

"We're very much obliged to you, I am sure," Milsom acknowledged, escorting his visitor to the door, his hand resting upon his arm in friendly fashion. "And do remember this: Nothing that you have told us or could tell us in the future will ever get you into any trouble."

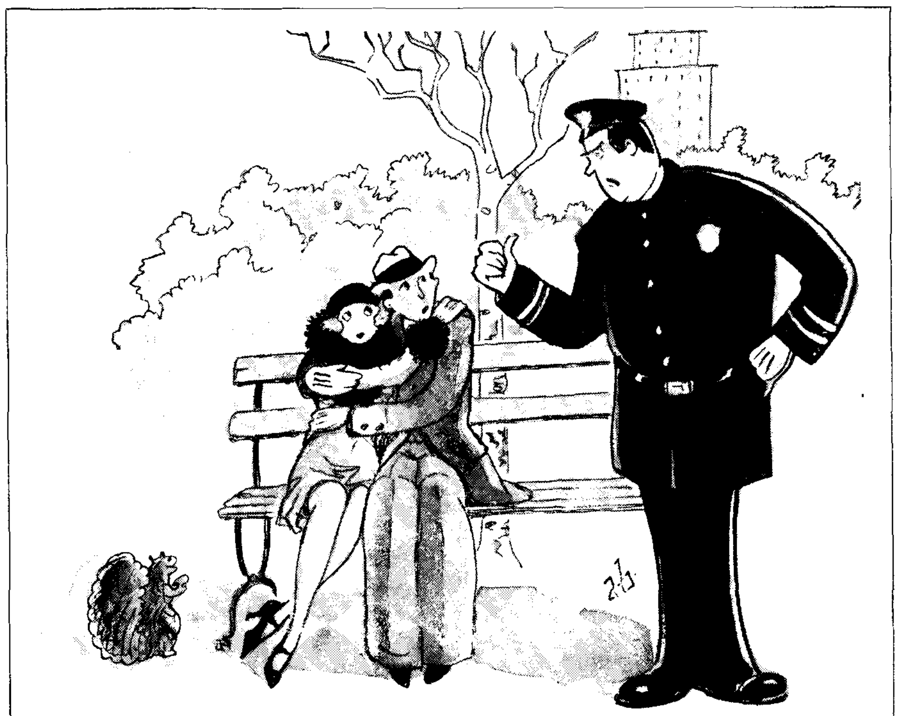
THE chauffeur and ex-pugilist took his leave. The sub-commissioner and his subordinate once more exchanged glances of understanding.

"We got what we wanted, I think, sir," the detective remarked.

"We did indeed," the sub-commissioner assented. "We have something to start on now at any rate. You know all about our next friend, I suppose?"

"I have a fancy," Milsom confided, with a slight deepening of the lines at the corners of his mouth, "that if I knew all about him, I should know exactly where David Newberry is at the present moment."

(*To be continued next week*)



"Why don't you do that sort of stuff at home?"
"We're orphans."

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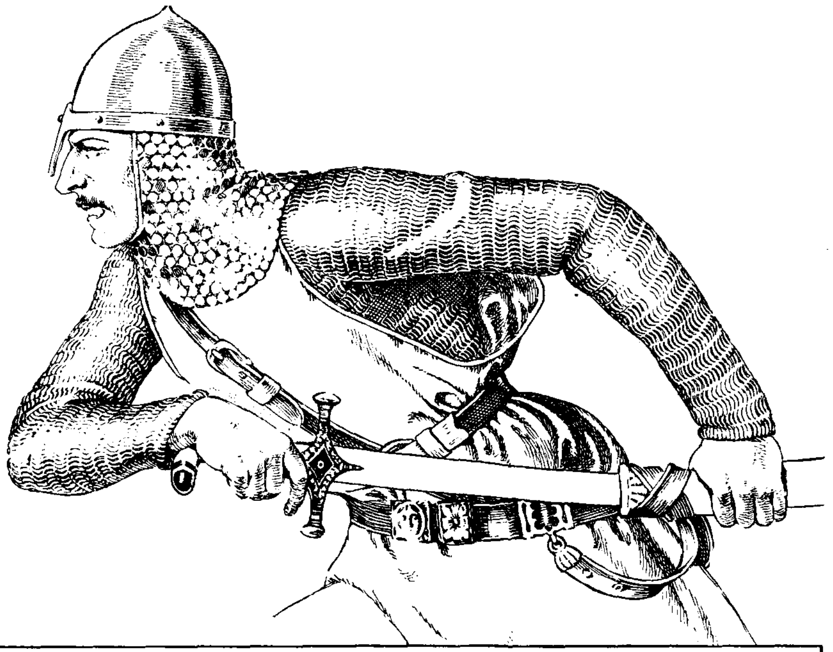
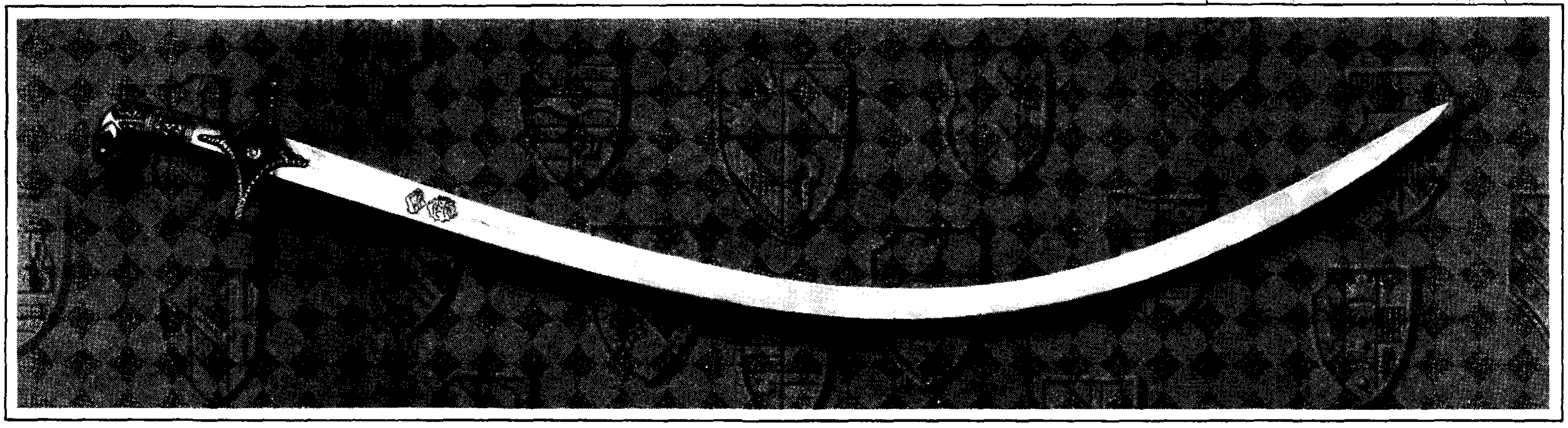


XVII Century Damascus sword now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York



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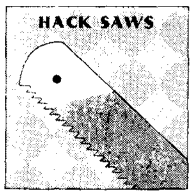
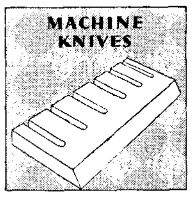
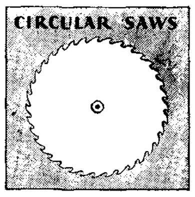


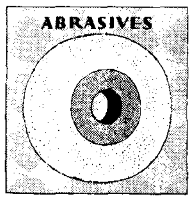
HACK SAWS



MACHINE KNIVES



CIRCULAR SAWS



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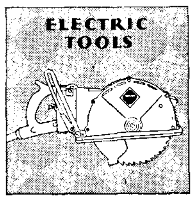

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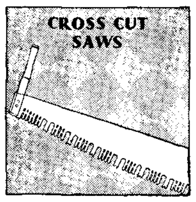

CROSS CUT SAWS

SIMONDS INDUSTRIES

World's Largest Saw Makers

BACK OF THE EDGE..THE STEEL ... BACK OF BOTH..SIMONDS

The Life of Squawking Bill

Continued from page 17

mine, with dummies tumbling from high cliffs, bursts of black-powder smoke from the mouths of shotguns, the boom of dynamite and the bursting of bombs, always with Squawking Bill in the foreground. He saw now in the squat foundations of the gambling hall a setting for the beginnings of a sudden quarrel, red-shirted men suddenly reaching for their guns, the bark of six-shooters and the flare of blank cartridges. Suddenly he halted, staring upward, at last to summon a passing member of the celebration committee:

"Get me a sign painted—white letters on black metal: THE OLD HANGING TREE—1879-1882," he commanded. "Have it put on this tree."

"But that tree's only thirty years old," said the committeeman. "You're talking about Squawking Bill? They strung him up in 1895, four years before that tree was even a seed."

"From now on, they strung him up right on that limb, just over your head," said Shoestring Charlie. Suddenly he asked: "What was this guy's history, anyway?"

THAT was the bad part of it. There didn't seem to be any.

"I'll write the biography myself," said Shoestring. So, while Aileen pounded the typewriter to the dictation of new advertisements, while Bob Johnson assembled the necessary properties for the main attraction, and while the Mayor took an increasing interest in what was happening on the second floor of the City Hall, Shoestring Charlie proceeded with the life of Squawking Bill to his own satisfaction.

The heat of preparation rose to a sizzle; hurry calls went forth for more volunteer performers. Red-shirted miners were needed to form the background in the fight for the old mine, women and children to provide the proper amount of excitement when guns flared in the gambling hall; riders of the Vigilance Committee must be trained, members of the bandit gang rehearsed in their parts. And one morning, very much satisfied, Shoestring Charlie walked into the Celebration office, where Aileen was pounding the typewriter, bent quickly and kissed the Pretty Little Mama on the tip of the nose.

"Well, Kid," he said cheerily, "I guess we can stop worrying about the Big Fat Papa. He's down at the other end of town dressed up in a red shirt, boots, two guns and a walrus mustache, playing the star part in everything from a fight for the old mine up to the event where we switch the dummy for the real thing when the posse closes in at the Old Hanging Tree."

Then, still chuckling, Shoestring Charlie Grenolds answered the girl's delighted questions, dragged forth the makin's, rolled himself a brown-paper cigarette, and went back to his labors. They were enjoyable ones. Bitter Mountain, neglected for years while the rest of the world rolled on, starved for a place in the sun, now had found it by the simple expedient of turning back the clock. Already many of the inhabitants were wearing the old-fashioned costumes, just to get the feel of them; ancient prospectors with pack burros made their appearance here and there, men who hadn't been in town except for grub for twenty years. The entire town, ten days in advance, was rounding into the dress-rehearsal stage, and the most active person of them all—excepting of course Shoestring Charlie—was the Hon. Jessifer T. Reynolds, Bitter Mountain's perpetual mayor.

The sweat rolled from his heavy brow as he puffed over granite and through mountain scrub in the Fight for the Old Mine. His protuberant waist heaved and squirmed with exertion as he shot his way up the main street in rehearsal before the avenging posse. His voice bellowed in the gambling hall, while carpenters banged their hammers about him, and his victims fell to the barking of his six-gun. The Hon. Jessifer T. Reynolds knew a success when he saw it. But three days later, as he stepped beaming and satisfied from the post office, he ran a heavy finger under the flap of a plain envelope, glimpsed the contents, and forgot his equanimity. The flush of his cheeks gave way to a pale green. His smile vanished, and suddenly he turned and ran for the offices of the Bitter Mountain Celebration Committee.

"Just got this in the mail!" he gasped, as he faced Shoestring Charlie. "Listen to it!"

He bent closer to the penciled scribble, and read the words slowly:

"Dear mr. Mayor I guess you think you're smart jumping on a man that's dead and gone but I ain't Dead and gone that hangin you're so proud of never hurt me any some of my Boys come along while I was still kickin and cut me down now put that in your Pipe and smoke it."

"Squawking Bill, in person; not a moving picture!" grunted Shoestring Charlie. "Not a bad touch, that rescue, if we had room for it. But I guess we'll have to stop at the hanging."

"We'll stop before it," snapped the Mayor. He read again:

"Now mR. Mayor if you think you're going to get away with that you're Locoed. I've had enough trouble doing a forty year stretch without no Time off for good behavvor down here at Canon City for trying to hold up the tri-State limited over on the south Slope. my friends won't stand For it either if I say the word they've had enough trouble trying to get me a pardon without you running a wild Shebang like this to make my name worse all the Governor wants anyway is an excuse to keep me in here seaing he's always had it in for me account his father running that stage line in Arizona and me holdin it up regular. so Im giving you Warning to cut anything Pertaining to me out of that celebration or i'll Do it for you i've Still got Friends. yrs truely, William j Freeman, Squawkin Bill."

"THERE you are," gasped the Mayor over very white lips.

"You mean, there we ain't," answered Shoestring Charlie. "If this thing ain't a fake, it looks like storms and lower temperatures, huh? Better call up Governor Snapp on the 'phone and tell him to have his warden chill this guy down some. We don't want a lot of unfavorable publicity."

"You act like you know him," evaded the sweating Mayor. "Call him up yourself."

"Fine chance I've got. He's the same Snapp that used to be on the City Council? Me'n him mixed the last time my show was here. You call him up—and don't mention my name."

"Me?" asked the Mayor, his face purple. "I didn't let him get a vote in this county at the last election."

"I suppose that goes for Jake Willis, his campaign manager, too?"

"Him?" asked the Mayor belligerently. "He'd spit at my picture!"

Shoestring Charlie shrugged his shoulders.

"Ain't we popular?" he mused. "Me'n Jake could die of poisonin' just from looking at each other. But I guess I've got to crawl to him. Got to get a letter to that warden somehow, so I can find out whether this resurrected bandit is the facts or not. Maybe he'll give it to me just on the hope that they'll make a mistake and keep me in the hoosegow." He looked at his watch. "So long," he said and turned abruptly for a dour course to the City Garage, there to arrange for a car to town. It was while he waited for the machine to be gassed and oiled that an excited girl and a young man came running across the school yard.

"Now keep your shirts on, kids," Shoestring begged as he confirmed their fears. "Maybe it's only a fake letter."

BUT two hours later, in the offices of Jake Willis, political dynamo of Denver, hopes washed swiftly away. Squawking Bill, it seemed, was thoroughly alive.

"Sure, I'll give you a letter," said Jake Willis. "I'd do that for a yellow dog. But if you think you're going to get any help out of us in keeping that guy's trap shut, you're screwy!"

"That's awful good of you, Jake," said Shoestring in an awed tone, and waited, his hat in hand, for the letter. Then he swung from the office, muttering under his breath, jumped into the waiting car and commanded a heavy foot on the gas for Canon City. After a long time he stood waiting outside a close-meshed grille in the visitors' room at Canon City Penitentiary while a runner went to Cell Block Number 3 for a man who called himself Squawking Bill. After a time steps clanked on steel. A wide-shouldered person of about sixty-five, his muscular form well defined even through the looseness of a gray uniform, his drooping mustache still flowing in 1880 style about his tight-lipped mouth, his gray hair tousled, came to a halt and glared at his visitor.

"I ain't goin' to stand for it!" shouted Squawking Bill.

"Say, listen, Kid," drawled Shoestring, "we ain't done nothing. Suppose we showed all the stuff that's circulated about you. That time you strangled the baby, for instance."

"I never strangled no baby!"

"Did I say you did?" asked Shoestring acridly. "I'm just repeating. And cut that poor old white-haired lady's throat right on the steps of a church!"

The fists of Squawking Bill beat against the grating.

"Show me the low-down, ornery coyote that—"

"Pipe down, you two!" growled a guard.

After that the voices were lower, but no less vehement. Finally, Squawking Bill went back to his cell and Shoestring to his automobile, in which he pored over a small, leather-bound address book, all the way back to Denver. There, in a hotel, he called Bitter Mountain over long distance.

"Listen, Mayor," he announced, "I got one thing out of this anyhow. I got the straight history of Squawking Bill. Say, it's rich—"

"What did he say about the celebration?" asked the Mayor.

"They pinch guys for repeating stuff like that over the telephone."

"Well, I'm washing my hands of the whole affair! I'm through with it, done with it—"

"You realize, don't you," asked Shoestring coldly, "that if you publicly wash

(*Continued on page 54*)

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Gives Keen, Cool Shaves forever
Fits All Blades
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Find out how to make $100 in a week and more just *showing* KRISS-KROSS to men in your locality. Full or spare time. H. King earned $66 in one day. We show you how. It's easy. Check bottom of coupon for details and generous proposition. Mail it now.

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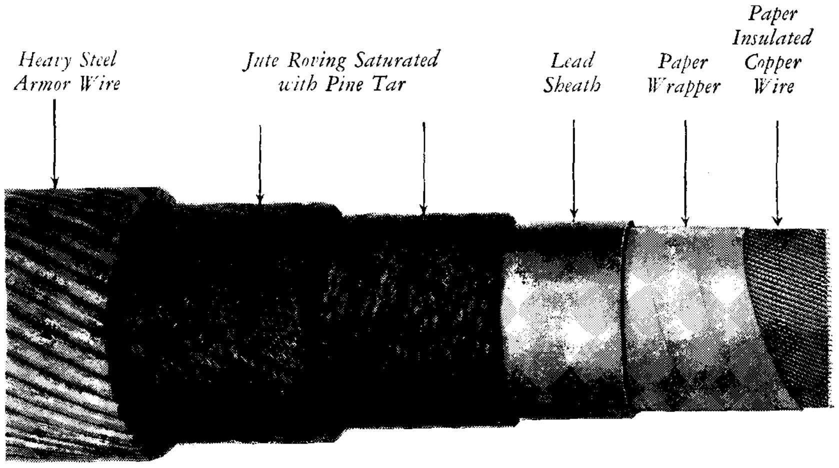
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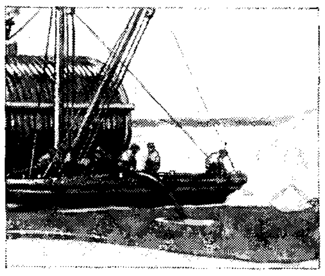
In this service, cable must meet conditions which are more severe than those encountered by either underground or overhead cable lines. To withstand crushing pressure, corrosion, abrasion and to keep out water—which would interrupt your conversation—the wires in the cable are encased in six separate layers of protective material. But still more important is the *invisible* armor—the experience and careful workmanship which are built into all Western Electric apparatus.

The greatest pains are taken in producing even the tiny switchboard lamp which flashes your signal to the operator—the sensitive carbon button in the transmitter of your telephone—the many thousands of intricate parts which this Company makes as its share in good telephone service.



Laying the water-tight and air-tight undersea cable.

Western Electric

MAKERS OF YOUR TELEPHONE

The Life of Squawking Bill

Continued from page 52

your hands of this, the whole bottom will drop out of the celebration and you'll get the blame?"

"I'm only—"

"You're the big squeeze," said Shoestring Charlie, "beginning tomorrow morning. I stopped by the newspaper offices on the way to the hotel. They've heard something about Squawkie. I had to do something—quick. So I put in ads over your name to start appearing tomorrow morning, stating that positively, rain or shine, the life of Squawking Bill would be lived as advertised, with added attractions."

"I'll deny it!" roared over the telephone.

"Go ahead!" snapped Shoestring. "You'll blow the show higher'n a kite, lose about ten thousand bucks for your town and spend the rest of your life explaining to the frenzied inhabitants as to how wide that streak of yellow in your back really is. And you won't be Mayor when you're doing it either."

"Good Lord!" came from the other end of the wire.

"Good night, Mayor," answered Shoestring Charlie sweetly and hung up. Then he took the little leather-bound address book from his pocket again and went to the writing desk. Dawn found him still there, poring over the many names within—a showman keeps meticulously his list of friends and enemies for every town. Sometimes he rejoiced as he listed a name, sometimes he was doubtful, sometimes he scratched an entry off the list which had been placed there with hope and happiness only a short time before. Only a few hours' sleep were his when at last the list was completed. He was early to breakfast, and early upon his round of offices. Two days later, when he returned to Bitter Mountain, he blinked slightly as he entered the Celebration office, then looked away, pretending not to see. Aileen's cheeks bore smudges which had not come from carbon: the whitish marks made by a handkerchief against tears.

"How's tricks, Little Mama?" he asked with a show of gaiety. "Where's Bob?"

"He's—he's down at the house, trying to argue with Papa."

"And what's wrong with Papa?"

"He's quit the show! Pretending that he's got a bad knee and that he can't stand. Everything's just all gone to pieces—"

"There now, buck up!" Shoestring Charlie placed an arm softly about her shoulder. "The ship isn't sunk yet, Kid. Squawkie's still in the pen."

"YES, but suppose he gets an injunction, or—or gets out—" Suddenly she threw her arms about Shoestring's waist, and bent against him, sobbing. "Oh, I'm not blaming you—please, Mr. Shoestring. I'm—I'm just so unhappy! Papa'll never forgive Bob and—"

"Maybe he will, honey."

"And we'll have to elope. I'd planned so, Mr. Shoestring—" the voice was very muffled now—"we were going to have a chintz room, and a rose room and—"

"All right, Kid, you'll have 'em. If I have to—"

"That's just it," the Pretty Little Mama sobbed again, "if you have to pay for them yourself. And you out all your time and money because Bob and I got you into this horrible mess. Oh—I'm so unhappy!"

"I guess I'll go down and talk to the Big Fat Papa," said Shoestring. He fulfilled the idea hastily.

"Now listen," he began when at last he faced the Mayor, glaring at him from the softness of an easy chair. "Come on and snap out of it. And you, Bob—get up to the office. I've got an idea Aileen needs you."

"Yes, sir," said Bob Johnson and hurried away. Shoestring went on:

"Why all the fakerino?" he asked. "You ain't got no bum knee."

The Hon. Jessifer T. Reynolds rose, quite forgetful of his injury.

"Will you leave me alone?" he begged. "I'm out of it!"

"But the show ain't been stopped yet, has it? I've got a dozen guys in Denver working on the Governor and Jake Willis to keep Squawkie right where he's at—"

"Go away from me!" yelled the Mayor. Then the door banged and Shoestring Charlie was in the street. Once here, he hurried anew.

"Got to get a substitute for your father," he said to the red-eyed Aileen as she and Bob Johnson broke from a mournful huddle in a corner of the office. "As for you, Bob, you've got to go to Denver. I'll have a list of names and full particulars by the time you get your grip packed. I want you to go to a hotel and call that list every day; remind 'em of what they promised me. They're fellows I've seen, about keeping Squawking Bill in the hoosegow. Now beat it!" Then, when Bob was gone, he turned again to the girl. "Now, honey," he said, "it's you and I for conference."

Aileen Reynolds came to her work the next morning with her jaws set. She was the only person in the office; Shoestring was here and there throughout the town, rehearsing new chapters from the life of Squawking Bill, new shooting affrays, new holdups, new banditry, with himself in the leading rôle.

THIS was action, final action. Only four days were left now, days of excitement as the town seethed in its preparation, and the newspapers came up from Denver bearing first-page dispatches from Canon City concerning the anger of Squawking Bill. Days of feverish preparation, of the last slabs upon converted buildings, the last rehearsals of the fire department and the band, the final oiling of the gambling wheels. Day followed day until the show was only twenty-four hours off. Shoestring finished his next to last rehearsal as the train from town whistled around the bend, ran a tired hand over his eyes, and turned toward the office.

"Any word?" he asked anxiously of the Pretty Little Mama. She did not have time to answer. There had come a thumping on the steps; it was the Mayor, arms extended, his face ghastly.

"They've let him out!" he shouted. "The Governor just telephoned, to gloat over me! Squawking Bill's been pardoned. He's pulling into town—right now!"

Shoestring whirled.

"Get Bob on the 'phone!" he commanded of the excited Aileen. "Tell him to tear to the newspapers with those advertisements. Then get hold of the reporters and give 'em the story." Here he whirled again, facing the Mayor. "Oh, shut up, will you?" he shouted. "Somebody's coming up the stairs."

HE RAN to the door, waiting only until a hulking, gray-haired form rounded in from the hall.

"Squawkie!" he shouted, and went forward, in joyous greeting.

Squawking Bill blinked, rubbed his chin, then lunged forward, to grasp the extended hand.

"It shore turned out just right!" he boomed.

"Didn't I tell you it would!" snapped Shoestring.

Here he halted, at a gurgling sound from the wall.

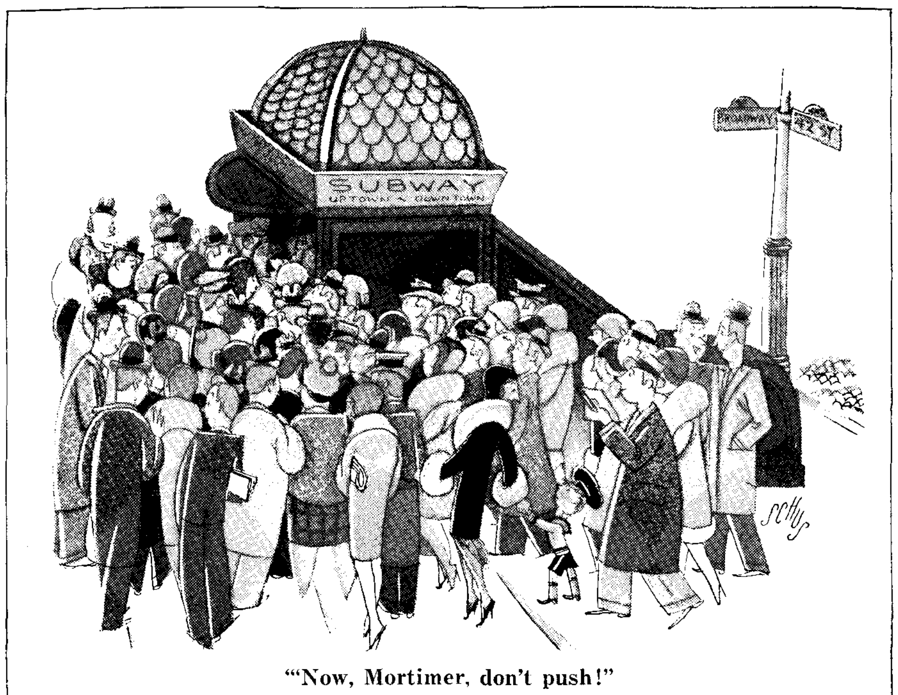
"Beg your pardon, Squawkie," he said. "I forgot to introduce my friends. This is Aileen here that I told you about when I was down at Canon City. And this is her father, the Mayor."

Again a gurgling came from the flaccid figure against the wall. Squawking Bill went forward and pumped his hand; the response was exceedingly limp.

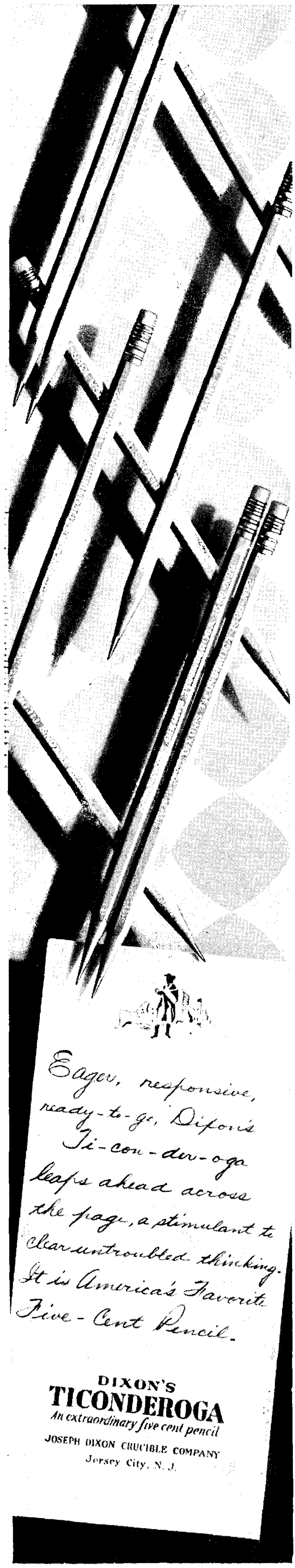
"It shore worked out, Mr. Mayor," said Squawking Bill. "When Mr. Shoestring said he'd bamboozle them ornery coyotes into lettin' me out pervidin' I'd do th' leadin' part in this here shebang up here, I shore thought he'd bit off an awful chunk. But it shore worked out."

Just then another voice became noticeable. Aileen was still at the telephone.

"Yes, he's here, Bob, and he's just met Father, and they're going out to rehearse now, and oh, Bob, he's just the sweetest old man!"



"Now, Mortimer, don't push!"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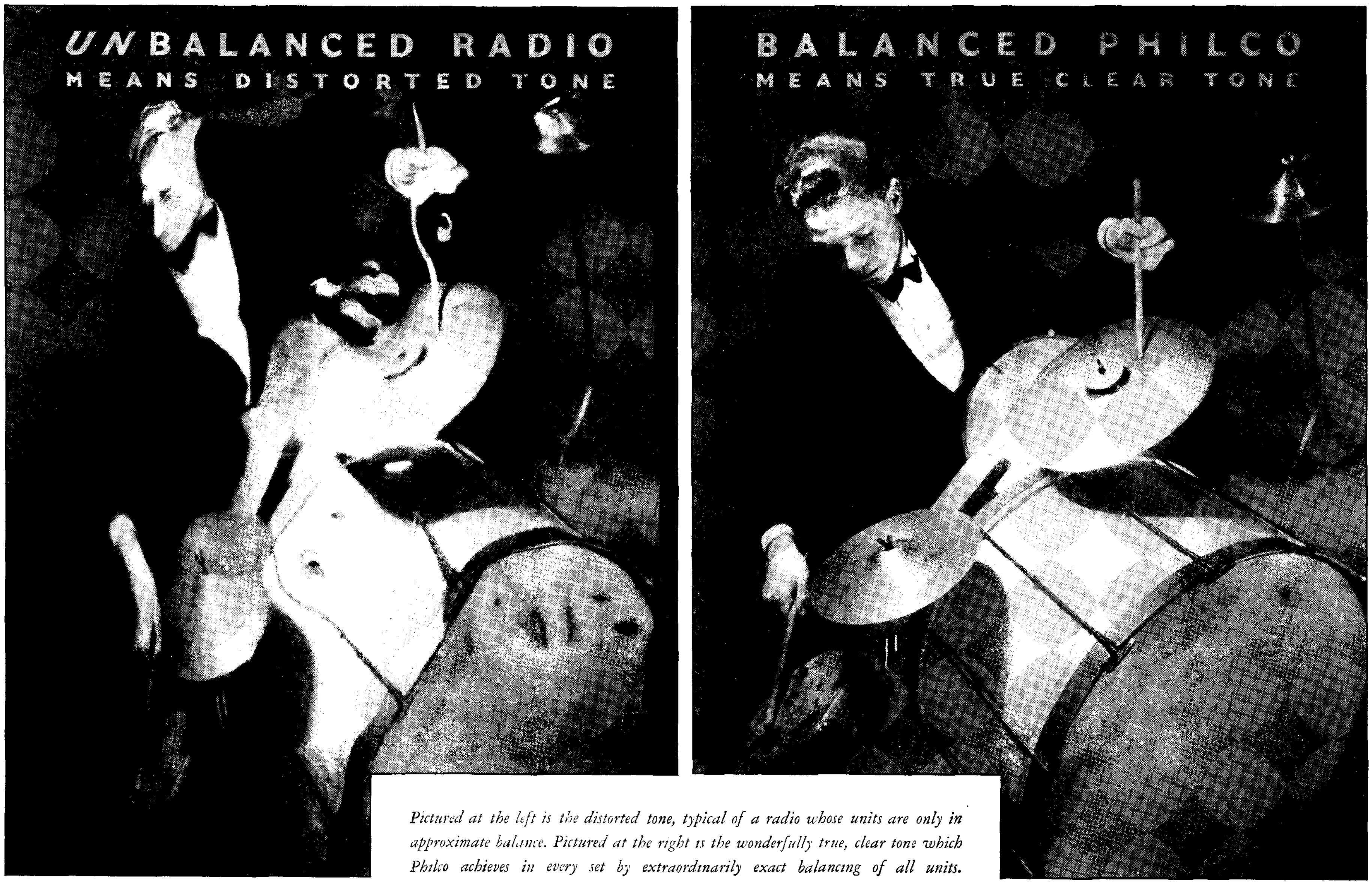

Pictured at the left is the distorted tone, typical of a radio whose units are only in approximate balance. Pictured at the right is the wonderfully true, clear tone which Philco achieves in every set by extraordinarily exact balancing of all units.

. . . in which we make some pretty big claims and invite you to test them by demonstration

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A new super-set, built specifically for people who want super-performance. The enormous power of the Philco Screen Grid Plus enables you to bring in distant stations, and its automatic volume control enables you to *hold* and *enjoy* the fine programs from these stations. Like the seven tube Philco, the Screen Grid Plus has a double tuned input circuit which sharpens selectivity and somewhat reduces static and other interference noises.

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Console, with either Screen Grid or Neutrodyne-Plus Chassis	$112.00
Highboys	from $139.50 to 169.50
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Slightly higher in Canada, Rocky Mountains and West. Each model, regardless of price, includes a built-in Electro-Dynamic Speaker with *two* 245 power tubes, push-pull. All prices less tubes.

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Information and literature on request

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INTERNATIONAL WAGONS-LITS, 701 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK, *OR ANY TOURIST AGENCY*

The Jazz Heart

Continued from page 15

"Maybe."

"Then why don't you ask his permission? Ask him to give you one glad, glorious jazz evening before you are married. I think he'll do it."

Again the thoughtful look. "Maybe. Papa would never say yess. But Léon —maybe."

"How shall I know?"

"I will tie my white scarf to the balcony. I cannot go to you through the patio. Grandmama sit there ever' evenin', but— Oh, yess! The needle-and-pin shop next do' have a ladder. Their gate is open and it sit jus' inside."

"I will find it," said Terry.

AT SIX o'clock Terry walked past the Ducharme dwelling, and there, tied to the balcony rail, was the white scarf. He hurried to his hotel, had dinner, dressed. At eight o'clock he left his taxi in the dark of Burgundy Street and entering the patio of the needle-and-pin shop found the ladder. He had no more than braced it against the balcony when the blinds opened and Cydalise stepped softly out, a dim figure in the pale street lights. A lace mantilla fell about her face and she was wrapped in a fringed black shawl. Terry caught a glimpse of scarlet heels as she descended to him.

Back to the needle-and-pin shop with the ladder, then to the taxi in Burgundy Street.

"The Petit Trianon," ordered Terry. He turned to Cydalise. "Let me see you!" he said.

A little breathless, she unwound the mantilla, laid back the shawl. All black tulle with a red rose on her shoulder. Flame color on her lips and a scarlet fan.

"Beautiful!" whispered Terry. "I'll never forget Léon for this."

"Me," said Cydalise, "I shall be wild and happy—jus' once. Then I shall go back."

"But you won't forget?"

"How do I know?"

"I'll not let you forget. It will be so wild and happy that you can't."

"I should like that. I should like to be so wild—jus' once—and so happy that I could never forget."

"That's a challenge," said Terry. He wrapped the shawl about her, lifted her out. They ran up the steps of the Petit Trianon—one flight, two flights, to the roof. Almost at once the orchestra began, crashes and clashes, and jagged, scarlet cries, with a deep Negro voice booming above the tom-toms.

Terry took Cydalise in his arms. They stepped into the scarlet cries, into the crashing bright waves, into the booming and the tom-toms.

She was light and quick, a flying thing with wings that beat in time to his. . . .

"It's wonderful!" whispered Cydalise.

"Oh, heaven!" she had clutched his arm. "Oh, mercy, there is Léon!"

Léon, indeed. Terry saw him dancing with Hester Murphy not twenty feet away.

"He hasn't seen us yet," Cydalise whispered. "Let's go."

"*Go?*" Terry stood still. "You asked him if you could come."

"I know." Cydalise struggled in his arms. "I ask him, *and he say I couldn't.*"

"He's here himself," Terry stormed, following her from the ballroom.

"I know. I think I put dancing in his head by askin'. Wherever we go —he may come. I think we would not be safe anywhere but in the cemetery."

Terry took her to the Alhambra. They sat in a dim loge. It was an anticlimax, but Cydalise watched the show intently. And Terry watched Cydalise.

Beneath her balcony she said to him. "You think you did not keep yo' word, but you did. . . . It was only one dance, but it was wild and happy—like you promise me. I shall not forget."

Next morning Terry called Jean and asked him to meet him at Jacquin's for lunch. Dead to the crayfish *en coquille* which the waiter had recommended, Terry confirmed Jean's wildest suspicions. Not only was he in love with Cydalise, but he intended to marry her.

"Have you considered Léon?" asked Jean.

"Not as an obstacle, only as a technicality. I have called on you to tell me what is the proper procedure when you intend to marry a girl who is engaged. The procedure among Creoles, I mean."

"I know of no precedent," said Jean, listless from shock. "I can only recommend that you see M'sieu' Ducharme."

"Where will I find him at this hour?"

"Here."

"He has lunch here?"

Jean shook his head, made a lax gesture toward an open door. Smoke and a rich aroma came through the door. Beyond these Terry saw a tall man with a red bandanna wrapped around his head, a man of a pirate-like imperiousness, who that instant picked up a long knife, slit open a fish and flung it aside.

"But that's the kitchen," said Terry.

"Surely! Do you not remember yo' pompano? And yo' crayfish *en coquille?* Do not let his fierce look frighten you. He have kill no one yet."

Jean rose, his hand on Terry's shoulder. "I will go now and let you speak. Whatever happens, you have my good wish."

Terry managed to thank him. When Jean had gone he too went out, walking the streets, striving to think.

Good heaven, what a snob he was! What did it matter if her father was a cook? She was still Cydalise—Cydalise, whose lashes seemed to brush his heart, whose kiss on his head had made him as big as the universe and every inch aflame.

Cooks? He had known numberless cooks, in his mother's kitchen and elsewhere. Respectable people, all. . . .

TERRY, visualizing his kitchen, saw his home, the biggest house in town. He saw his mother coming down the stair, assured, complacent; his father, leaving for a directors' meeting, unhurried, but a bit absorbed; his sisters, débutante, undergraduate, kid. . . .

"Good Lord!" he breathed. "I didn't know I thought we were so much."

He would take Cydalise home with him. They would leave all this behind. No one would ever know.

His tramping had brought him back to Jacquin's. A lone waiter informed him that M. Ducharme had gone home for siesta.

Siesta was barely over when Terry arrived at the Ducharme dwelling and rang the bell. The black boy opened the gates and Terry entered the patio. Madame de Lansac sat under the orange tree reading. She supposed Terry was the market boy and without looking up instructed him to carry the crabs to the kitchen.

"I'd like to see Mr. Ducharme," said Terry.

In the excitement of discovering her mistake, Madame neglected to consider him an intruder. She spoke sharply to the black boy, dispatching him in search of her son.

And as Hyacinthe disappeared and the step of M. Ducharme was heard, she added to Terry, "I have meet you, M'sieu', but yo' name—"

Terry told her his name and she pronounced it to M. Ducharme.

Cydalise's father wore a small gray skull cap and a cool black alpaca suit. A silver pince-nez depended from a black cord about his neck, and he held this in his hand as he bowed to Terry and courteously indicated a chair. Terry sat down. M. Ducharme sat down.

"Hyacinthe," said M. Ducharme, "some coffee."

"The weather is ver' warm," offered Madame. "Do you not find him so?"

Terry admitted that he was warm. He felt, however, that he was losing his steam. It was too peaceful here in the patio. Monsieur and Madame were too tranquil. He felt he should begin at once:

"Mr. Ducharme, I love your daughter. I want your consent to—to win her affections."

M. Ducharme had just received his cup of coffee. He set it down, looking at Madame. Madame took her cup and looked at Terry. Terry declined coffee.

"AND where," said M. Ducharme, "did you meet my daughter?"

"Here, sir."

"Yess, Cyprien," came Madame's confirming murmur. "Jean Laferche bring Mister Dog-lass here day 'fo' yestiddy."

"Day before yesterday," repeated M. Ducharme.

"But I had seen her before that," Terry informed him. "I love her and I want to marry her."

"No doubt," said M. Ducharme, "you don't know the circumstances."

"I do," said Terry, "and I overlook them."

"You overlook? What is it you overlook?" demanded M. Ducharme. "My daughter is betrothed to her cousin."

"That's what I overlook," explained Terry. "Léon, I mean."

Again Monsieur glanced at Madame. He seemed to have quite a way of glancing at Madame.

"You are speaking," he said, "of Léon Zumárraga, descendant of Prince Léon Zumárraga who escaped to New Orleans from Santo Domingo in 1791, and, on his mother's side, of the Baron de Canalis and the Duchesse de Chaulieu."

"It was his engagement to Miss Ducharme I spoke of overlooking," floundered Terry. "In fact, I am obliged to overlook it in asking you to let me—to give me a little time to see if I can't—win her affections."

He glanced at Madame. Was he mistaken or did her eye show a gleam of sympathy?

"Sometimes," said the emboldened Terry, "it's a good idea to let a girl look around a little."

M. Ducharme had finished his coffee. "You do not live in New Orleans, Mr. Douglas?"

"No, sir. My home's in Indiana. I came down to the convention."

"Then you will go back shortly?"

"I'm due to go back tonight. But if—"

"I understand. Suppose, sir, I give you the opportunity you mention. Suppose my daughter should fall in love with you. What have you to offer that might match the endowments of her fiancé?"

(*Continued on page 58*)

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OF ALL THE PLEASURES MAN ENJOYS, PIPE SMOKING COSTS THE LEAST

The Jazz Heart

Continued from page 56

Terry had brought his credentials. He handed them to M. Ducharme. M. Ducharme adjusted his pince-nez and proceeded to examine them.

"I see nothing here," said M. Ducharme, "regarding your family connections. I do not wish to be overbearing, nor would I mention the matter under other circumstances, but Cydalise, as well as Léon, has the blood of Canalis and Chaulieu in her veins. While on her mother's—the de Lansac—side, she is a direct descendant of the Marquis of Cavadonga and the Prince de Loudon. . . . Will you tell me, Mr. Douglas, something of your ancestry?"

"My mother," Terry said ruminantly, "is a Colonial Dame."

M. Ducharme glanced at Madame.

"Well?"

"My father is a Native Son of Indiana. I had an uncle who was a sheriff." He drew deep on an erratic memory. "My grandfather was a colonel."

M. Ducharme tapped his fingers with his pince-nez.

"Marriage," he said, "is different from—from other arrangements, other contracts. The blood of Cydalise is old and blue. And the blood of Léon."

He rose. Terry rose, too.

"But fresh blood," said Terry, "is a good thing sometimes. These old families peter out without it. Look at—"

He stopped short. At the window leaned Cydalise, and she was laughing. Laughing uncontrollably, vanishing as their eyes met.

Terry straightened himself. He finished his sentence.

"Look," he said, "at royalty."

M. Ducharme looked at Madame de Lansac instead.

Terry picked up his hat. There was certainly no use waiting for M. Ducharme to refuse him further, now that he had seen Cydalise laughing. M. Ducharme had at least taken him seriously. To Cydalise he had been merely a joke.

Terry bowed to Madame de Lansac, to M. Ducharme. M. Ducharme walked with him to the gate. They bowed again.

Terry walked back to his hotel, stood at his window looking down on busy Canal Street. Behind that mask of modern store fronts lay the crumbling Vieux Carré in whose heart Cydalise sat—laughing.

STRAY incidents came back to Terry. The dusky-eyed girl at the newsstand downstairs. Jean had said that her grandmother was the Marquesa Los Alcazares. At least their work could not degrade them, these old Creoles fallen on evil days. The Vieux Carré might crumble, but not their codes and traditions.

The day was waning. If he was to catch the night train he must hurry.

He wrapped the Ducharme balcony in his pajamas and laid it at the bottom of his bag. The other things went in at random. He snapped his bags shut, opened the door . . . Good-by, Cydalise!

The telephone was ringing. It was probably Jean. If he answered he would miss his train. He would wire Jean en route.

Terry, descending in the elevator, passed the mezzanine floor. And in the mezzanine he saw someone sitting—sitting all alone, as if waiting. The porter took his bags as he reached the lobby. "They were trying to get you on the phone, sir," he said. "You have a caller."

But Terry was already ascending again to the mezzanine.

Alone, under a palm tree.

"Cydalise!" he whispered.

All Madonna in a blue cloche and coat. All Madonna until she smiled.

"You lef' yo' recommendations," she observed.

"Oh, my credentials!" said Terry, rather taken aback. "Thanks. You brought them?"

She sat down again. Terry sat down too. He would catch a train tomorrow.

"It was very fonny after you leave," she said gravely.

"It was funny while I was there too, wasn't it?"

"Yess. But it was fonnier after you go. You see I hear what you say to Papa."

"So I observed."

"I did not know anyboddie was brave enough to ask Papa for me—anyboddie who know how much blood he have, and about Léon too. But that was not what was so fonny. After you go Grandmama tell Papa she like you. And she say you mek a good hosband. She like you mo' better still when she have read yo' credentials. She tell Papa so.

"Papa say I am betrothed to Léon and he will not have such idea put in my head. And I lean out the window and say the idea, he was in my head already.

"PAPA call me down and tell me do I want brek Léon's heart. I say how can I brek his heart when it is give to someboddie else. Oh, I know! Las' night is not the first time I see him with her. I tell them all about it. I keep still befo' because he was to be my hosband. Besides, I did not care. . . . Eef it had been you I would have scratch her face off.

"And right while I tell on Léon, Léon come in. And Papa talk to him like a mama-tiger. And Léon is so upset he say nothin'. He jus' listen good and go to his room. And Grandmama say, 'You make mistake to send away a yong man like this for blood. He have blood himself. Did not he tell you his father was a Colonial Dame? I hear him myself.'

"And Papa say, 'I will give him another chance.'

"Grandmama say, 'He have gone away—on the train, maybe. It is over. Now yo' daughter is to marry a trifler, a hammock-eel.'

"Papa go into the house. And Grandmama say to me, 'Do not cry, little one—' "

"Cydalise! You were crying?"

"Let me tell you what Grandmama say: 'Do not cry. He will come back for his recommendations, and then—' But me, I am afraid you will ketch yo' train, like you say. I am afraid you do not care."

Terry had caught her hand. "I didn't care about much after I saw you laughing."

"How can I hepp laughin'? You say to Papa, 'Old blood peters out. Look at—' And I thought you were goin' to say, 'Look at Léon.' How can I hepp laughin'?"

IN THE shelter of the mezzanine palm Terry caught her other hand.

"Wait! So I come to you and told you what kind of heart I have."

"And it's mine."

"How do I know? You are to call ver' soon for yo' recommendations. But not too soon, because I got to get there first, and yo' taxi ron faster than my coupé."

"Cydalise!"

"You spik again to Papa. Now I go."

"I'll see you to your carriage."

"No, no! Hyacinthe may not be asleep."

From the hotel doorway Terry watched her as she drove away. Then he boarded a taxi, followed slowly, waited while she got out. When the gates had closed he stood before them and rang the bell.

M. Ducharme himself answered the bell.

"Ah! Good evening, Mr. Douglas."

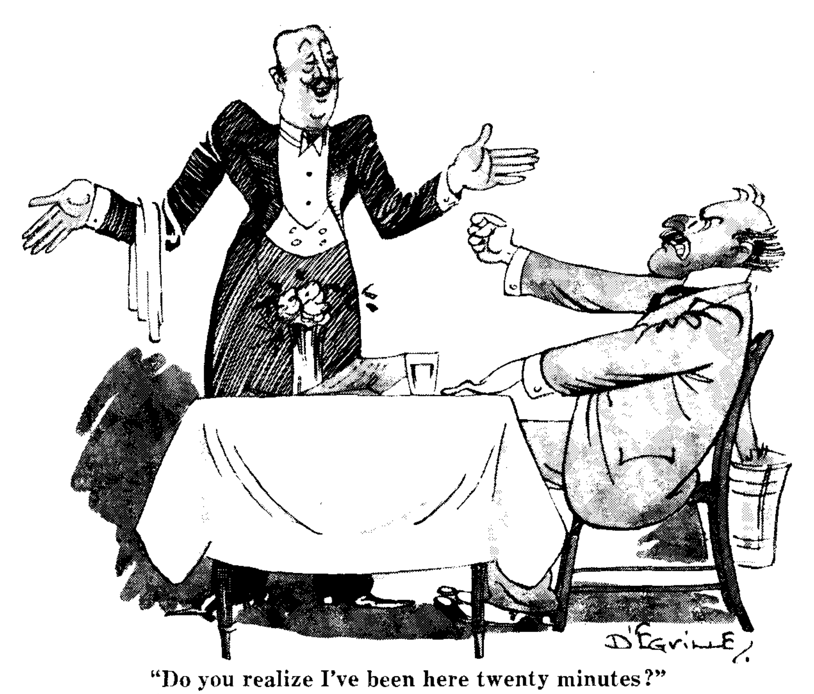
"Good evening," said Terry. "I think I left my credentials."

"You did, sir. Come in."

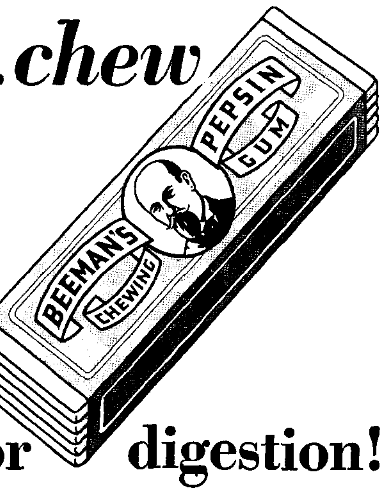
The patio was sweet with evening flowers. Madame de Lansac emerged from the house.

"Oh, M'sieu' Dog-lass! Yo' recommendations! I think Cydalise have put them away . . . Cydalise!"

But Cydalise was coming down the stair.



"Do you realize I've been here twenty minutes?"
"Ah, tempus fugit, tempus fugit!"



bite and run?
...chew
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Woman from Paris

Continued from page 21

if legs are worth a ticket to a show they can hardly be a menace to everyday life.

Concentration by Claudette's art class on bits of still life—cubes, squares, parallelograms and occasional wax fruits—was disturbed by furtive outlining of her limbs on bristol board supplied for more orthodox practice. An instructor, catching a lad at this frivolity, admonished the class. He appeared for the next morning's session to face his own image, somewhat distorted with an oversized nose and stiff brows, pinned flagrantly to a wall-board. He suspected Miss Colbert's handiwork, which was uncomfortable, but no less a tribute to individualistic style. She was promptly suspended.

And there was another count against her. She had played hooky from class and her excuse of her brother's serious illness was not easily reconciled with that husky young man's bounding up two flights to the art class in quest of his sister.

A Young Actress of Parts

She arrived home flushed with the delight of adventure. She had reveled for two hours before the vision of Marjorie Rambeau in Where Poppies Blow.

Claudette's family sighed over the symptom. The girl was stage-minded. Their fond plans to cast her in the cultural environment of art seemed vain. Really, that environment served to start her; but not in the direction designed.

She was at a rather arty tea, gushing, as maidens will, about how deliciously thrilling it must be to float before footlights and say things before hundreds listening and applauding. Anne Morrison, the actress, overheard her.

"Why don't you, then?" said Miss Morrison.

"I've had no training," Claudette confessed. "Only in black and white art."

"What are you doing now?" asked the practical Miss Morrison.

"You mean for a living? Nothing," mourned Claudette. "At present I'm what you see me—a more or less interesting guest at a more or less interesting party."

"That's all you need be," replied Miss Morrison, slightly accenting the "you."

Three weeks later, in which period Miss Colbert had mastered exactly three lines, she walked on as a guest at a party in a play.

"And I muffed the opening line," she admits. "Unforgivable and horribly mortifying. At dress rehearsals I was perfect. The night before I had learned so much of the play that I could not only repeat my three lines to perfection, but all the other lines.

"Yet nervous exhaustion so wilted me by the time I stepped before the glaring footlights that my mind became a blank. All I was required to say was, 'Isn't it lovely?' or something equally trite to somebody who showed me something. Instead, I stared as if mesmerized, lips parched and clinging. No sound came.

"In a cab on the way home my sudden eloquence shocked Mother. On my knees that night I prayed heaven to forgive. Whether heaven did or didn't, the stage manager overlooked my personal flop."

When fate smiles early and effectively on a young woman, it is painful but exceedingly precious to get a jolt in immediate sequel to the smile. The ends of proportion are served thereby. Claudette Colbert learned from first failure the vital importance of self-command—of ruthless conquest of physical and mental funk which assails every artist on exposure to the public. The fight against nervousness may be brief and decisive. It may be a continuous struggle. I know one famous comedian who trembles with suspense before his first entrance at every performance. Whether once or always, the fight has to be made. No artist can avoid this penalty of self-publication.

The next play in which Claudette Colbert appeared found her a young actress of parts, although she had only played one.

She read plays—by the gross, acting all the female parts aloud in her room. The parts ranged from Lady Macbeth to Madame Goddam of The Shanghai Gesture—both declamatory sinners. The household tolerated this private course in elocution as a mild form a lunacy. By the end of her first Broadway run in a thin part Claudette had equipped herself with a confident versatility.

A chance came quickly to prove it. In that sumptuously modern miracle play—The Pearl of Great Price—Claudette was cast for the rôle of the virgin wandering into experience. She gets it and emerges in scarlet costume as a token of excessive initiation. The forces of righteousness proceed to give her a running tackle before she can lure a line of young men, formed on the right, to ways that are dark.

Perched on a rostrum she sat, a figure of coolly passionate defiance facing her accuser. Sonorously he roared accusations. Much too sonorously. A bridge loosened in his mouth and as he tossed his head in violent denunciation, the false teeth fell out.

"He made a neat catch and replaced them," Miss Colbert recounts. "I was sure the audience observed. They gave no sign. That didn't help me. I shook with laughter. By a great effort I switched a throaty guffaw to a deep-bosomed sob—and burst into tears. They weren't appropriate to a scarlet woman, but, if I say so myself, that was acting."

She proceeded from that tragic bit to a whirl at sparkling and agreeably naughty farce—A Kiss in a Taxi, playing opposite Arthur Byron.

Startling Pajamas

The show ran its hilarious course, and Claudette Colbert began to have the happy reputation of adorning plays that never had a hitch. Although there was one. A chiffon negligee in which she sustained modified manhandling by Byron suffered from strenuous wear. It was sent to the cleaners and returned just in time for the following night's performance. During intermission, Miss Colbert put on the garment to discover that it had shrunk to an extent that made her extremely viewable legs too viewable. The curtain was held while her maid taxied a few blocks to her apartment and returned with what she could grab—a pair of vivid red silk pajamas. Hurriedly Miss Colbert plunged into them.

An unwritten rule of the stage requires a principal to notify another principal of any unwonted change in costume. Unexpected attire provokes surprise that can dispel cues. Before she had left her dressing-room the curtain was raised and Byron was extemporizing to cover her delayed entrance. She rushed on. The leading man stared in amazement at the apparition, and to relieve an awkward pause, Claudette dived on to a chaise longue. It was unequal to the sudden deposit of a lithe young woman. It collapsed and she kicked wildly amid débris.

Byron grasped her ankles and hauled

her out, exclaiming: "That's what you get for wearing red pajamas."

The line was unauthorized, but it won the biggest laugh of the show.

In the way of paradox that dogs every life the Theater Guild offered the new brunette funny girl the grave job of heroine in O'Neill's Dynamo—a grimly turned story of human futility in the grip of a machine civilization. She acquitted herself well—the Theater Guild seldom picks anybody who doesn't—and after little more than three years on Broadway she was an accepted veteran tabbed by casting directors as a "name." This is not necessarily fame in the theater; but it is that most substantial acquisition—a readily negotiable meal ticket.

Bruised Beauty

When this agreeable condition was substantiated by the offer and her acceptance of her first really fat part—the siren in The Barker—there followed the critical reference to limbs heretofore noted.

The real surprise is not so much that one responsible and, we trust, respectable critic mentioned the Colbert legs, as that most of them didn't. For in The Barker the alluring vamp in the abbreviated skirt—Miss Colbert—was specifically required by the author to have exuberant sex appeal. Her function in the play was a battle of wits with the vainglorious and fraudulent sideshow barker in her efforts to snare his son.

You saw the father watching the slow surrender of his son to the lurid charm of a lady with a past who was bound to make the most of the present. Members of the audience wrote Miss Colbert in droves, either in complaint or congratulation, that her vamping was realistic. Norman Foster played the rôle of the vamped young man. And to the severe matron who protested indignantly to the producer that such an exhibition of personable female cunning would revolt any young man and drive him to renounce a woman there is the inescapable answer that not only did Mr. Foster in his stage rôle marry the gal—he did so in real life. Claudette Colbert is Mrs. Norman Foster.

"What," this reporter inquired respectfully, "do you believe is the principal technical difference between the talkie and real drama?"

"None to me," said Miss Colbert. "I make money at both."

Her warm brown eyes belied this practical, businesslike utterance. But artists must be practical in a utilitarian age. Look at all these marathon dancers and the money they make!

The opinion was rashly ventured to Miss Colbert that, all in all, art or no art, it was something of an advantage to be equipped with a handsome pair of legs.

"I suppose personableness is the best possible start," she said, "when your job is public. But it doesn't get far without other endowments. Now, I'm rather proud of my memory. I never have to study a part. I read it at rehearsals and by the time we've been through it for twenty repetitions I'm word-perfect.

"As for legs," she paused once more, as if frank revelation impended, "look at them."

The strain of doing so was endured. Chivalry dare not flinch. It must be set down truthfully that the legs were bluish with bruises.

"In a scene (the play was See Naples and Die) I run out from the hotel where the man had abducted me; but last night I ran too fast—a pair of steps got in the way and look at the ruin. I hope nobody ever compliments me on my nose."

Dutifully, each summer, this newest of the feminine stars returns to her native France, and she confesses to the pleasure of strolling through remembered paths of girlhood in the Bois de Boulogne while reflecting that in Cheyenne, Wyoming, or Tucson, Arizona, or even Broadway, New York, her lithographed image adorns the box office and her voice rolls over the disks. An astute London manager disturbed these happy moments by hiring a London theater and producing Claudette Colbert in The Barker, after it was duly translated. To an American artist that is the sterling stamp on art. Stern English critics went to see and reported what they saw. Ponderously they resolved that Miss Colbert had charm, that she had vivacity, also that she had legs.

Buck Up

Continued from page 32

Mr. Buck to read the Declaration of Independence or Mr. Longfellow's "The Children's Hour" without imparting thereto an entirely original flavor.

Mr. Gibson's girls were as alike as the minds of a school of saxophonists. From their billowy pompadours to the shin-hiding flares of their bell skirts they were identical in height, weight, race, virtue and, apparently, parentage.

But from Mr. Buck's pen there flowed Gibson girls of every race and a wide variety of moral and physical attributes. He produced Jewish Gibson girls and Italian Gibson girls. Without warning he gave you Negro Gibson girls and thoroughly Mongolian Gibson girls.

His mother kept him at school, and presently she entered him in a small Jesuit college now known as the University of Detroit.

His holidays he gave over to observing what life the Detroit of that day offered and hastened to put it on paper, either in the form of memoranda or sketches. Today he would be rushing to the city editor of the Detroit Free Press with a bit of invigorating news all written up in a style notable for its grandiloquence. Tomorrow he would be subduing the Sunday editor or the art editor with a sales talk which seldom failed to fetch them.

Next we see him in the Dime Savings Bank of Detroit earning two dollars a week (every cent of it) as a messenger, and a junior messenger at that.

There came other jobs, quite as ephemeral, but the proceeds went to night courses in the Detroit Art School, where the Buck personality, exuding even from the fillip to his hat brim, was so marked that it was the unanimous opinion that he'd turn out to be great—at something.

A winter of that and he went to work for the Whitney & Warner, Detroit publishers of popular music, later bought out by Jerome H. Remick.

Giving the Little Song a Hand

Now, in those days, even popular songs were issued with the decorous covers which still inclose the works of the classic masters. There was no nonsense about Whitney & Warner's covers—a white expanse on which was printed with suitable scrollings and Spencerian flourishings the name of the piece and

(*Continued on page 62*)

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ANNOUNCES

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The Institute foresaw the trend

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But the Institute saw that revolutionary changes were in prospect. Little business units were being merged into big units. Industries were reaching out into foreign markets. *Security prices were about to become subject to a whole new set of conditions.* Production methods were being revolutionized. The sales organization and strategy of the past were entirely unfitted for the new competition. The responsibilities of guiding the new business could not be discharged by men whose training had been in the old.

The Institute said: "We must prepare a wholly new Course to meet the new conditions. We must engage the co-operation of authorities whose business success belongs to the present, and not to the past. They must be the biggest and most successful men of the present—the men who will be the leaders during the coming five years."

Without regard to cost, the Institute went out to enlist the co-operation of the nation's business leaders. The response was even beyond its most sanguine expectations. In effect, one and all these men said:

"The greatest need of all is for trained leadership. Count on us. Any contribution we can make to this New Executive Training will be a contribution to our own best interests, because it will furnish us with more of the sort of executives we need."

It is impossible in this page to give detailed facts about the New Course and Service. It is new from start to finish—so new that the latter part will not be entirely off the presses for some months. Every unit will come to you fresh and live and breathing—straight from the very inner sanctums of this new business world.

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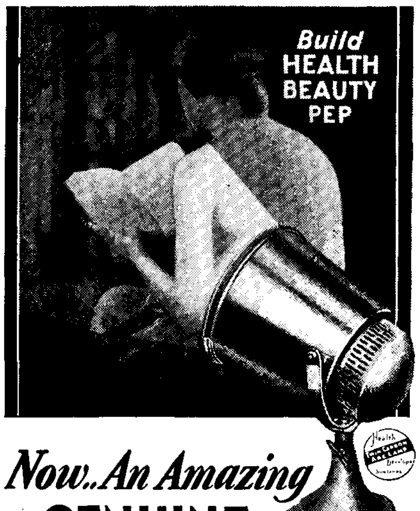
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EXCELSIOR

(*Continued from page 61*)

the name of the composer and the name of the publishers.

Gene's job was to decorate these covers with neat borders and his first two assignments caught him in rare form. He read the lyrics and pronounced them "lulus." He then asked that the music be played for him because, he was at some pains to explain (with gestures of course), he would fall short of his best work were he to be ignorant of the nature of the airs.

So they played them for him: "My Creole Belle" and "Hiawatha." Both had been pronounced flops of dismal proportions. Messrs. Whitney and Warner, after many gloomy conferences, decided to give them one more try, with different lettering and different borders.

"Listen," said Mr. Buck, "these numbers are peaches. I've got an idea. All these songs need is a start. After that they'll make you rich."

"No matter what you do to them," said Mr. Warner, "you'll do them no harm."

For the cover of "My Creole Belle" Gene Buck drew a combination of Creole Gibson girl, full moon, calm bayou water and canoe well filled with Creole lovers. Under his inspired hand the cover of Hiawatha turned out to be as magnificent a love scene as any reasonable Indian young lady had any right to expect.

Down and, Presumably, Out

Thus Gene Buck's first large achievement. "My Creole Belle" and "Hiawatha" literally leaped off the song seller's shelves into uproarious popularity.

Gene Buck had drawn the first picture covers for popular songs. He drew covers for five thousand more before he went blind at it, and in the meantime every song publisher in the country was hiring artists to follow the youth in Detroit.

Many nights at the drawing board and under glaring lamps almost ended his career. Buck went totally blind and back to his mother, who wept silently that he might not know, but who was brave enough of tongue.

"It could easily be worse," she assured him. "It's your beloved self that might be gone, Gene."

For three months he lived in a darkened room with triple bandages on his eyes. He notified the Remick firm which had bought out Whitney & Warner, telling them naïvely that he'd be with them the moment the doctor released him. He waited for their reply and got none. Of what use was a cover artist who couldn't see to draw? But it was not until he was able to see again that he found that he'd been out of a job for three months.

Very well, he'd show them. He'd leave off drawing music covers—gradually, that is—and set up for himself in a studio where he'd do illustrations for magazines. He'd do a cover now and then just to keep the pot boiling—but not for the House of Remick.

Hastily we dismiss his arrival in New York in 1906 with thirteen dollars in his pocket, his renting of a studio (anyway, he called it a studio) in Forty-fifth Street as close to Jimmy Flagg's as possible and his discovery that he was headed the wrong way.

"One morning," he says, "I took a tip off myself and quit trying to be something I wasn't."

So he sat down and wrote the words of a song—"Daddy Has a Sweetheart, and Mother is Her Name"—and sallied forth looking for someone who could fashion a fetching tune for it. He found his man playing the piano for Nora Bayes and Jack Norworth—Dave Stamper. The finished product struck him as being entirely too good for any stage short of the Metropolitan Opera, but after looking over the field he decided to let Florenz Ziegfeld buy it.

Now Mr. Ziegfeld was then by way of making a national institution of his soon-to-be-famous Follies. So he went to Florenz Ziegfeld with his and Stamper's song.

"I've got a song for your show," said Gene.

"Who said so?" demanded Ziegfeld.

"You'll never have a better one," warned Mr. Buck, "and most of them won't be as good. Take it from me, you need this one."

"Did you ever write any before this one?"

"No," said Gene. "Besides, what's that got to do with the song? It's either good or it isn't, and what's the use of you refusing a good song when you're needing one so bad?"

Ziegfeld did need a song. He had in his new cast a pretty ingénue—Lillian Lorraine—and he longed for a song suitable for her peculiar talents. In her presence the song was played and sung by its authors, and she nodded her delightful head.

"All right," said Ziegfeld to Gene Buck, "it's in the show."

And that, say you, was the making of Gene Buck. Wrong, my friend, wrong. That song was never sung in the Follies. Ziegfeld was being financially backed by Abraham L. Erlanger, whose disregard for Lillian Lorraine mounted to aversion.

We're at the dress rehearsal. Well down front, in the dark auditorium, sits Erlanger in the conventional sweater and cap. Behind him sit Gene Buck and Dave Stamper. Three scenes were presented, and Erlanger, the mighty, nodded without enthusiasm.

"What's next?" he demanded.

"Lorraine."

"Well," growled Erlanger, "what about her? Where is she?"

"She's in her dressing-room."

"Hell of a place for her to be with the curtain waiting. Tell her to stay there. She's out. Next."

"But she's got a new song."

"That's out too," barked Erlanger. "Next."

Gene Buck lingered just long enough to liberate his opinion of ruthless chance-destroyers, and when Mr. Erlanger wanted to know whether Gene was referring to him, our hero yessed him with promptitude and vigor.

He took his mother song and Lillian Lorraine across the street to where the great Oscar Hammerstein was nightly astounding the unsuspecting public with acquitted murderesses and refugees from harems, and Oscar, who was famous for taking chances even where none existed, took them in.

Feeling that Lorraine should have at least two new songs, Messrs. Buck and Stamper dashed off another, "Some Boy" (Take it from me, I'm just crazy 'bout that boy), and thus equipped, she bowled the Hammerstein clientele over for eight consecutive weeks. And then Florenz Ziegfeld sent for Gene Buck.

A Lyrical Procession

The mother song paid its composers $36,000, and "Some Boy" produced $24,000.

"Can you write any more?" inquired Mr. Ziegfeld.

The answer was a long procession of songs, the vast majority of which were sung and whistled throughout the country as Follies hits. There were "Hello, 'Frisco" and "Hold Me in Your Loving Arms" and "Tulip Time" and "It's Getting Dark on Broadway" and "Garden of My Dreams" and "Rambler Rose" and "Sally Come Back to Our Alley" and a great many more.

In none of his discoveries for Ziegfeld has Gene Buck greater pride than that he brought Joseph Urban, the painter of stage settings, to the popular theater. Just before America and Austria declared war on each other Urban had come from Vienna to dress up the Russell Opera in Boston. The Russell venture collapsed, and Urban, unable to speak English and unable to go home, found a job with Liebler & Co., which producing company was preparing to put on Edward Sheldon's adaptation of The Garden of Paradise.

Buck witnessed the first performance, took a long look at the first set and ran from the theater. And he kept running until he had found Urban, whom he took forthwith to Ziegfeld. Urban's settings for the Follies became almost as famous as Buck's lyrics and, incidentally, they started him on a wealth-amassing career.

Mr. Urban was never able to find Mr. Buck unoccupied long enough adequately to express his appreciation until, in 1920, the pell-mell lad from Detroit married the beautiful Helen Falconer, Fred Stone's prima donna, and as an adequate setting for her bought the Charles Blaine Warner estate at Great Neck, Long Island, for $100,000. And then Joseph Urban rolled up his sleeves and did a job of interior decorating which would have cost enough to make a multimillionaire wince had he rendered a bill for it.

A Friend of Victor Herbert

Buck still had spare time to dispose of, and he used it, along with the late Victor Herbert, to organize the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers, an organization devoted to the promotion of national copyright and other protective legislation for song writers and publishers. He was at once elected president.

Of all Gene Buck's achievements—and we have mentioned so few—his greatest, in his own opinion, was Victor Herbert's friendship and confidence. For years these two geniuses were held together in a comradeship that every man longs for but few experience.

He was executor of Herbert's will, and to the memory of his friend he caused a monument to be erected in Central Park, New York City. He has never quite ceased mourning Victor Herbert.

Seventeen years with the Follies!

"Listen, Ziggy," he said as the prospect of an eighteenth Follies arose. "Ziggy, I'm through."

"What do you mean?" demanded the startled Ziggy.

"I'm quitting. I'm going to hire Gene Buck to work for me. Get me?"

"You're leaving me?"

"I haven't been working for anybody else."

"What are you going to do?" asked Ziegfeld.

"Produce shows for Gene Buck."

"Now listen, Gene," said Florenz Ziegfeld. "What kind of stuff do you want to produce?"

"Straight stuff. Drama."

"So do I," said Ziegfeld. "Let's do it together."

But Gene shook his head.

"Ziggy," he said, "I ain't quitting you; I've quit. I've got here in my pocket a play that's a lifetime wow. Listen, Ziggy, you might think I'm kidding or that maybe I'm a little enthusiastic, but take it from me if this ain't good for two years I'm your uncle in Bagdad. In the first act the kid—"

So now Gene Buck's working for himself.

"Do you think he'll make a go of it?" I asked Mr. Ziegfeld.

"Of course he will," said Ziggy. "Damn it."

It's Swell to be Crazy

Continued from page 13

"Pursuit delusion," said Dr. Jeffers, making another note.

"But they *are* out there," cried Benjamin. "Go out and look if you don't believe it. They're in a car. . . ."

"Don't worry," said Dr. Jeffers. "We won't let them get you."

It was just then, when things were looking pretty black, that a door opened and Dian Wakefield appeared on the threshold. She was wearing the green suit, but her head was bare; even in that moment of stress Benjamin noticed that her hair was caught up at the crown, right away from a most enchanting pair of ears. It gave her the air of a child, playing at being grown up. There were loose rings across her forehead.

"You've lost your hat," Benjamin remarked. He was not sure exactly why he said it. Probably it was that next-to-the-last drink.

"She took it," said Dian surprisingly. Dr. Jeffers glanced at Casey. "Thought it was an apple. A greening."

BENJAMIN did not like this talk about apples. It confused him. "I know you," he cried. "You're Dian Wakefield. You tell them who I am. You tell them. . . ." He stopped, because it struck him that she did not know who he was.

Dr. Jeffers turned questioningly. "*Do* you know him?"

"Well, yes, I have seen him."

"Where?"

"On the street."

"And what was he doing on the *street?*" asked Dr. Jeffers, as if that was a pretty suspicious place to be.

Dian hesitated. "He was wiping Chester's feet."

"Chester?"

"You know. The sea-serpent."

Dr. Jeffers and Casey exchanged glances. "Did he speak to you?"

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

Again Dian hesitated. "He said," she repeated finally, "that Chester would catch cold if he got his feet wet."

"Animal complex," muttered Dr. Jeffers, scribbling on his pad.

Benjamin saw that Dian Wakefield had not been as helpful as he had expected. "But I can explain that," he cried. "*She* said . . ."

"We don't need to know what she said," put in Dr. Jeffers. "We know all about her. There. Just relax."

Benjamin tried to be quite calm, and go right back to the beginning and explain everything. There had been a terrible mistake. He was Benjamin Franklin Lowe, the architect. He had been to a party. He had been going home, only he did not want to go home, and so he had come there. The Wakefields' car had brought him. That was why he had come in, so they wouldn't know that he wasn't coming in. Even to Benjamin it did not seem that he was making it quite clear.

Dian stood beside him, so close that he could see the movement of her breathing under her thin blouse. "Don't be upset," she said softly. "They're very nice here. They've always treated me well."

She moved unobtrusively toward the door. "I'll go with you," Benjamin offered.

"That won't be necessary," said Dr. Jeffers. He stepped across the room and took Dian Wakefield's arm. Benjamin did not like it. He gave a great lunge forward.

"No, you don't," said Casey.

"Yes, I do," said Benjamin violently. "You take your dirty hands off me. And if I ever see your dirty face again, I'll knock your dirty eye out."

"Dirt phobia," said Dr. Jeffers. And he made a note on his pad.

BENJAMIN spent the night at the Stark Memorial Hospital. He spent it in a high white bed in a tall white room with bars across the windows.

Benjamin did not have a quiet night. His head ached, and he could not keep from thinking. At three o'clock he had the most appalling thought of all. Dian Wakefield was a patient in the psychopathic division of the Stark Memorial Hospital.

A lot of things were plain to Benjamin then. That talk about apples. Casey and Dr. Jeffers exchanging glances. "They've always treated me well. . . ." "You don't need to tell us what she said. We know all about her. . . ." That military woman with whom he had first seen her was an attendant!

The next morning Dr. Sharpless and Dr. Ruen stated that Benjamin was not the man who thought he was George Washington. They said they supposed they could not hold him when he had not been committed. So Benjamin went home. Then he went to the office. It was noon when the door opened, and Dian Wakefield walked in.

"Hello, there," she said. Her voice had a lilt in it, like music. "How are you?"

"I'm all right," said Benjamin. He looked about uneasily for an attendant. "You're—alone?" he ventured.

"Alone," said Dian, "and very hungry."

Benjamin was all in a fluster. "You mean . . ." he stammered. "That is, would you . . . That is, well, what about lunch?"

"A perfectly enchanting thought," said Dian.

Benjamin chose the most secluded of all the alcoves at Hermani's. He would not have admitted even to himself why he did it. Still . . .

"And now," said Dian, when they were seated, "tell me about yourself."

"I'm an architect."

"The architect Benjamin Franklin Lowe?"

The red stormed into Benjamin's face. "I was named for my two grandfathers," he said. "Benjamin Stoddard and Franklin Lowe."

THEN he told her how he had found out who she was, and how he had gone to the Kanes' party in the hope of seeing her. He even told her about Abie's Irish Pawn Shop, and the studs, and the coat, and the highballs—and how he had asked to be left at the Stark Memorial Hospital.

"Queer you should find me there, wasn't it?" Dian said. "Not really queer, either. Of course I'm always in and out." Benjamin was a little touched and a little shocked at her matter-of-factness. "Tell me some more," she said. "What do you build?"

"Anything from cathedrals to chicken coops."

"Many cathedrals?"

"Not even many coops."

"Are you married?" she said next, surprisingly.

"*No!*" cried Benjamin, horrified and yet rather pleased too. He looked like a man, then, who might be married. For the first time it struck him that it would be rather nice if he were. "I—I guess I'd never make money enough for two," he explained. "The things I've done turned out all right. But . . . well, people just don't notice me. I guess I'm not very—noticeable."

(*Continued on page 64*)

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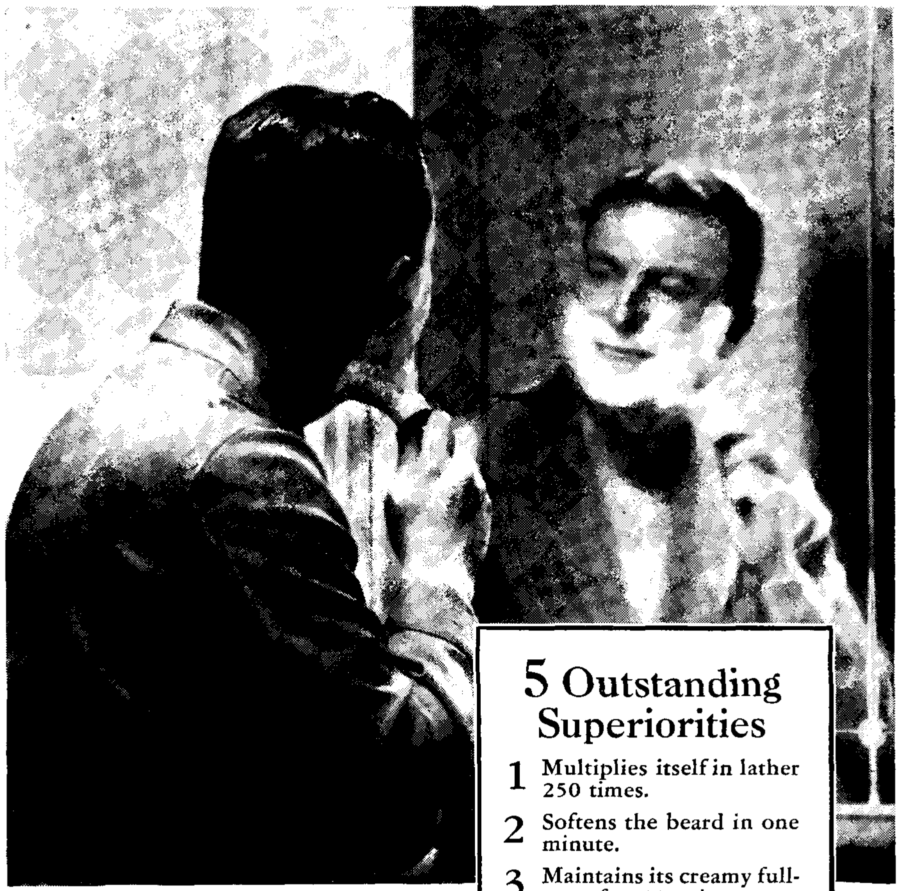

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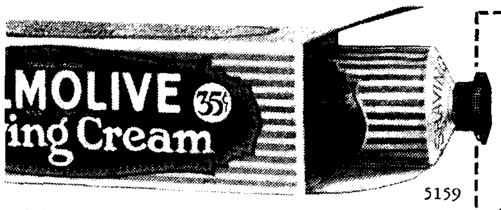

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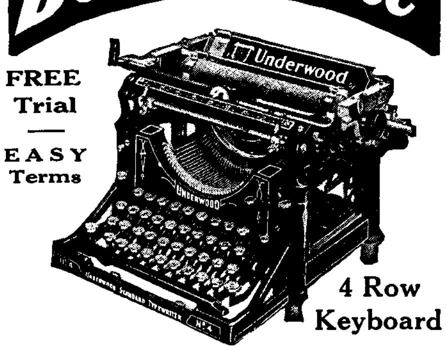

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(*Continued from page 63*)

"You were noticeable last night," said Dian, with a twinkle. "Just wait till it gets out that you're a little bit eccentric. . . ."

"But I'm not eccentric," cried Benjamin. He changed the subject quickly. "Tell me about you now."

"There can't be much left to say, if you've seen Mother," Dian said. "She probably told you that I'm a hopeless case."

"Don't say that," cried Benjamin. The phrase hurt him terribly.

"You can't blame her, though, for being disappointed in me. It's upsetting to have me turn out this way. She's so awfully correct."

ALL of a sudden a surge of feeling fiercely, wildly, protective swept over Benjamin. Here was this little lovely thing—and she wasn't treated right. Nobody understood her. Not her mother. Certainly not that prophylactic Dr. Jeffers, with the polished black brows and the black-rimmed spectacles—whom Dian said she had to see at two o'clock. Why, when you came right down to it, Benjamin Franklin Lowe himself was the only one who could appreciate her. Suddenly he felt . . . important.

"I can't help it," she was saying. "It's the way I am."

Benjamin leaned forward and placed his hand tenderly over hers. "The way you are is good enough for me," said Benjamin.

They never talked again about . . . things like that. Dian didn't want to. "Mother says it's bad to dwell on it. Makes you morbid." Benjamin did not even think much about Dr. Jeffers—though Dian was always "running down to see him."

There was never anyone in the world less morbid than Dian was. The times he spent with her were the high, bright points of his winter, full of good talk and laughter. Benjamin had never talked so much about architecture in his life.

It was this, perhaps, which presently gave architecture a boom. More probably, however, it was Benjamin's manner that did it. Hitherto he had crept up to every patron with a kind of eager meekness, as if he wished to please him but thought it most unlikely that he could. Now he acted important. Once when Mr. Augustus Barmicide had come in to discuss plans for his new estate, Benjamin had thrown the paper weight at him and knocked out a front tooth. Of course Benjamin had not meant to do it. He had meant to throw it at a rat, which lived in the partition and annoyed him by scuffling in his waste basket.

"Oh, I *am* sorry!" Benjamin cried. "I thought you were a rat."

ANYONE would have expected Agustus Barmicide, who had a million dollars and a bad temper besides, to have rushed out in a tantrum. Instead he went to the dentist's and bought a new tooth. Then he came back. In the end, Benjamin got the order.

Benjamin told Dian about it with glee that night at dinner, but somehow she did not laugh so merrily as he had expected.

"I wouldn't carry it too far," she said.

"Carry what too far?"

"Oh, rats and things," said Dian. Benjamin was troubled. It was the only time she had ever said anything that didn't seem . . . just right. But he forgot about that too afterward.

Afterward he saw Dian a great deal: lunching, dining, riding together on pale cold nights in Benjamin's new car. They left the city behind them in a tangle of lights and noises, peeling off the frosty miles—white road, black wood, and a bit of golden moon—until they came to the sea. There was a cliff that they considered particularly their own. They could see the spurt of the spray where the sea dashed black against the rocks below and sprang up white.

It was there one night that something so nearly happened—a gorgeous night with high clouds hurrying down the sky. They huddled in their fur coats, pressed closer together than common—for the warmth. Dian sat with her head tipped against the back of the seat, and Benjamin put an arm round behind her to make her comfortable.

"I love a night like this," she said dreamily. "You can feel it running all through you. . . ."

Benjamin could feel something running through him, too—the night, perhaps, and the waves and the shining of the moon; or perhaps only the nearness of Dian Wakefield. He put his other hand down inside the big fur coat, until he found the real Dian lying all warm and quiet inside, like a sweet kernel in a shaggy burr; he slipped it over and into the hollow underneath her shoulders, so that she lay right inside the circle of his arms. She was a very little armful—and oddly satisfying. Suddenly there was a beat in Benjamin's blood like the beat of the sea. He tightened his clasp.

For a moment, just for the smallest, most fleeting moment in the world, it seemed to Benjamin that she yielded; even that she lifted her lips a little bit toward his. Then it was over. "What time is it?" she cried. "I'm meeting Dr. Jeffers at ten-thirty."

BENJAMIN did not see Dian for almost a week after that—a week full of black thoughts and jealousy, that yet was not quite so simple a thing as jealousy either. The idea occurred to him that perhaps Dr. Jeffers had got Dian all worked up about her psychoses, or whatever you called 'em, so that he could keep a hold on her.

Benjamin was crotchety that week. When he heard that there was to be a new sanitarium on the cliffs above the sea, although rather a nice idea popped into his head, he did not do a thing about it.

Then the Kanes gave another party—and Benjamin took Dian.

When Dian slipped off her coat that night it was like the opening of a brown bud. Her dress was green—not green like the suit, but the shy new green of birch leaves, soft beyond believing; it fitted joyously tight about the bodice, and then dropped right down to her ankle bones in a froth of flying ends. Round her throat there was a row of crystals on a silver chain, like beads of April ice, and a crystal bracelet on her arm; she walked in slim green slippers with jeweled heels.

"Like it?" she asked.

"Love you," replied Benjamin, taken unawares.

His artist's eye fastened itself on the long clean angle of her jaw, pointing up toward the small ears set close against her head; the high head with the dark hair caught loosely at the crown. But his man's eye saw the turn of her red lips, and the curve of her throat above the green dress.

It all began very well. They danced—and there was never anyone in the world who could dance like Dian Wakefield. Benjamin had an odd feeling that they were one person. But of course that was before he discovered Dr. Jeffers.

Dr. Jeffers was talking to a stout man with a thin beard and an opinionated look. Benjamin was surprised, now that he saw Jeffers shorn of his antiseptic dress and the big black spectacles, to find how good-looking he was.

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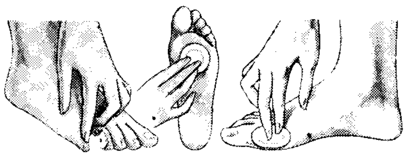

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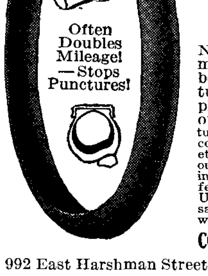
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He was even rather handsome in a dark, forbidding way.

Over Benjamin's shoulder, Dian's glance followed his. "Oh, goody!" she cried. "There's Jeff. He said he'd try to come. . . ." She caught Benjamin's arm and pulled him after her. And there was something in the eagerness of her voice which clarified Benjamin's feeling into just plain jealousy. Jeff, indeed. Abruptly he was face to face with him.

"How's business?" asked Dr. Jeffers.

"Booming," said Benjamin gruffly. "How's yours? It ought to be good, the way you manage it."

Dian was introducing the other man. "Mr. Deniker. Mr. Lowe, the architect," She turned to Benjamin. "Mr. Deniker is interested in building. . . ." His manner was an odd mixture of conciliation and skepticism.

"What you going to build?" inquired Benjamin. He did not like the look that passed between Jeffers and Dian.

"A hospital."

"Too many hospitals already," said Benjamin. And he turned on his heel and stamped away. He knew he was behaving badly, and he did not care a hoot in Hades if he was.

HE WAS sorry enough afterward, though, for when he looked round it was to find Dian dancing with Jeffers. Her head was bent back a little, so that she looked full up at him, and they were talking earnestly, as if they had a great deal to say.

The tempo of the party was quickening. Voices were higher and louder. Across the room Pancoast Minot and Mr. Augustus Barmicide waggled their cocktail glasses in each other's faces. Mr. Deniker slouched past, looking determined not to be pleased by anything. Benjamin realized now that Deniker was head of the corporation that was building the sanitarium on the cliffs. All of a sudden an impulse came to him. He'd show them: Jeffers and Dian. He stepped forward and confronted Mr. Deniker. He held his head up and looked important.

"Of course," Benjamin was saying some time later, "if you want one of these red brick outrages that looks like a jail, I wouldn't bother with it." He drew out a paper and sketched hastily. "The cliffs are like this. Here and here." Nobody knew better just how those cliffs were. "What you want is something that melts into the landscape. Sturdy like the cliffs and rhythmic like the ocean, if you see what I mean." The idea took hold of Benjamin. It was good. He was making Deniker see it was good. . . .

And then Dian danced past with Jeffers, and her face was close to his, and his arm was across the back of the green dress. The sight came between Benjamin and his vision of the Deniker sanitarium. He thrust the paper back into his pocket.

"But look here," cried Deniker, making a snatch at it. " I like that. I want it. I . . ."

"My office," said Benjamin briefly. "Tomorrow. Ten."

Then he stalked across the room and laid a heavy hand on Jeffers' shoulder. "Just relax," said Benjamin.

Dr. Jeffers did not relish the allusion. "I'm having an important talk with Miss Wakefield."

"You talk too much," said Benjamin.

It should be remembered that relations from the beginning had not been of the happiest. Also Dr. Jeffers had heard too much about Benjamin, and Benjamin had heard a lot too much about Dr. Jeffers. That was how it happened.

"I'm cutting in," said Benjamin.

"Well, cut it out," said Jeffers.

"I'll cut you out," said Benjamin. Suddenly he was shouting. He was shaking his fist under Jeffers' nose. "Get out," he said. "Go to thunder. You and your insinuations. Pretending people are crazy. You're crazy yourself. You little slandering, shanghaing, pill-slinging, son-of-a-laboratory. I could pick you right up by the ears and shake your eyebrows off. . . ."

He might have done it, too, if Dian had not caught him by the sleeve. Without quite knowing how he got there, Benjamin found himself hidden behind some greenery in an angle of the stairs. Behind him was the clatter of the noisy party, music and laughter. But before him there was only Dian Wakefield, shaking and shaking in her frail green gown, and all the winking in the world could not hide the two new crystals that hung upon her lashes.

"Benjamin, don't," she cried softly. "People will think you are crazy. You'll never get the Deniker contract. . . ."

"I've got it already," said Benjamin sullenly. It was not at all the way he had meant to tell her.

He was surprised, then, at the way she took it. The two tears shook down off her lashes and vanished; there was a kind of glowing in her face. "Oh, Benjamin," she cried. "You're wonderful." Elation flared in him—and died again. "I told Jeff you were."

"*Jeff!*" echoed Benjamin. "What's he got to do with it?" He blurted it right out. "Are you in love with him, or what?"

"In love?" repeated Dian wonderingly. "With *Jeff?* He isn't very lovable, is he? Besides, he couldn't be in love himself except with an experiment. That's why he was interested in you."

"In *me?*"

"Well . . . of course we worked together," said Dian carefully.

"*Worked?*"

"I do social service work at the hospital," said Dian. "Mother told you the first night, didn't she? She thinks it's terrible; morbid, and all that." She laughed, suddenly: "What did you suppose I was always at the hospital for? An inmate?"

Benjamin passed right straight over this—because of course he had never really thought anything of the kind. "You'll be telling me next," he said, "that I'm on your out-patient list."

DIAN'S lashes tipped up; her brown eyes looked enormous, and a little bit scared. "They did send me round that first day," she admitted. "But afterward . . . I came myself. And then—well, it just seemed terrible that a wonderful architect like you couldn't get noticed. So I got Jeff to help me. I got him to tell people that you'd been in the psychopathic division . . . nothing serious . . . no reason for holding you . . . perhaps a little bit eccentric. . . ." Her voice grew small, trailed off. "Oh, Benjamin, you're not mad at me, are you? I—I wanted to help you."

"You helped me, all right," said Benjamin thickly. "But—what made you want to?"

Dian Wakefield turned the crystal bracelet round and round upon her arm. "Because"—her voice was very low—"you said . . . you'd never make enough money . . . for two."

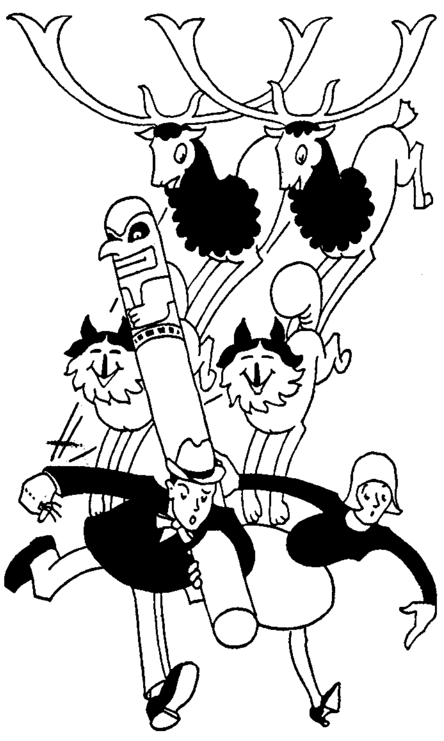
After that she was in his arms. It was like that time upon the cliff—only much nicer. There were no fur coats, for instance, in the way. There was no Dr. Jeffers. Benjamin found her red lips and the curve of her throat above the green dress.

"I can't wait," Benjamin was saying. "I want to pick you right up, and run away with you, and marry you tonight."

"Why not?" said Dian. She laughed a little, softly. "That would be a crazy thing to do, wouldn't it?"

"I like to be crazy," said Benjamin.

ALASKAN
CRUISES



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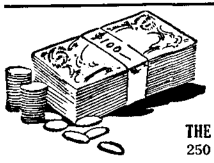

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Business Men at Arms

Continued from page 11

arrive at what might be called the economic age of reason. Dissatisfied with the sweat-shop hours of work and pay, they organized into rump unions and struck for better terms. Street railways and similar corporations recruited strike breakers. There was, at first, no violence; but to protect their property the employers, distrustful of the police at that time—did business with the gangsters. Retaliating, the strikers likewise did business with the gangs. It is known that Eastman, for one, enlisted his thugs alternately with employers and strikers.

Profit for this illegal enterprise brought competition into the field, so that by 1910 there were many known gangs at the service of either labor or capital.

When Arthur Woods became police commissioner of New York this racketeering was severely dealt with. On *notice of industrial trouble, picked men* from the force were dispatched to guard plants and to prevent violence on either side. During his administration the professional thugs learned that the police could be just as tough as the thugs were supposed to be. The records show little of the wholesale clubbings and shootings on the part of the gangsters that enlivened the early years of Monk Eastman's emergence.

Good Openings for Earnest Gunmen

But desperadoes had learned their lesson: that men with cast-iron consciences and quick trigger fingers could extract a livelihood by the simple process of constituting themselves a menace ready to go into action when the price was paid—no matter by whom. Owney Madden, Tanner Smith and the rest of the roughs of the old order had pride in their bailiwicks and knew no masters, acknowledging only as allies the ward politicians whose little affairs they aided on primary and election days. The twentieth-century model gunman hires out like a medieval retainer or mercenary to do the bidding of the crook with a bank roll.

Eastman himself had become discouraged by the refinement of racketeering with the influx of hundreds of gangsters who infested sporting hangouts. They were too sharp for his old-fashioned methods of mayhem and the double-cross. These newer lads, with their training in American primary schools at the expense of the American citizen, beheld vast opportunities where brutality could be made to pay dividends more substantial than mere personal satisfaction in winning fights against rivals.

New York and the country were aware of the growth of the gunman. They knew police records were stuffed with reports of the invasion of hired assassins into business disputes. It was not, however, until the surprise of the Becker case that it was learned how illicit guns dominated the underworld which preyed upon the upper world.

Herman Rosenthal, one of an organized group of gamblers, had agreed to divulge the names and exploits of certain big-league gamblers. He was lured to the sidewalk outside a mid-town hotel. Suddenly shots rang out and he was dead. Very quickly the police apprehended Lefty Louie, Gyp the Blood and other known members and retainers of the gambling syndicate. The trail led through many sordid mazes which the police followed until finally the skein of the crime enmeshed a leading police lieutenant—Charles Becker.

This constituted the most severe shock to the good name of the New York and the American police. During the trial of the Rosenthal murderers, which, incidentally, made District Attorney Charles Whitman governor of New York, the whole terrifying story of connivance by corrupt police at the operations of crooked gangs was revealed.

Becker was convicted and electrocuted in Sing Sing with some of the gangsters, and the lesson was salutary, so far as the New York police were concerned. But the case did no more to obliterate gang operations than an earthquake in Tokio. Less.

True, through the efforts of governors like Roosevelt, Hughes and Smith, armed thugs had little to do with New York municipal or state elections. The politicians were compelled to resort to the more subtle processes of original arithmetic. Thugdom had *found new worlds to conquer.*

For prohibition came along to make dope, racing, prize-fighting, gambling and prostitution racketeering mere child's play and chicken feed.

Big business had developed for the warriors of the underworld. The Baff case proved that. Here was a baron of the poultry market who mixed up honest and dishonest competition. Others followed his lead. Baff was too shrewd and aggressive. The only way, reasoned his opponents, to deal with him was to get rid of him. He was accordingly sentenced to death and dispatched by business-men gangsters. The case created the usual storm of newspaper indignation. It passed, and other outrages came, for the gangs do business during the few alterations in their routine necessitated by too much public notice.

Nathan Kaplan, alias Kid Dropper, Little Orgie, Benjamin Fein, alias Dopey Benny, and their ilk delivered such jobs f. o. b. the morgue. Fortunately, violent fate overtook these gang leaders. Kaplan the Dropper was dropped himself by a young gangster named Cohen—and, picturesquely enough, outside a magistrate's court. Dopey Benny, whose racket in narcotics is implied by his nickname, staged one of the most daring gang offensives when he attacked the Tom Dyke and Harry Lenny crowd of rival racketeers as they left a six-day bicycle race in Madison Square Garden. Only an innocent bystander, a municipal employee, was killed in battle; but Benny took his from a gangster he had double-crossed. That seems to be the invariable fate of gang leaders.

The most villainous Italian gang that ever supplied cases for the Homicide Bureau while I was connected with it was the Morello and Lupo outfit of counterfeiters and blackmailers. Operating under the disguise of restaurant keepers they ran counterfeiting dens, used women as blackmail bait and organized pay-roll robberies among small factories in Long Island.

A Nest of Cut-throats

Their elaborate racket was discovered through one of their dupes—an Italian named Giuseppe de Primo. He was arrested for attempting to pass bogus money in Yonkers, convicted and sentenced to Sing Sing. His brother-in-law, a man named Madonia, knowing of the convict's gang connections, journeyed from Buffalo to New York to appeal to the gang to help De Primo. Morello and Lupo refused. Madonia threatened to expose them. His body was found stuffed in a sugar barrel up an alley. But he had taken the precaution to warn his wife to notify the police of his purpose in New York. We arrested Thomasso Petto, known as the Ox because of his huge physique, and six or seven other Italians. We stacked up the most imposing number of criminal charges ever recorded against a single gang—548 major felonies ranging from stiletto assaults, bomb-planting and murder to kidnapping. Yet it was not the law that made this pretty tribe of degenerates pay the full penalty. They terminated by killing one another before and after serving prison terms.

Petrosino, the great detective, lost his life as an indirect result of his work against the Italian gang. He had gone to Sicily to apprehend an Italian murderer—a member of the notorious Mafia, which was never as terrible as its Black Hand emblem suggested. Petrosino *was killed just as he was cornering his* quarry.

He had told me something of his experiences in Italy during other visits in search of criminals, or clues to criminals needed in the United States. He observed that crimes of violence had decreased in volume in Italy, and as he was not unduly impressed by the vigilance of the Italian police, he asked a national prosecutor to what this decline in crime could be attributed.

"The answer's easy," said the officer of the Italian crown. "Our criminal class is emigrating to America."

Yet America could produce enough reckless rogues to keep the American police busy without the imported variety. Consider the mobs in Chicago; the Whittemore mob in Baltimore, which terrorized banks in many cities: the Cowboy Tesla mob in New York, which provided police annals with the most callous instances of cruelty.

Old-Fashioned Practitioners

Hordes of desperadoes have multiplied the criminal population since prohibition made easy money easier and hijacking the pastime of hundreds of young men who might have been ordinary, honest burglars in other days.

That is not exactly a humorous observation. The old-time burglar or porch-climber was no respecter of property rights, but as a rule he had an abiding fear of violence. He would never shoot to maim or kill unless his own life depended upon it. He regarded soft-shoe burglary as an art to be practiced. His successors shoot on sight.

Speakeasies, night clubs, liquor flats and their sources and methods of alcoholic beverage supplies have brought a paradise of industry to the expanding armies of young men—and women—who abhor the making of an honest dollar.

I've never taken a drink in my life. I don't suppose I ever shall. I view the question simply as a policeman of forty years' experience in dealing with the most grievous infractions of the law—capital crimes. Nothing has done more to promote the business of murder than the illegal liquor traffic which seems to be a logical result of extreme prohibition.

After the Volstead Act became law hardly a week passed but the Homicide Bureau of New York had to act on a case of murder directly traced to booze. Not to the consumption of booze, although deaths from alcoholism are appalling. These deaths resulted from the ordinary business hazards of the rum rackets—hijacking, double-crossing, speakeasy hold-ups and fights, and all the homicidal by-products of the game.

Nothing as fantastically heinous as the garage massacre in Chicago has ever happened in New York or anywhere else. I do not recall anything quite as ferocious as the lining up of seven helpless men against a wall and machine-gunning them to death. Cumulatively, however, the rum racket brings in its train murders just as bad in quality if not in quantity.

In view of New York's dilatoriness in wiping out rum gangs any criticism of Chicago by a Gotham policeman is gratuitous. With Rothstein's murder still officially unsolved, followed by the "ride" given to Marlow, Rothstein's successor, apparently, as "fixer" for rum, narcotics and gambling syndicates, the New York police have no laurels to spare or knocks to distribute.

Monk Eastman, whose career marked the transformation from old gangdom to the new business of brutality, could reform and make a fine reputation for himself in the army during the war, could even have his citizenship restored by Governor Smith, only to succumb to easy money in the booze racket. He was picked up a stone's throw from Union Square one dark morning. But more than stones had been thrown at the Monk. He had no fewer than fourteen lead slugs in his body.

Terrorism in New York

The lush days of the '90's, when the Tenderloin flamed and dopes and drunks were brass-knuckled and rolled and often murdered cannot rival the intergang murder statistics of the bootlegging era. Without exact figures possible, the Homicide Bureau records since 1919 show more entries of unexplained violent deaths than in many years before prohibition. Since old gang frays are things of the past I have no hesitation in attributing these increased murder mysteries to the work of the new business men-at-arms.

Their operations are so general and continuous that they confuse one. But as an instance of what terrorism can do as a career I cite the case of the worst bad man I have ever encountered in fact or fiction, whose record makes the James brothers seem respectable Rotarians pursuing a hobby of collecting souvenirs from reluctant owners.

His name was William Mitchell. He lived on the mid-west side of New York.

The first I officially heard of him was when he left a gang of rum runners with which he was affiliated as lead gunman to take up the racket as a lone wolf. His liquor "drop" was a West Side garage. This he rented as storage space to dealers who had put up the capital to buy supplies. His biggest client was a man named Kennedy, who bought in large quantities for night club trade. Kennedy stacked Mitchell's garage with liquor—to such value that he aroused Mitchell's envy.

Having put in a little practice as an outdoor hijacker, Mitchell transferred operations indoors. One afternoon when Kennedy called at the garage to check out some cases of liquor, Mitchell invited him to have a drink. It was the last Kennedy had. His body was found in the river with a bullet through the back. There was no doubt of the guilt of Mitchell. A man named George Ferenz had seen Mitchell fire the shot, but Mitchell had terrified Ferenz into silence by threatening to kill him the second he spoke to the police.

Another man named Robert Shore had the bad luck to be involved in a business deal with Mitchell. Shore demanded straight shooting. He got it one night, in Hoboken, and when his brother Edward threatened to inform the police, Mitchell gave him a bullet in his right leg as a reminder of worse to come unless he kept silence.

Later Mitchell had a dispute with a man named Lynch. Mitchell shot him before several witnesses; but none dared testify against him. In a moment of irritation Mitchell shot his own wife. She admitted to the police from a hospital bed that he had seriously wounded her. But she refused to prosecute.

For years—from 1919 to 1928—Mitchell was the greatest lone desperado, I think, in America. He never took dope, he was not a drunkard. He made the simple discovery that brazen brutality could intimidate people who wanted to live in peace. Children in the tenement block where he lived dreaded him.

In due time, as all tough customers must, he met somebody tougher. In a barroom row he shot and killed a man named George Russell. Russell had a younger brother named James. James Russell, a war veteran, had faced fire before. He sought out Mitchell at a street corner and swore that Mitchell would pay for his brother's death by going to the chair. That night Mitchell climbed a fire escape to James Russell's bedroom and emptied a six-shot automatic into Russell's bed. Russell, fortunately, was not in the bed. He had left a dummy there instead.

Believing he had killed his enemy, Mitchell swaggered through the neighborhood with fresh laurels as the supreme bad man. He even went to celebrate his latest killing at a drinking place called the Village Rest.

And there also went James Russell. Mitchell saw Russell's face in the mirror above the bar. For a moment he paled as if he beheld a ghost. That moment was fatal. Without a word of warning Russell leveled a gun and killed him.

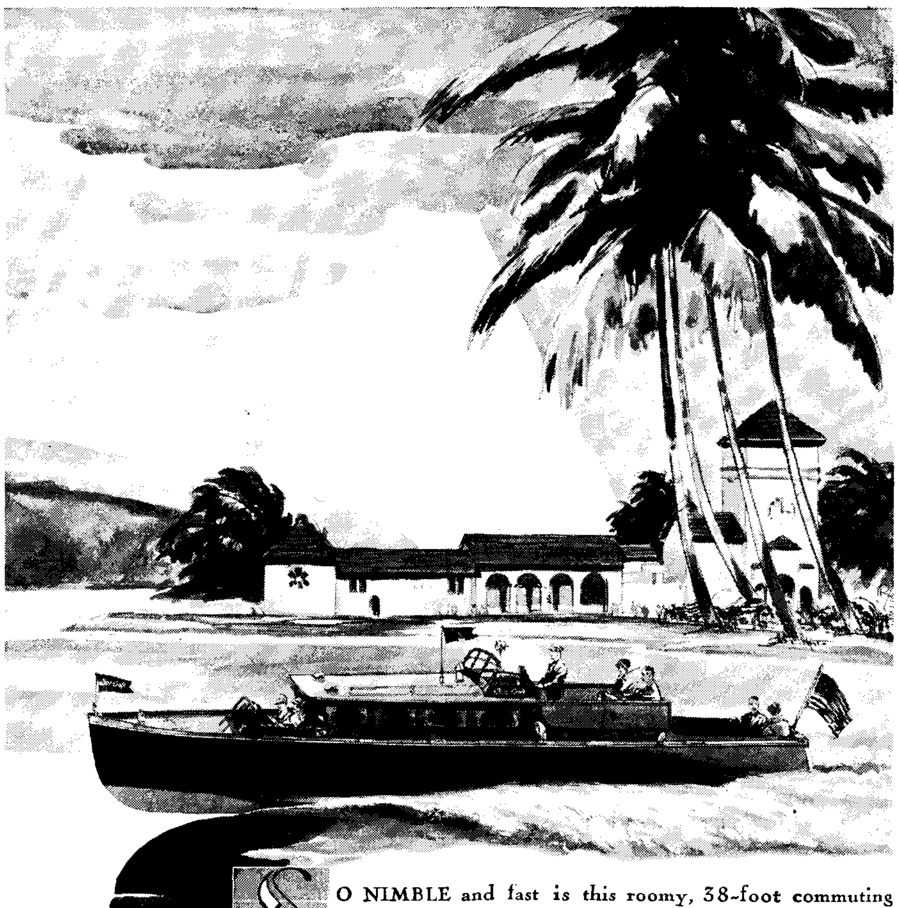
They sent Russell to Sing Sing, but by the general rejoicing at Mitchell's passing in his home bailiwick justice might have been better served if Russell had been awarded a vote of thanks.

Mitchell's nine years' reign of terror as a lone bully is the best illustration I have encountered of what a swath a determined young business man at arms can cut through society with the muzzle of a gun. Banded in gangs, with intelligent direction, the best of rapid-fire arms and swift transit, plus utterly reckless savagery, it is not to be wondered that the biggest problem facing the police is the new business of killing for profit or to prevent loss. Arson mobs, that burn down superfluous apartment buildings, silk mobs, fur mobs, bank mobs, dice-game mobs and the rest of the specializing crews of gunmen, even to the artichoke mob that shot out competitors from the New York restaurant trade and figured conspicuously in the Marlow murder case—these newer gangs literally pirates of legal and illicit business—are the chief menace to peace in all large American communities. With their ruthless law of the "ride" and the "spot" for those who trespass on their preserves or others who blab to the police they are a secret, criminal system of government.

Futile Hopes

Innumerable remedies have been put forward to meet this problem of gangs and gunmen. Sociologists want them educated from their naughty ways. The Baumes law—the legislative solution of the problem—made fourth offenders life prisoners. It works indifferently; even badly, for it makes foolish criminals more desperate and the smart, relentless crooks escape through the twists and turns of the law. These makeshift solutions that do not solve, inspire people with the false hope that followed the

(*Continued on page 68*)



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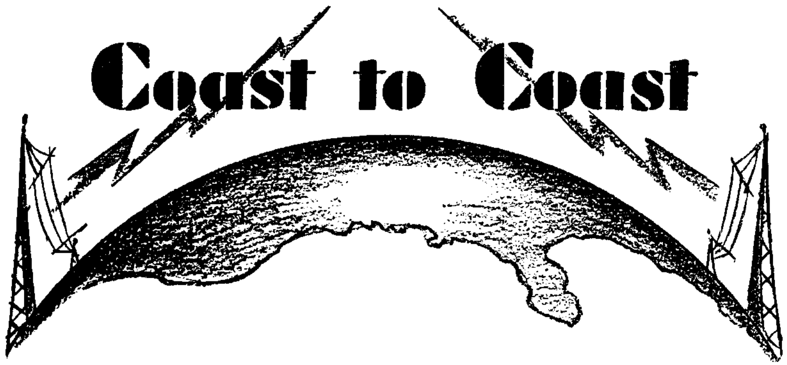

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Every Sunday Evening

Collier's Radio Hour

(*Continued from page 67*)

Sullivan anti-firearms act in New York and similar laws in other states. Florence Sullivan, author of the law, wanted to restore the supremacy of the Irish gangs, who fought with their fists and clubs, by outlawing the weapons of the Jewish and Italian gangs, who used guns, stilettoes and bombs.

Speaking as one who has seen at first hand the transition from one generation of gunmen to another, I believe there is only one effective way to curb so-called waves of violent crime and unconscionable racketeering. A national police system being impracticable, each state must display its own power and stop the gunmen before they can really start.

Effective Punishment

When garroting broke out in England—where police never and criminals rarely use guns—an English judge soon put an end to the practice of attacking pedestrians from behind by strangulation. He ordered the steel whip and short prison sentences. The garroters were released, men spiritually if not physically broken, to live on as examples to their younger gang brethren of what the majesty of the law could inflict on its brutal violators.

I believe that malicious brute force should be met by calculated police force: that known gangsters and gunmen should be physically chastised—not under the subterfuge of "resisting arrest," but by sanction of the law. This stern, aggressive treatment combined with a reorganization of police authority which would make police commissioners and chiefs independent of municipal politics, so that the ordinary policeman's loyalty would be to his departmental supervisors and not to ward-heelers—this reform, I am sure, would make organized criminality the extra-hazardous occupation it must be made to be if society is to have any decent degree of safety.

(*Another article by Inspector Carey will appear in an early issue of Collier's.*)

In Charge at Shanghai

Continued from page 24

I subsided in meekness and urged Henry to continue.

"He just naturally went all to hell and bits—Hardy. He began spending money that belonged to the fountain pen company. He took to borrowing money here in town and rapidly exhausted the list of lenders. And he was drunk twenty-four hours a day. Finally, the Atlantic people had to discharge him. For a while, the Chinese girls ran the Shanghai branch of the Atlantic Fountain Pen Company and the police were given instructions to keep Hardy away from the office.

"After that, Hardy moved out of the Orient Hotel, and slept over on the Customs Jetty with the coolie boatmen, let his whiskers grow, and went clear down and out.

"The Atlantic Fountain Pen Company of New York then sent out Mr. James Arthur Davis, a college graduate about twenty-six. Hardy was thirty. The college lad was selected in New York at a special conference of company officials who knew that Shanghai was a tough spot. They had to choose a man of sterling character, steady habits and strong will power, because they'd had enough of men like Hardy who didn't have will power.

"Well, Mr. Jimmy Davis, the strong American, arrived in Shanghai. He stepped off the steamer at three in the afternoon, hastened to the Atlantic Pen offices, introduced himself, and announced he was the new boss.

"He then came over here to the Orient, where a suite was waiting, and while he was dressing for his first dinner in China there was a knock on his door. There stood a soiled, collarless, dissolute figure. It was Mr. Hardy, greeting his successor. He was shaking as usual, very dirty, but smiling and all he wanted was five dollars, Mex, on the general grounds that an incoming pen man, having money, ought by all the natural laws to stake an outgoing pen man, who was dead broke, to at least five dollars, Mex.

"Davis talked a while with the derelict, sympathized, and handed him ten dollars. That was the opening of an account. During the next six months, every time Jimmy Davis saw Hardy, he gave him money and there were few in Shanghai giving Hardy money. Meantime, the new man stepped into his job in the Hongkong Building and business zoomed along briskly, sales increasing and the banks treating Mr. Davis with respect.

"Then, for no reason at all—or if you know the reason, you tell me—Mr. James Arthur Davis came over from his office one afternoon, strolled into yon bar and had a little drink, all by himself in the rays of the setting sun. That was extremely odd. Jimmy was all by himself for a while, until Hardy came in somewhat timidly. The bartenders ordered him out of the building, as they had done many a time before, but Davis commanded Hardy to stay and have plenty of drinks, so the Orient people permitted the lost soul to linger. Later in the evening the manager and two Chinks put Davis to bed.

"NEXT morning Hardy was back here when I opened up my shop and he went on up to call on Davis, who was in bed and feeling rocky. He asked Davis for the loan of a collar and shirt, and at nine o'clock Hardy was over in the branch office, where he ran the job for the day. That morning was the morning Mr. Hardy stopped drinking. He stopped cold. Six months have gone by and since then Jimmy Davis hasn't drawn a sober breath, hasn't been anywhere near his office, hasn't called on the trade, hasn't sold a fountain pen, written a letter, or made a report. Hardy has done it all, and a swell job, too, for the Atlantic Pen Company right now is selling more pens in China than it ever sold, and New York writes letters to Davis, telling him how they appreciate his strict attention to the job and his magnificent results.

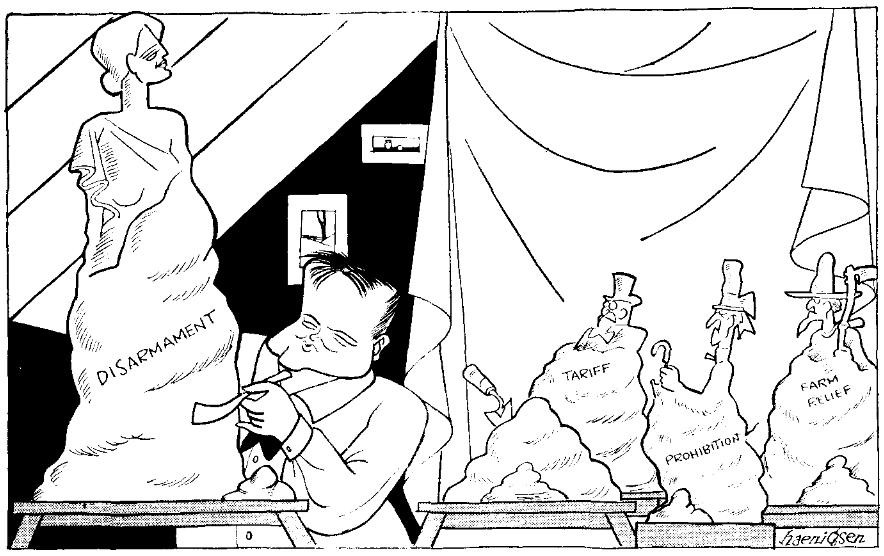
"Hardy puts him to bed every night, pays his bills, handles his bank account, and signs his name to letters. He knows the job better than Davis does, and the company is tickled pink, yet Hardy is the same man the police ran out of the branch office."

"And the pen corporation hasn't heard anything about Davis?" I asked.

"Not a thing. Hardy sees to that. He draws the money down and Davis gets it and spends it—all but the few dollars Hardy needs, and his wants are simple."

"Ridiculous," I said. "Such a thing cannot go on indefinitely. How's it going to end up?"

"My boy," said Henry, rising, "if you stay in China long enough, you will learn that the least important part of anything in life is the end."



The Price of Peace

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

ONE wonders whether President Hoover's efforts toward naval disarmament have not put him in a position, with respect to Europe, analogous to that into which President Wilson got himself in the matter of the League of Nations. Mr. Wilson made so much of the League of Nations as the crowning achievement of his life, as his great gift to the world, that he had to have it.

Mr. Hoover is *nearer the beginning* of his administration than Mr. Wilson was when he entered the Paris Conference, so one cannot tell what other gospels he may have for mankind in the next three, or let us say hopefully seven, years of his administration. But disarmament, an ending of naval competition, peace, whatever name you call it, has been emphasized for the present into the chief end of his administration, his gift to the world.

Mr. Wilson went abroad to do his own *negotiating with Europe.* Mr. Hoover does not do that, but he will be just as much the American delegation at London as Mr. Wilson was the American delegation at Paris. Mr. Wilson had to have the covenant of the League and accordingly had to pay Europe's price for it. Mr. Hoover has to have a covenant with regard to naval tonnage. Europe has probably not lost its habit of exacting its price.

Mr. Hoover's attitude toward this naval conference going on in London is *so characteristic of him that* it is worth examining, for it reveals his greater qualities and its outcome may reveal his defects, such as they are, just as Mr. Wilson's passion for the League of Nations revealed his heart and his unselfish imagination and the outcome at Paris disclosed his defects, in his case fatal.

American Evangelism

There was an evangelism in Mr. Wilson's nature, a typically American evangelism which Mr. Hoover possesses also. It astonishes but does not disconcert bargaining Europe.

Mr. Hoover's zeal for peace, for disarmament, is one of the fine things about him. There enters into it an American hatred of war and his own personal desire to end the wastes of war and to turn the whole product of the energies of the country into building a better material civilization. He saw in a successful naval conference, properly enough, an ancillary advantage, *a credit to his administration,* which would be of political advantage to himself, to his party, which would turn attention from the unedifying spectacle of the tariff and from the troubles over prohibition. Nothing else would matter much.

One does not have to admire Calvin Coolidge to note that the ex-President would have approached the problem of securing naval disarmament, after two successive failures, in a more cautious manner. It was conceded by everybody that this year's conference would have to be called by Great Britain. So a wary person would have sat tight and let Prime Minister MacDonald call this conference, assuming all responsibility for it. But where Mr. Hoover's heart, mind and will are engaged, he is unable to play this wary, passive rôle.

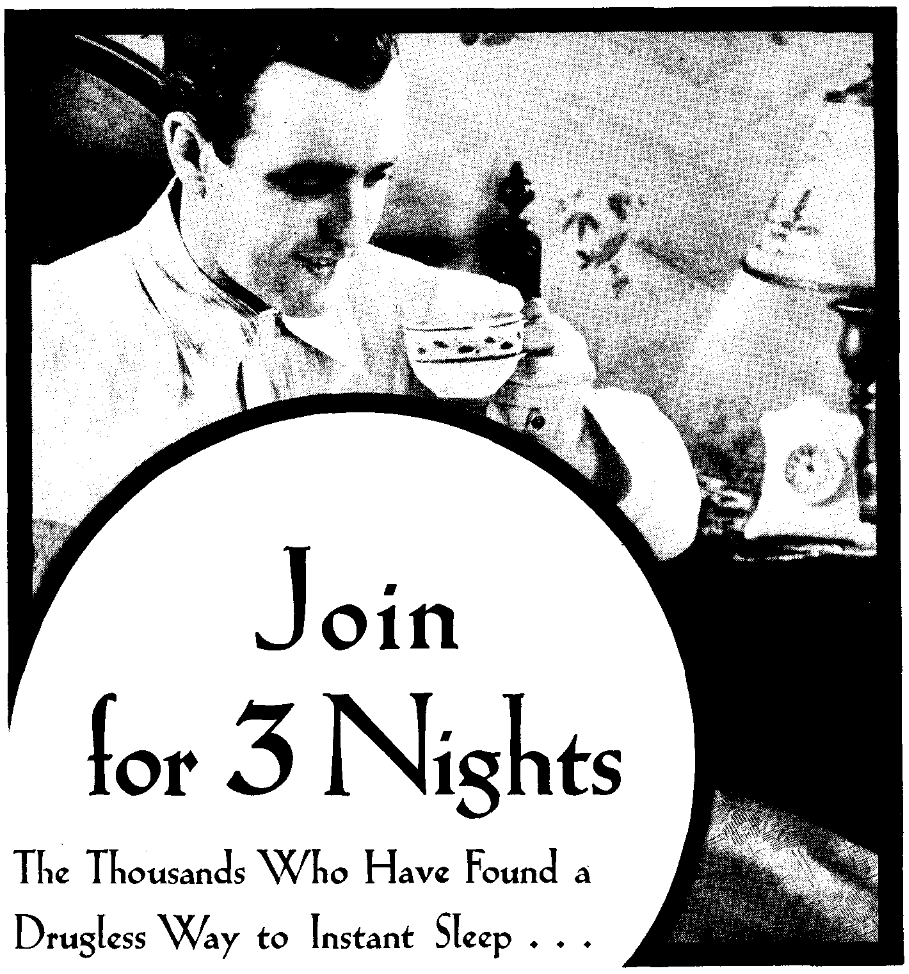
Unprecedented Publicity

International conferences are usually prepared for in secret, so that if difficulties are encountered steps may be retraced with the minimum of inconvenience. No conference was ever *arranged amid such publicity as this one,* the crowning advertisement being Mr. MacDonald's unprecedented visit to Washington. Mr. Hoover's methods are frank and open. The result has been that public expectations have been raised very high. And a public man who raises public expectations high has given hostages to fortune. That was one of Mr. Wilson's troubles at Paris.

Now one wonders, as the conference reveals itself, whether Mr. Hoover ever saw its problems whole and realistically *—whether in his absorption in tonnages,* economic savings, figures, he ever saw the conference as a meeting place of the international politics of Europe.

It is common to speak of Mr. Hoover as knowing Europe as no other American President ever has known it, and so he does. But Mr. Hoover is not politically minded at home, so why should he be abroad? Isn't the Europe which he knows a Europe of productive capacity, of raw materials and manufacturers, of wage-earners and living conditions, of markets, of costs of production, of economic needs and economic possibilities—not a Europe of traditional international rivalries and international politics which mean more to it than the bread it eats? Isn't *la gloire*, the Napoleonic tradition, more important to France than the cost of a few cruisers?

Mr. Hoover has one advantage at London that Mr. Wilson did not have at Paris. No one but the American President cared for the League of Nations at Paris. But the success of the London conference is as necessary to Mr. MacDonald as it is to Mr. Hoover. And, moreover, the world moves toward peace. We shall see in a few weeks how the parallel works out.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The Thousands Who Have Found a Drugless Way to Instant Sleep . . .

Sound Sleep Without Drugs. A New Discovery That Not Only Induces Instant Sleep, But Induces The Kind of Sleep That Brings All Day Energy Next Day

YOU fall asleep almost instantly you go to bed. And all the next day, teem with new energy and "pep". You look and feel like a different person.

On doctors' advice, millions employ this new way. For it is as free of drugs as the bread you eat or the milk you drink. And does far more than simply induce sleep! *It rebuilds your wasted tissues while you sleep.*

What It Is

It is called Ovaltine; a scientific food-concentrate developed in Switzerland by a scientist of world-fame. You take it in a cup of warm milk at bedtime; a super-delicious drink.

First it induces sleep. You get sound, natural sleep a few minutes after you go to bed.

Then *while* you sleep, its peculiar dietetic properties resupply your system with the energy lost the previous, active day. For it contains, in easily digested form, practically EVERY building element necessary to energy. And thus provides the *kind of sleep that rebuilds and rejuvenates.*

You can take it night after night and not only not form a habit, as with drugs, but build up your health as well.

Do you wonder then, that people are flocking to its use? New to America, Ovaltine is being recommended by over 20,000 doctors. Used over 30 years in Europe, its use has spread to over 54 different nations. It marks one of the most important scientific findings of its time.

Accept Test

Doctors urge it not only for sleeplessness, but for all nervous and run-down conditions. They recommend it, too, for nervous, underweight children. Thousands take it during the day, too, to relieve fatigue. A few weeks' use will make an amazing difference in the way you feel.

Believe or not what people claim for Ovaltine—but *try it.* Try it without delay. Start tonight. Just phone your druggist or grocer now—ask for a can of Ovaltine. Or use coupon below for 3-day test supply.

MAIL FOR 3-DAY SUPPLY

Make this experiment. Drink a cup of Hot Ovaltine before retiring, for three nights. Note how quickly you go to sleep; how refreshed you feel when you awaken; your unlimited energy next day. Mail coupon with 10c for a 3-day introductory package.

OVALTINE
BUILDS BODY, BRAIN AND NERVES

THE WANDER COMPANY, DEPT. C-19 S
180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.

Name..............................
(Print name and address clearly)

Address..............................

City.................... *State*..........
(One package to a person) 707

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

THOMAS H. BECK
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WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor*

CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor

Unenforced and Unenforcible

AFTER ten years the prohibition fight is more furious than ever. Dry leaders in the Senate and elsewhere are outspoken in their criticisms of the failure of the Federal government. Senator Borah said recently:

"In my opinion it will never be enforced with the present personnel from top to bottom."

Other dry members of the Senate have gone still farther. Senator Brookhart demanded the resignation of Secretary Mellon and the three Treasury officials immediately responsible for prohibition enforcement.

Yet the minor enforcement agents are chosen by Civil Service and the higher officials have been selected by Presidents favorable to prohibition.

Coolidge and Hoover certainly increasingly have put the full strength of the government behind this law. Still, in spite of every effort, dry leaders say that the law is not being satisfactorily enforced.

The situation is extraordinary. The government has no great difficulty in compelling the observance of the great body of laws. If prohibition were readily enforcible, the law would have been made effective long ago.

But it is not voluntarily obeyed nor made effective by force.

What the dissatisfied drys have so far failed to perceive is that by its very nature prohibition may be unenforcible.

Winston Churchill, former Chancellor of the British Exchequer, who recently spent several months in the United States and Canada, brought out this point brilliantly in an article in the London Telegraph.

Mr. Churchill observed that while it is very easy for a legislative majority to pass a law, normal public sentiment, and not the law, finally rules. He recalled the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to our Constitution, passed during the fury of the Reconstruction era, dead laws now so far as concerns their primary purpose of making Negroes politically equal with whites in the South.

Not all the force of Northern armies could permanently compel an unwilling South to abide by the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments.

No more has a legislative majority of intolerant idealists compelled those who do not condemn drinking to observe the Eighteenth Amendment.

The inevitable result of such a law is the evasion, subterfuge and hypocrisy which characterize prohibition.

There is a point beyond which people will not tolerate public interference with what they consider their private affairs, and if a rigid constitution stands in the way it is disregarded.

In such circumstances the reasonable course is to reconsider the law. Many different kinds of law cannot be enforced.

The anti-trust laws designed to frustrate the growth of large corporations are familiar examples. Public opinion demanded anti-trust legislation and Congress was pleased to comply. The laws were out of step with economic trends and were not obeyed. Now public opinion has changed and the issue is dying.

The most famous example of an unenforcible law is the Fugitive Slave Act. Congress decreed that runaway slaves must be returned to their masters.

Politicians accepted it and possibly majorities of voters were apathetic concerning it. An aroused minority was in outspoken opposition. Ralph Waldo Emerson minced no words.

"Laws do not make right," was his message. He urged open disregard of the statute, saying: "This law comes with infamy in it and out of it. . . . The law must be made inoperative. It must be abrogated and wiped out; but whilst it stands there it must be disobeyed . . . An immoral law cannot be valid."

Time showed that the opponents of the Fugitive Slave Act were right. The law was bad and it was disregarded before it was repealed.

Federal prohibition has bred an opposition not less stubborn. Prohibition came in the guise of moral reform. Men forgot that it was also an interference with human liberty. Where liberty is involved men are reckless of consequences.

Millions regard the question of drinking alcohol as a private matter and they think that prohibition is an unwarranted interference with their freedom.

This is the reason that after ten years not even dry senators are satisfied with prohibition enforcement.

Both President Hoover and his Commission on Law Enforcement have insisted upon treating prohibition as a closed issue and upon considering only better technical methods of enforcement.

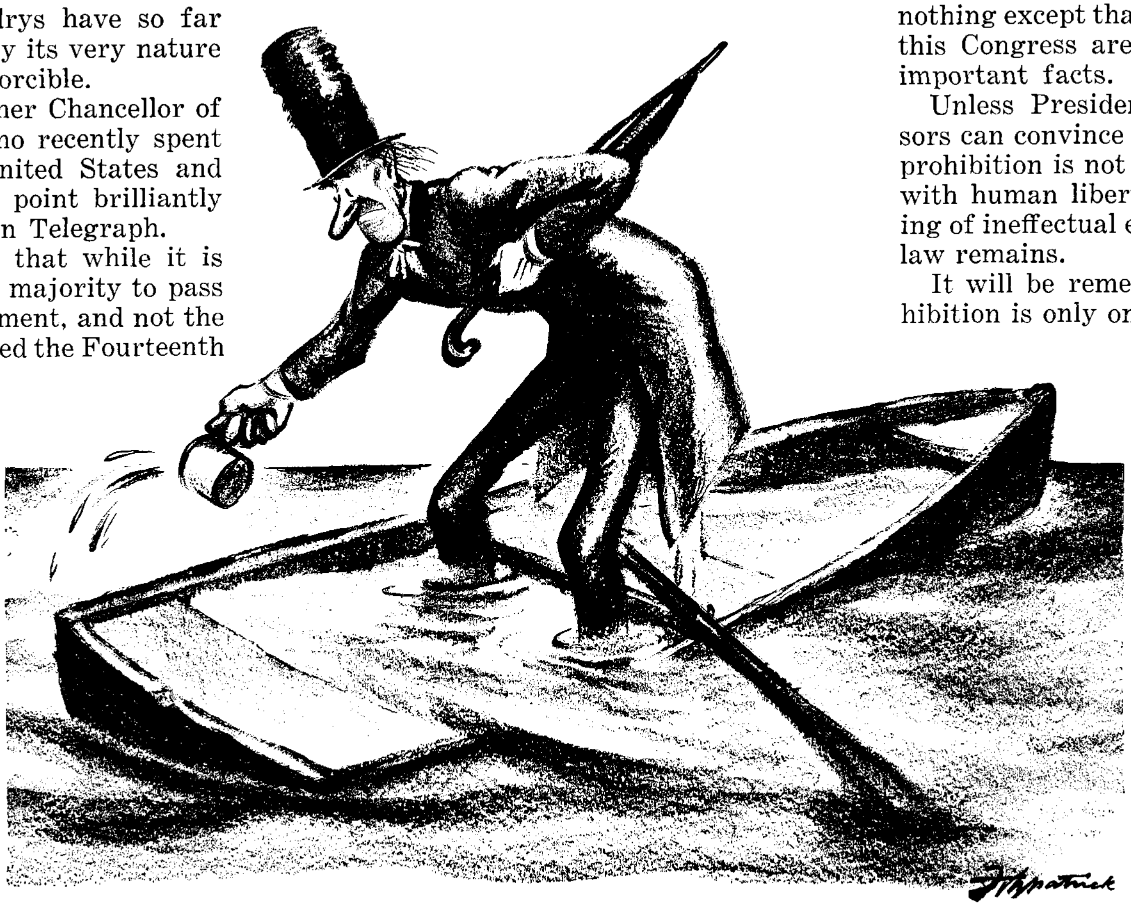
That just defers the question. It settles nothing except that this Administration and this Congress are unable to deal with the important facts.

Unless President Hoover or his successors can convince the American people that prohibition is not an improper interference with human liberty, we shall be complaining of ineffectual enforcement as long as the law remains.

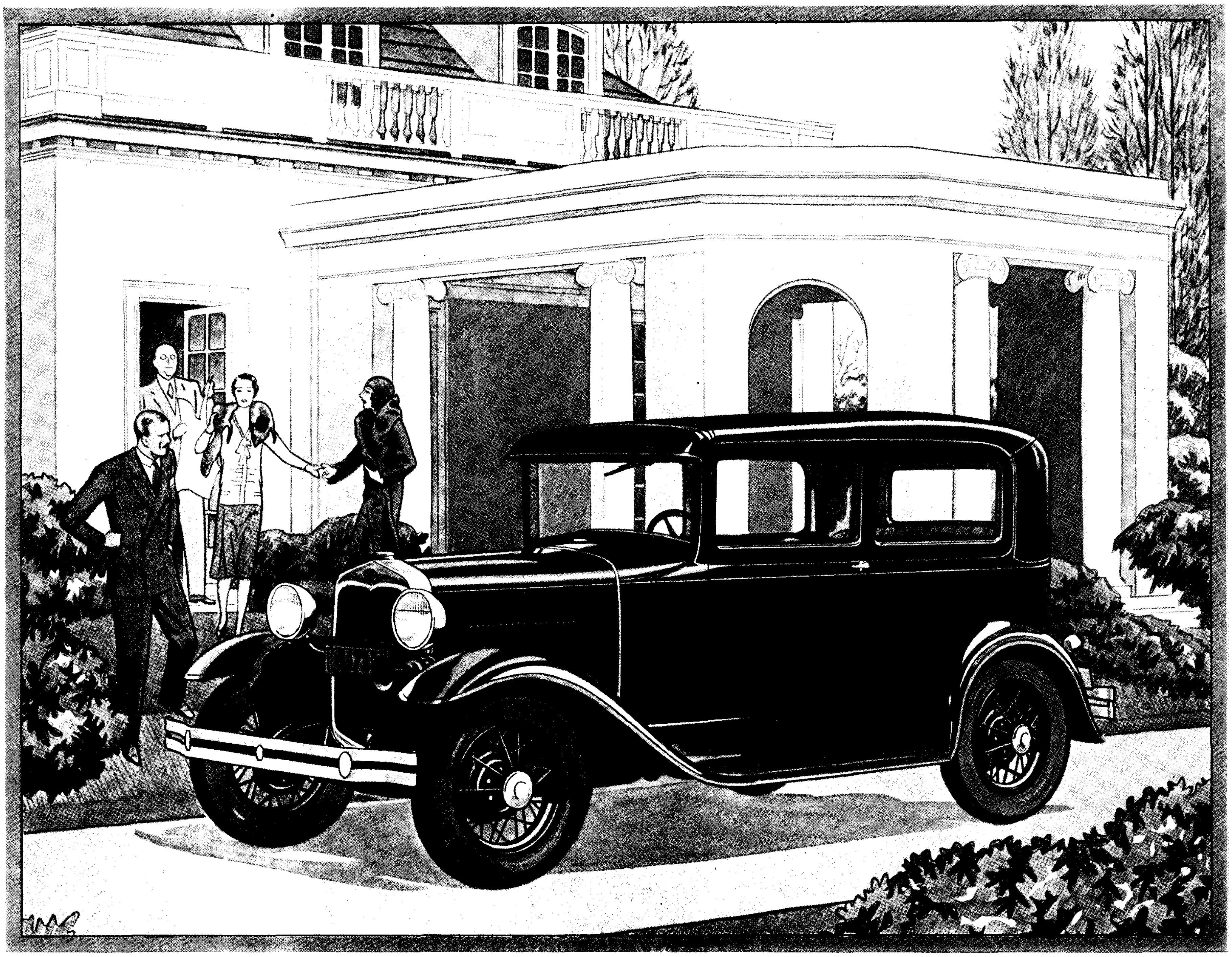
It will be remembered, finally, that prohibition is only one method of dealing with the abuses of the liquor traffic.

Liquor traffic can be controlled and temperance can be increased without prohibition.

Prohibition can be repealed without restoring the saloon or increasing the present volume of drinking. In fact it may well be found that with the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment one great stimulus to excessive drinking will have been removed.

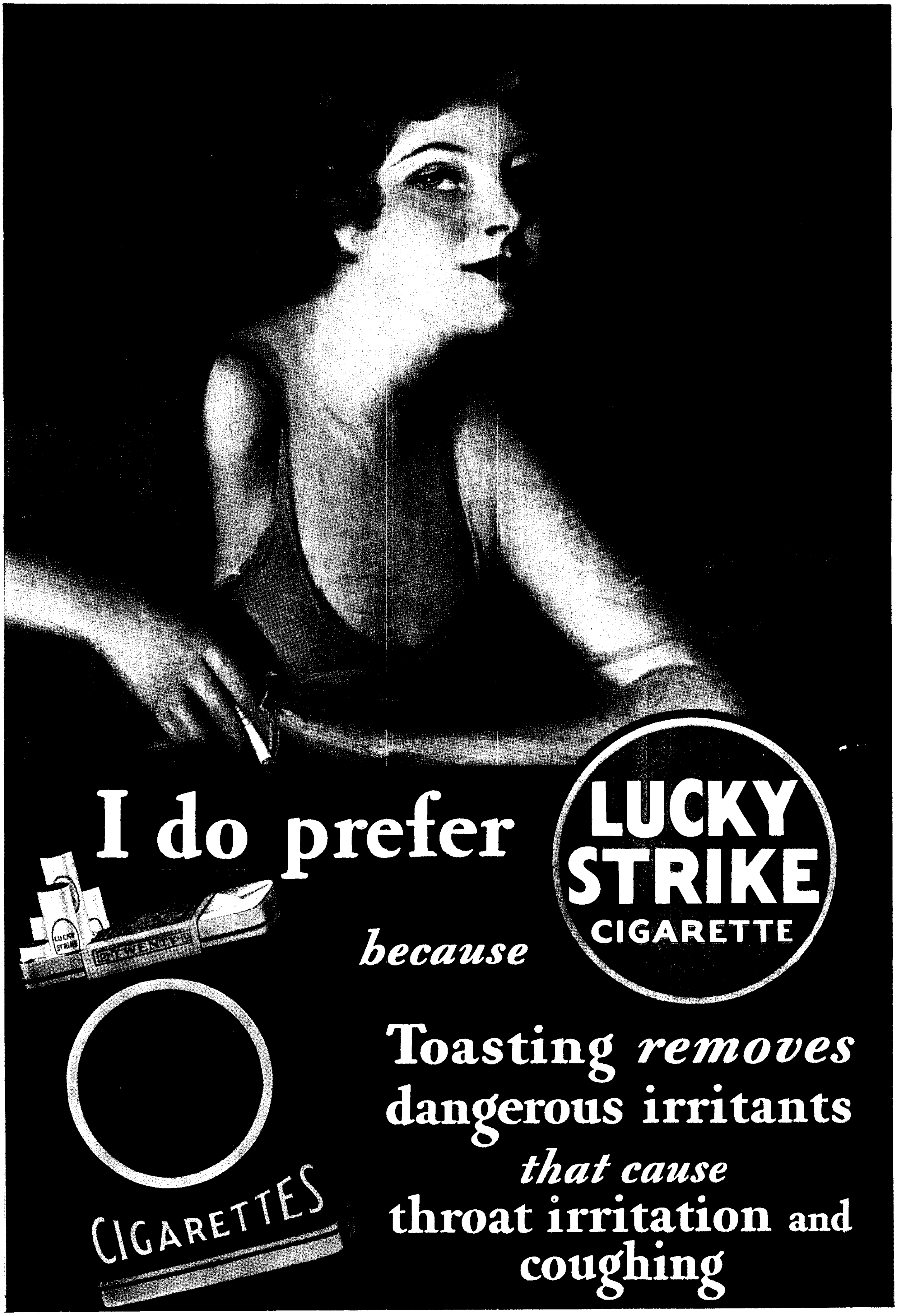


Pride of Possession



THE NEW FORD TUDOR SEDAN

YOU will take a real pride in the smart style and fresh new beauty of the Ford just as you will find an ever-growing satisfaction in its alert, capable performance. From the new deep radiator to the tip of the curving rear fender, there is an unbroken sweep of line—a flowing grace of contour and harmony of color heretofore thought possible only in an expensive automobile. Craftsmanship has been put into mass production.


I do prefer
LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTE
because
Toasting *removes* dangerous irritants *that cause* throat irritation and coughing
LUCKY STRIKE
TWENTY
CIGARETTES